F O R U M

VOL. LXXXI—No. 6

HENRY GODDARD LEACH
Editor

Editorial FOREWORD

THE EDITOR has come back to his desk after a six-weeks journey of cross-examination in his own land. He went out in the rôle of a lecturer to audiences who saw fit to invite him to five states: buoyant Texas, open-eyed California, contemplative Colorado, inquiring Missouri, friendly Kentucky. As tribune of the *Forum Americanum* he was called upon to step out bravely on the platform and perform the part of modern minor prophet, to accuse, to clarify, to predict, and then always — to answer questions.

QUESTIONS, questions, questions, all America is asking questions. Vigorous curiosity is a healthy sign whether in a child or an adult. Surely we are not altogether unthinking servitors of the soaring skyscrapers and the whirring machines which we ourselves have created as long as we are clamoring to know the wherefore and the whither.

THE growing open-mindedness of urban audiences, a symptom of the past five years, was one of the pleasant discoveries of the trip. Radical, liberal, conservative, white, rose, and flaming red speakers now succeed one another week after week on the *same* platforms. Their mixed audiences do not hiss them off the stage or walk out on them; they meet them face to face and engage them in debate. The American nervous system is learning to absorb mental shocks and assimilate them. "Give them hell," urged an outspoken chairman in one town. "The American Legion has been meeting here; we can stand anything."

THE open forums of five Texas cities are a revelation of the earnest, inquiring spirit. The speaker is allowed an hour and the audience a good forty minutes. In the City Hall of Dallas on Sunday afternoons, Mr. Elmer Scott, the father of friendly controversy in Texas, himself conducts the questioning periods. To finish before dark he divides the forest of hands into three sections and has to limit firmly the time allotment of each group. In Houston, the convention town,

Contents for JUNE

To "Be" or to "Do." *A Note on American Education* . . . . JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS 321

Should We Obey the Prohibition Laws? *A Socratic Dialogue* . . . . IRVING FISHER, FABIAN FRANKLIN, AND OTHERS 328

At Schoharie Crossing. *A Story* . . . . . WALTER D. EDMONDS 334

What it Means to Marry a Catholic . . . . . ONE WHO DID 339

How Scientific Are Our Doctors? . . . . . T. SWANN HARDING 345

Seeing Pictures — III . . . . . RALPH M. PEARSON 352

Is the West Decaying? *A Debate*

I — The Challenge of the Orient . . . . . VASUDEO B. METTA 354

II — The West's Defense . . . . . G. K. CHESTERTON 360

Sasha Chooses a Gift. *A Story* . . . . . HALLIE FLANAGAN 364

Our Muddling World. *Militant Pacifists* . . SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA 368

The Center of the Universe . . . . . HARLOW SHAPLEY 371

W. C. Brownell and Our Neo-barbarism . . . . LOUIS J. A. MERCIER 376

Take It or Leave It. *June Reading* . . . . . DONALD F. ROSE VI

Opinions About Books X

Travel. *Horseback in the Canadian Rockies* . . . . . FRANK DESMOND XXII

Our Rostrum XXVIII

Downtown. *Why Bonds Look Attractive* . . . . DONALD REA HANSON XXXIV

Toasts XLIV

THE FORUM is published monthly by The Forum Publishing Company. 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; foreign subscription, $3.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1929, in the United States and Great Britain.

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FORUM

Next Month

IS RELIGION NECESSARY FOR PROGRESS?

Clarence Darrow vs. a religious group including an Episcopalian, a Methodist, a Jew, and a Hindu

A Socratic dialogue in which a professing atheist and representatives of many faiths consider whether religion can any longer play an important part in life as it is organized and lived in the twentieth century.

HOOVER AND LAW OBSERVANCE

James Truslow Adams

President Hoover has made it clear that he believes strict enforcement will end the current lawlessness in America. Mr. Adams is convinced that this is a superficial diagnosis of the case. In what is perhaps the most brilliant article that has ever come from his pen, Mr. Adams lays bare the rotten foundations of our public life.

MAKING FLYING SAFE

Harry F. Guggenheim

The President of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aëronautics tells how scientific research is working miracles for aviation.

LOST ISLAND

Samuel Scoville, Jr.

An idyl for nature lovers by a writer as sensitive to natural beauty as Bernadin de Saint-Pierre.

DOES WALL STREET RULE US?

Norman Thomas vs. William Bennett Munro

A debate. The last Socialist candidate for President is no muckraker. He paints no exaggerated picture of bloated capitalists buying out the Government and rifling the Treasury. His charges go deeper and concern the subtle tincturing of our whole philosophy of government with the business point of view. Mr. Thomas is answered by a professor of government at Harvard University.

PROTESTANT AMERICA AND THE POPE-KING

David A. Orebaugh

Why does the new status of the Pope as an independent sovereign arouse misgivings in the minds of Protestant Americans? Must American Catholics divide their allegiance between the United States and the head of the new Vatican state? Mr. Orebaugh, a Chicago lawyer, makes a reasoned statement of the Protestant point of view.

THE DOCTORS AND THE PUBLIC

Francis Graham Crookshank, M.D.

The general public seems to believe that the cost of illness is too high; the doctors are inclined to think that their fees are too low. Hence the current era of bad feeling during which the public has heaped abuse and criticism upon the medical profession. Where does the solution of the problem lie — in state medicine or in the trade unionism of the American Medical Association?

THE CURSE OF FRENCH CULTURE

Thomas Craven

For centuries the French have been accepted by the whole world as the final arbiters of good taste. Mr. Craven disputes the assumptions of French superiority made by M. Mercier in this issue and tells why he believes French culture is all surface glitter.

FOREWORD

Continued

these three bristling questions were shot at the lecturer in rapid succession: "Mr. Editor, is Prohibition intolerant?" Then, "Do you consider all laws intolerant?" and from the rear of the hall this puzzler, "Which state do you think exhibited more intolerance: Texas in voting for Hoover, or Massachusetts in voting for Smith?"

To answer one's own question is of course even more salutary than to wait for the lecturer, and here and there, in the open forums to-day, in our country as in England, men and women are rising to contradict the speaker or to expand and clarify his statements. One evening when the Editor had referred casually to "benevolent capitalism" as a term descriptive of America's economic system, two champions stood up from the crowd to re-define and praise "the trusts." They did it as bravely and epigrammatically as though they were writing for *Our Rostrum,* and if there were any who disagreed, they listened tolerantly.

More questions: "Do you believe in marriage?" "Can a religious man be intellectual?" "Are emotions chemical reactions?" "When shall we all learn to fly?" "Will wars ever cease?" Out in Los Angeles at a luncheon a woman leaned forward: "Mr. Editor, how do you characterize the age in which we are living?" And again, "How do you define America?" The answer to her first question is "the Age of General Relativity." American thought and conduct to-day is a concrete exhibit in human behavior of Einstein's theory. What is considered absolutely wrong in a village meeting may be praised as right in a neighboring city. One group assembled at lunch condemns what another group at dinner extolls. Virtue is being measured by sliding standards instead of a fixed scale of ten commandments, and Christ's two commandments are often invoked to turn Moses' upside down. In the Socratic dialogue in this issue of The Forum the sins of the Puritans are championed by certain speakers as virtues necessary for the æsthetic development of modern civilized man.

The answer to the question, "How do you define America?" is one of the problems of The Forum. Americanism is more fluid, more pragmatic, more difficult to measure and analyze than Communism or Fascism. Most of the questions put to the editor on his tour seem to resolve into two common denominators, "Is America right or wrong?" and "What is America?"

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TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

June Reading

by **DONALD F. ROSE**

HAMMOCK READING

ALTHOUGH there are elements of the preposterous in its composition, HOBBY HOUSE, by Russell Neale (Harper, $2.50), is a book full of character, and remarkably mature and assured for the first novel of a twenty-two year old author. It is written about the "mud-rats" of the Ohio river, and the feud between a slatternly family living on a river barge and an aristocrat obsessed by the pride of blue blood. There is the familiar love affair that tries to bridge the impossible gulf, which puts the yarn in the company of fairy stories, but the racy humor and occasional tragedy of the story are entirely genuine. The chapter telling of the drowning of the barge baby is a gem of genre writing.

Another first novel of real distinction is DARK STAR, by Lorna Moon (Bobbs, Merrill, $2.50). The interesting thing about it is the high emotional level it sustains while at the same time avoiding sentimentality. We might question the end of the story, where the girl succumbs to a destiny which she has rightly outgrown; it is an outcome of dramatic logic which is scarcely justified by the spiritual logic of the character herself. But there is consistent loveliness in the telling of the tale, and a rich, warm color to it.

Decidedly a woman's book is DARK HESTER, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50). There is a man in it, but he is nothing more than a prop and stay for feminine jealousies and a bone of contention between a mother of one generation and a wife of another. It is a well-built story, admirably written, though the outcome is somewhat obviously manufactured. You will remember that in certain chemical performances a catalyst is tossed into the situation to start or finish something. A former mistress of the unfortunate male lead serves the same function in this story, and they all live reasonably happily ever after.

But for manufactured stories we commend TO-MORROW NEVER COMES, by R. L. Duffus (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50). It's an elegant yarn, a little naughty, a little bloody, quite romantic, and mercifully spiced with wit. It concerns an imaginary South American republic — which might be any one of them and might also serve as a tabloid version of bigger affairs — and tells of a week of revolution in a climate where revolutions come as periodically as thunder storms. The author has put it together with a shrewd eye for what we like, but his sardonic humor saves it throughout from the blight of hokum.

A strange book indeed is JEHOVAH'S DAY, by Mary Borden (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). It is a modern story of somewhat ordinary dimensions, but the author has laid out a canvas for it big as all outdoors. It begins in the prehistoric slime and ends somewhere in the unimagined future, all of which does not greatly affect the story itself but permits yards and yards of semi-scientific embroidery to be added to the tale, much in the style of H. G. Wells in his moods of co-responsibility for the creation of the universe. It is thoughtful stuff and interesting, and the England of the post-war period and the great strike is a fruitful field for this sort of analysis.

ROMANCE IN FACTS

A COMPOUND of history, biography, mystery story, and case-record for the psychologist is ANASTASIA, by H. von Rathlef-Keilman (Payson & Clarke, $3.50). This is the amazing story of the woman, now living in New York, who is claimed to be the daughter of the Czar of Russia, somehow escaped from the massacre of July 16, 1918. It is a nice problem, involving on the one side a great improbability and on the other an astounding mass of definite and indefinite evidence. The author is convinced that this is indeed the Princess Anastasia, but concedes that further proofs are needed. Whatever the reader's conclusion or solution, the book is an intensely interesting human document, and the undeniable and established facts in it are stranger than any fictions that can be wrought out of them.

T. S. ELIOT

Using half a dozen little-known lives to illustrate a literary thesis, FOR LANCELOT ANDREWES, by T. S. Eliot (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00), is a study of "style and order" by one who professes himself a "classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and Anglo-Catholic in religion." They range from the Bishop of Winchester in the seventeenth century to Irving Babbitt in the twentieth. Both the classical and the Catholic point of view are evident throughout, and also a rather stiff-jointed and academic style which makes what the author writes less interesting than what he writes about.

The first volume of the DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY (Scribner) contains more than six hundred pages and gets barely started with the letter B, which indicates that here is to be something monumental. The scale of the enterprise is further indicated by its editorial endowment of half a million dollars, representing the contribution of the *New York Times* to this honor roll of America. The editorial staff of the undertaking is equally impressive, and brief browsing reveals that many of the monographs are in fact biographical essays rather than card-index records, so that the volume is readable and not merely a work of reference. It is to contain no living persons, and while American birth is not prerequisite for admission, each entry must represent some definite contribution to American life. The wide variety of this life, and the increasing importance awarded to the arts of peace and progress in the modern world, are graphically demonstrated in the range of personalities and professions covered by this first volume.

There is a pleasant spice of irreverence in THE LIFE OF H. R. H. THE DUKE OF FLAMBOROUGH, by Laurence Housman (Payson & Clarke, $2.50). Royalty in general and — as it is suspected — the Duke of Cambridge in particular, are here the victims of a satirical toasting fork, though one without unkindly barbs. A final chapter in some sort of apology argues that we load royal shoulders with

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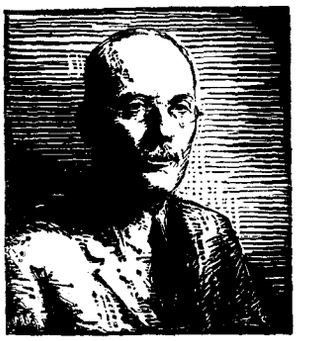

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Books

burdens too grievous and garments that will not fit. Also it credits the present Prince of Wales with having justified monarchy despite all efforts to make the world safe for nothing but democracy.

Our American equivalent for the hereditary system is a dynastic array of great fortunes, and one of them comes under scrutiny in JOHN JACOB ASTOR, by Arthur D. Howden Smith (Lippincott, $3.50), the story of a gentleman who resolved in youth to be honest, industrious, and not to gamble, of which intentions he kept two intact. It is a rich and fruity story of a period of swift expansion, and makes dramatic the "fur war" and the commercial enterprise that gave us the West and the chance that denied us the far coast of Canada. It is entertainingly written, though the introduction of manufactured episodes and conversations is, as usual, quite irritating.

Two books on Ambrose Bierce seem to be almost too much. BITTER BIERCE, by C. Hartley Grattan (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), is a careful and principally critical study; PORTRAIT OF AMBROSE BIERCE, by Adolphe de Castro (Century, $3.50), is a personal and passionate tribute, defense, and declaration of faith. The importance of both depends upon the importance of Bierce himself, which still remains undetermined. Mr. Grattan does his best to dissociate his subject from the queer cult that attends his memory, and thereby to find where he properly fits — if at all — in the American literary pantheon. But it still remains true that nothing gave such distinction to Bierce's literary life as the manner of his leaving it.

EAST AND WEST INDIANS

A CURIOUSLY indirect, though logical, approach to the private life of Mother India is provided by a recent remarkable novel, DAUGHTER OF EARTH, by Agnes Smedley (Coward, McCann, $2.50). With this story, ordinary criticism has a tough time. It holds the reader like the Ancient Mariner transfixing an innocent bystander who had much pleasanter business afoot. The book tells of a woman's acquaintance with those forms of savagery peculiar to America — sordid poverty, industrial slavery, hard times on the frontiers of our civilization. She becomes several sorts of socialist, and throws herself at last into an impassioned martyrdom to the cause of free India. There is no logic of design in this; it must be considered either as genuine experience — which its sincerity and passion seem to attest — or as emotional fireworks with a deal of propaganda in its peroration.

It is interesting to speculate how this passionate sympathy for the Hindu who writhes beneath the English heel would survive an experience like that of THE LAST HOME OF MYSTERY, by E. Alexander Powell (Century, $4.00). Here are Hindus of another sort than those who engage the sympathetic indignation of Anglo-phobic Americans, or those who provide ecstatic release to the inhibitions of women with too little to do. They are unspeakably dirty Hindus, lazy, obscene, and altogether frightful Hindus — and also, apparently, they prefer to be that way. Mr. Powell talks plainly about them and it is not a pretty story. Yet it is unfortunate and unfair that *The Last Home of Mystery* attracts advance attention principally to its least savory and least interesting contents. While Mr. Powell is writing of the personal habits of the Hindu people his horror and indignation are perhaps a little smug. He is appalled in the fashion of a Sunday school teacher who has stumbled into an old-time Bowery barroom, and possibly his powers of observation are keener than those of understanding. But when he writes of the glories and marvels of the hidden principality of Nepal, he gives us a vivid, colorful travelogue which stirs the imagination and the deepest appetite for romance.

Indians of another color and climate provide material for RED TIGER, by Phillips Russell (Brentano, $5.00), which deals with travel and exploration in old Mexico and Yucatan, where the woods are full of scrap heaps of old civilizations. The story is amusing and graphic.

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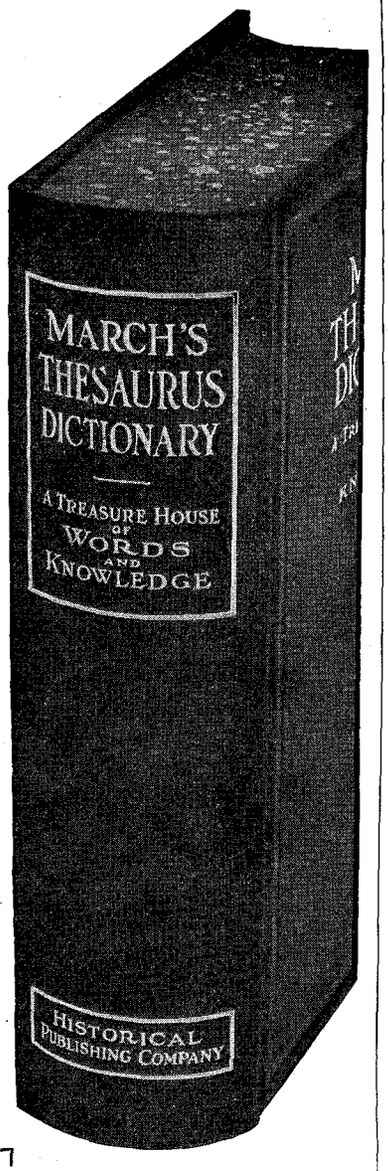

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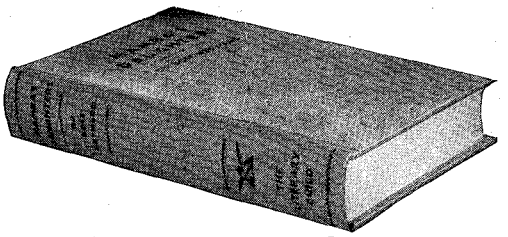

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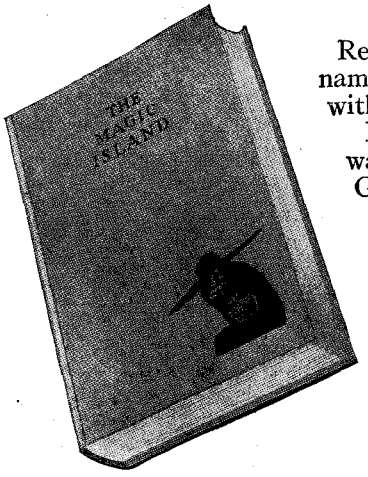

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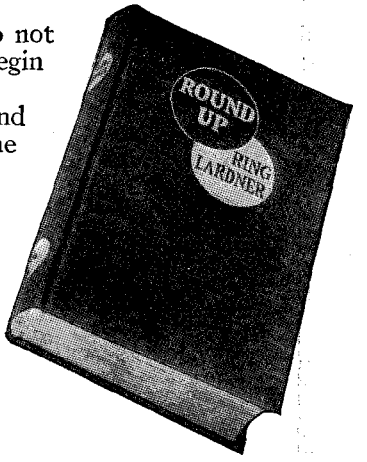

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They sway'd about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—KEATS

Days of Despair

THE MODERN TEMPER, by Joseph Wood Krutch; Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.

Reviewed by GRANVILLE HICKS.

WHEN IDEAS have for years been felt on every side as part of the intellectual atmosphere of the times, the man who condenses them into precise statement, so that they can be analyzed and discussed, makes to philosophical and critical thinking a contribution of the first importance. If, furthermore, such a man can state an attitude without assuming a pose, can present a staggering problem without offering a facile solution, and can strenuously defend a theory without lending himself to the creation of a dogma, his book is likely to become one of the crucial documents of his generation.

JOSEPH W. KRUTCH

Such is, to my mind, the significance of *The Modern Temper*, and it is a significance, I believe, which will be recognized even if the future repudiates the conclusions at which Mr. Krutch arrives. Despite one or two exaggerations and some minor inconsistencies, he has given a logical account of what science reveals to be the nature of the universe and of the mood which that revelation has created in the mind of modern man. The views he expresses are those tacitly assumed by the majority of contemporary writers, and the temper he describes is, it seems to me, responsible not only for the impotence of many men of talent but also for the way in which true genius is being perverted into strange and sometimes disgusting channels.

So convinced am I that in general Mr. Krutch's statement of the facts is correct, that I believe the only possible way of meeting his argument is to find another way of regarding these same facts. I agree that the old anthropocentric view of the universe has gone forever, taking with it most of the religious dogmas which have been accepted in the past; but I am less sure than he that the attitude approximately to be described as humanism is also invalidated. The question is largely whether human achievements in the past were the result of a set of illusions, or sprang from certain realities in the nature of man and the universe, realities faultily described in terms of these illusions that have been destroyed.

It seems to me not impossible that the sense of loss, which Mr. Krutch so eloquently describes, is itself the greatest of illusions. The child who learns that there is no Santa Claus feels that something has gone out of his cosmos, but the forces which provided him with presents on Christmas day continue to operate, even though the good saint is now recognized as a myth. The universe, however little it may in some respects be to our liking, is the universe which produced Dante and Shakespeare, and that is something. A world of human values has been created in the past, and the fact that it was created and did work may be quite as significant as any of the facts of science. If values can be separated from the theological language in which an earlier time has stated them, the outlook is less bleak than Mr. Krutch believes.

The problem, as I have tried to define it, may be merely one of adjustment, but that makes it none the less serious. If we continue to act as if human values are unreal, they will become unreal simply by becoming inoperative. That would seem to suggest that Mr. Krutch has done mankind an ill turn by seeking to force his gloomy logic upon it. But the contrary is true. By making explicit an attitude which has hitherto been too vague to be readily attacked, he may have made possible the change in approach which is needed. When Mr. Krutch has completed his demonstration that there is no place for human values in the universe, that science offers no adequate guidance in life nor any adequate hope, that the newer knowledge of nature and man banishes love as a value and dispels belief in the tragic significance of suffering, that the

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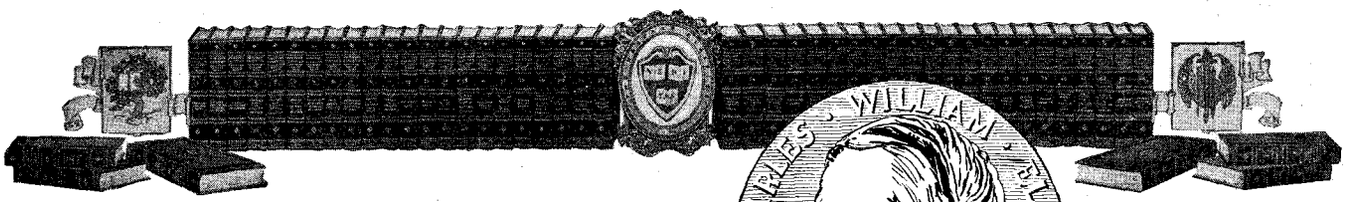

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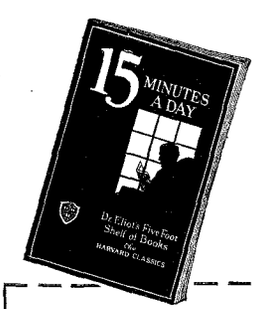

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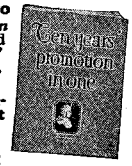

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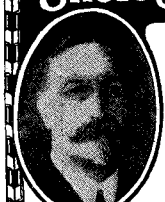

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Books

view of life as an art is of as little significance in the realm of conduct as the ten commandments — and when he asks us to contemplate the new barbarians, with their healthy, thoughtless materialism, overrunning the world and restoring vitality to the race, but at the cost of all that we regard as civilization — one's immediate reaction is, "This need not be true." If, as I have suggested, the destruction of illusions has not affected the reality, if what we regard as the modern attitude of inconsolable despair is merely the injured expression usually attendant upon disillusionment, Mr. Krutch's book may serve to shake us out of our present temper and into a mood which will discover new ways of stating old values and create fresh values for the future.

Skull and Bones

THE INNOCENT VOYAGE, by Richard Hughes; Harper, $2.50.
Reviewed by FORD MADOX FORD.

THERE USED to hang on the walls of country public houses and farm laborers' cottages a lithograph that, seen from close quarters, represented two innocent children against the light on a balcony beneath an arched window. When you receded from it you saw that in truth it showed as a skull, with crossbones complete beneath. Mr. Hughes' book is that lithograph come to life in another art.

For, if you read it cursorily, you may imagine it just another of those child and nursery productions which so distinguish England, and which I find so infinitely tiresome. It might be a prolongation of *Peter Pan* or the further adventures of *The Young Visiters.* It shows you a number of children of both sexes, captured by maladroit pirates; and the story is recounted, as it were, through the child mind:

"That night in the Parliament of Beds there was raised at last a question which you may well be surprised had not been raised before. Emily (Wendy) had just reduced her family to silence by sheer ferocity, when Harry's rapid, nervous, lisping voice piped up: 'Emily, Emily, may I ask a question, please?' 'Go to sleep!' There was a moment's whispered confabulation. 'But it's very important, please, and we all want to know.' 'What?' 'Are these people pirates?' Emily sat bolt upright with astonishment. 'Of course not!' Harry sounded rather crestfallen. 'I don't know, I just thought they might . . .' 'But they are!' declared Rachel firmly: 'Margaret told me!'"

Don't you hear in that the voice of the Master — and of everyone who ever sent a dog and child story to *Punch,* and of everyone who ever mimicked a child's lispings, and of all *Punch* itself, and of all England, who is great because she has the Child Mind?

But, you see, Mr. Hughes is not English, and it is all Lombardy to a China apple of a difference to be Welsh when it comes to a question of artistic temperament. So that, if you stand back from this work, or still more, if you penetrate under it, you will

RICHARD HUGHES

perceive — oh, say the skull and crossbones in all their grinning nakedness. If you took Henry James' *What Maisie Knew* and his *Turn of the Screw,* distilled them and added to the mixture that touch of elfin cruelty, the gift of the little, dark, persistent race that is the Welsh — you would have in your crucible some of the horror that there is in this story, which — it isn't anything but the highest of literary compliments to say — is the most horrible that I have ever read.

Of course I don't make a practice of reading stories for their horror, so I may well have missed some. I never, for instance, read *Dracula,* which is said to be extremely horrible. But if there were any other horror story in England — apart from those two of James's — any other of the literary gift and sheer magic of implication that are to be found in Mr. Hughes' book, I *must* have heard of it.

I feel inclined to say, as a final tribute, that if ever a book deserved the attention of the censor it is the *Innocent Voyage* — and that compliment will do Mr. Hughes no harm, for the censor is too stupid to attend to the book. He will probably give it to his daughters for a Christmas present.

Our Culture Hero

AND THEN CAME FORD, by Charles Merz; Doubleday, Doran, $3.00.
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

WITH ALL respect to an author of much insight, and to a book which contains many vivid pages, it would seem that Mr. Merz got a good idea, wrote three hundred pages about it, and remained to the end not quite sure whether it was strong enough to stand up — an uncertainty which also infects the reader. This is not a life of Ford, or a critique of his contribution to industry, or a history of his times (though it contains bits of them all); rather it seems intended as an interpretation of the social changes in America in the past sixty years in terms

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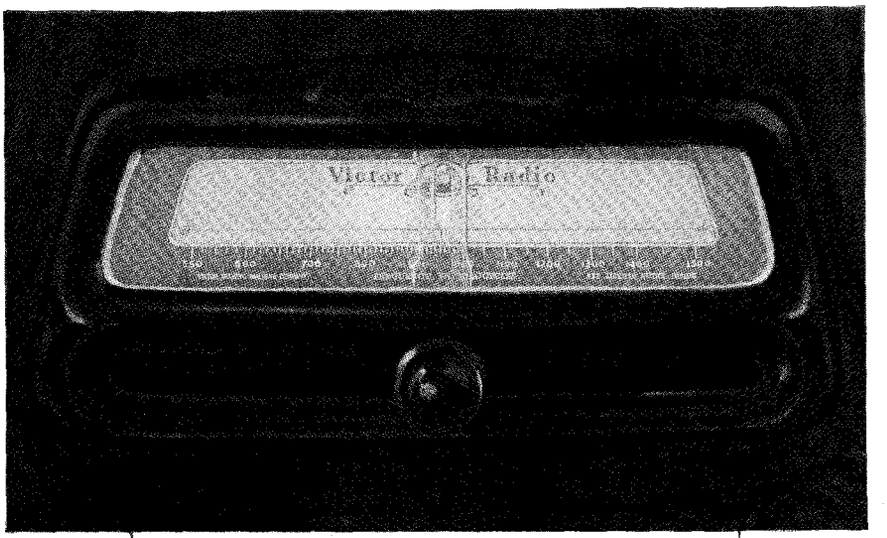

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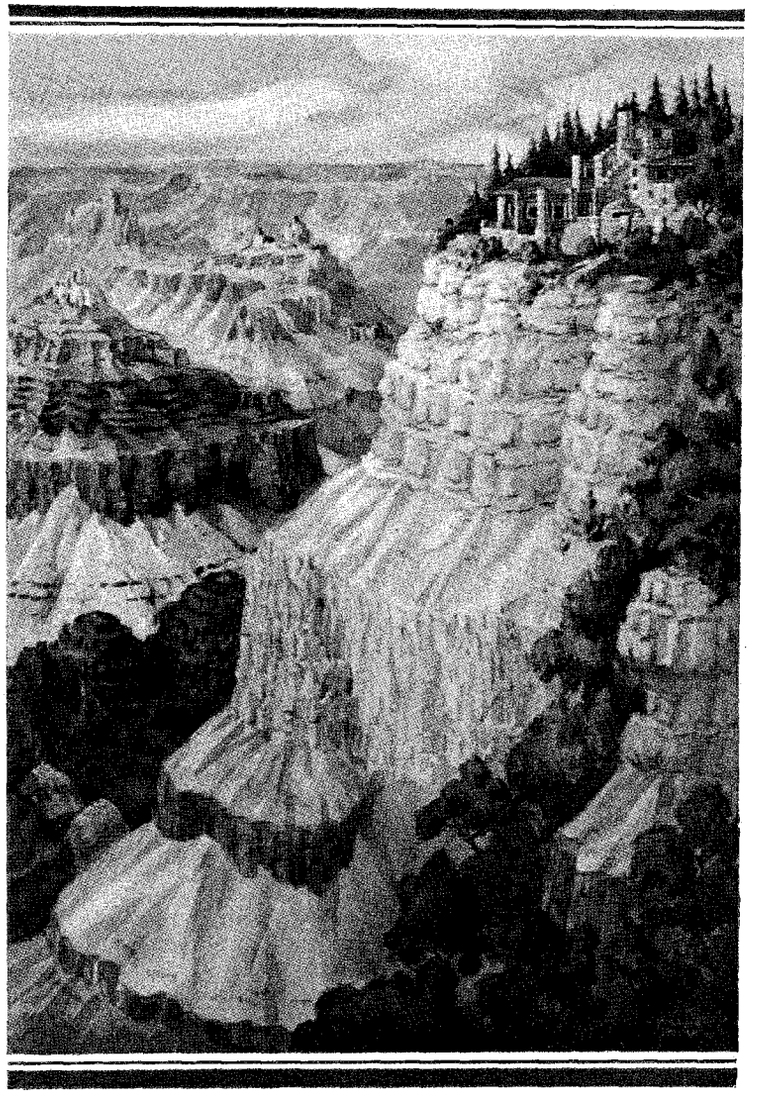

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Published Once A Month By Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc. 386 *Fourth Ave., New York* *Copyright, 1929*

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HERE are some interesting and pertinent data for the intelligent book-reader, who for one reason or another finds he does not read as many of the new books as he would like to. It is a list of the books the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club have chosen as the "book-of-the-month," aside from those they have recommended, in the last three years. Here they are, going backward from June, 1929.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT	Remarque
A PREFACE TO MORALS	Walter Lippmann
HENRY THE EIGHTH	Francis Hackett
CRADLE OF THE DEEP	Joan Lowell
KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER	Sigrid Undset
JOSEPH & HIS BRETHREN	H. W. Freeman
THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA	Arnold Zweig
WHITHER MANKIND	Charles Beard
HUNGER FIGHTERS	Paul de Kruif
THE CHILDREN	Edith Wharton
JOHN BROWN'S BODY	Stephen Vincent Benet
BAMBI	Felix Salten
THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM AND CAPITALISM	George Bernard Shaw
THE CLOSED GARDEN	Julian Green
THE HOTEL	Elizabeth Bowen
DELUGE	S. Fowler Wright
DISRAELI	Andre Maurois
CLAIRE AMBLER	Booth Tarkington
ABRAHAM LINCOLN	Carl Sandburg
RED SKY AT MORNING	Margaret Kennedy
RIGHT OFF THE MAP	C. E. Montague
DUSTY ANSWER	Rosamond Lehmann
MEANWHILE	H. G. Wells
YOUR MONEY'S WORTH	Chase & Schlink
GIANTS IN THE EARTH	O. E. Rolvaag
MARCHING ON	James Boyd
REVOLT IN THE DESERT	T. E. Lawrence
ELMER GANTRY	Sinclair Lewis
NAPOLEON	Emil Ludwig
HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS	Ed. by Bliss Perry
THE ORPHAN ANGEL	Elinor Wylie
THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS	Ellen Glasgow
THE TIME OF MAN	Eliza M. Roberts
SHOW BOAT	Edna Ferber
THE SILVER SPOON	John Galsworthy
THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID	W. N. Burns
O GENTEEL LADY	Esther Forbes
TEEFTALLOW	T. S. Stribling
LOLLY WILLOWES	Sylvia Townsend Warner

In addition to this list, *between six and seven hundred books* during the last three years have been reported upon and recommended by our judges. Our subscribers did not have to take any one of the books above, but could have taken one of these alternates. An average of one-third of our subscribers—thirty-five thousand every month—either do this or avail themselves of the privilege of taking no book at all, when none of those reported upon appeal to them.

It should be remembered also that sometimes a worthy book has not been chosen in a particular month, but could only be strongly recommended as an alternate, because our five judges felt that there was some other *more* worthy book, in their opinion, which should be chosen.

This list, we believe, is one to be proud of. Our judges are human. They have made some mistakes in their choices, and know it. But, on the whole, we feel their record is a remarkable one,—and completely refutes the few critics who have been absurdly barking at them, for the last three years, on the ground that they are popularizing "cheap" books, with no literary merit. And when it is considered that 35,000 of our subscribers every month either take one of the alternate books reported upon, or none at all,—the further criticism that they are "standardizing" reading, and are leading our subscribers by the nose, also shows up, clearly, for the kind of twaddle that it is.

In this connection, here is an interesting fact: One of the leading publishers in the United States goes around telling people that, since the Book-of-the-Month Club started, it is far easier for publishers and booksellers to sell worthy books than ever before; in other words, that one clear effect of this new development in the book world is *that the standard of best-sellers has been raised!* We believe many publishers would agree with this.

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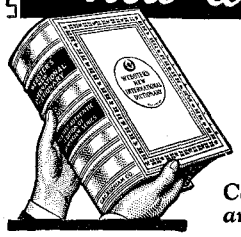

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of Ford. What Ford the individual has done, mystically symbolizes certain trends of American life — not merely Ford's work, but his diversions. This is neither history nor biography, then, but hermeneutics. And it suffers from a common fault of hermeneutics — the salvation of the interpretation at any cost; even, if need be, at the cost of the evidence.

Mr. Merz has too scrupulous a conscience to tamper with facts, but there are times when his interpretation has nothing much but his own assertion to support it. Ford's interest in American antiques happened to coincide with a revival of public interest in that field; and possibly it bodied forth his nostalgic yearnings for the farm and the old rural culture which he had done more than any other one man to destroy. But in discussing this and other matters, Mr. Merz, one feels, has stopped just short of saying, "This he did that he might fulfil that which was spoken by the prophet Esaias." Of the background of that strange excursion into non-

CHARLES MERZ

Euclidean politics, the Ford Peace Party, Mr. Merz has a sound understanding. But when he assimilates it to such crusades for easy solutions of complex difficulties as the trust-busting movement or the direct-legislation enthusiasm of a few years earlier, he misses most of the point both of its inception and of its failure.

There were two cultures in the country when Ford was born, an urban and a rural. Superficially they are now pretty much assimilated, and the cheap automobile has done more than anything else to bring this about. Mr. Merz, in arguing this, appears to forget that the assimilation as yet does not seem to be more than physical, as every city-versus-country fight over taxation or prohibition attests. It is probably true that the uncritical popular faith in Ford is a faith in the miraculous power of modern industry, which Ford more than any other man incarnates; but the brief Ford-for-President boom that swept the country in 1923 does not prove that the nation is ready to turn from the politicians to the technicians. Mr. Hoover, a technician of high merit, found it advisable to behave as politically as possible when he was running for President, and to appeal to emotions far older than mechanical civilization, or indeed than any civilization at all.

It is engaging to regard the Ford joke as the first folk-lore of the machine age, the substitute for ancient tales of superhuman saga heroes, the expression of "the average man's enthusiasm for the *surprising modern world in which he* lived." But one fears that must be set down as not proven. All of this would be valid in a novel, if plausibly done; set forth as a critical interpretation of history, it is a little too schematic to command confidence.

Major Philosophy

EXPERIENCE AND NATURE, by John Dewey; Norton, $3.00.
Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN.

THE presentation to the general public of a major work of John Dewey is an event of unusual interest. It is not that in its new and revised form — there is a revised and singularly luminous first chapter — it will be read by hundreds of thousands. The intellectual middle class will still read the books John Dewey endorses more than they will read John Dewey. This book, even with its clarifying new preface and its skillful summary of the outlines of a difficult argument, will prove tough going for the cultural layman. But its re-issue is a reminder that here America has from its foremost philosopher a masterpiece of humanistic insight with a metaphysics, fresh and radical, at its heart.

The book is still difficult and its rugged language, always honest and essentially clear, makes no literary concessions and parades no literary graces. But as one reads one forgives the difficulty and forgets the bareness. One finds oneself in the presence of a mind that on every page reveals an originality that is compounded of brilliance and candor. For Mr. Dewey's contribution to philosophy is the bringing to bear of a virtuoso's intellect, not upon the artificial controversies of an academic tradition, but upon the nature of experience and the nature of nature. A great poet is sometimes described as a genius with a child's eye. A great philosopher, as distinguished from a professor of philosophy, is a genius with a child's uncorrupted mind.

Mr. Dewey begins by looking experience in the face and not accounting for it or explaining it away by theories dialectically made beforehand. Philosophers have for centuries juggled the terms "appearance" and "reality" and have used experience — or theories about it — to hide nature from themselves. Mr. Dewey enunciates the simple proposition that experience, when intelligently used, is a means of disclosing the realities of nature. "Nature and experience are not enemies or alien. Experience is not a veil that shuts man off from nature. It is a means of penetrating continually further into the

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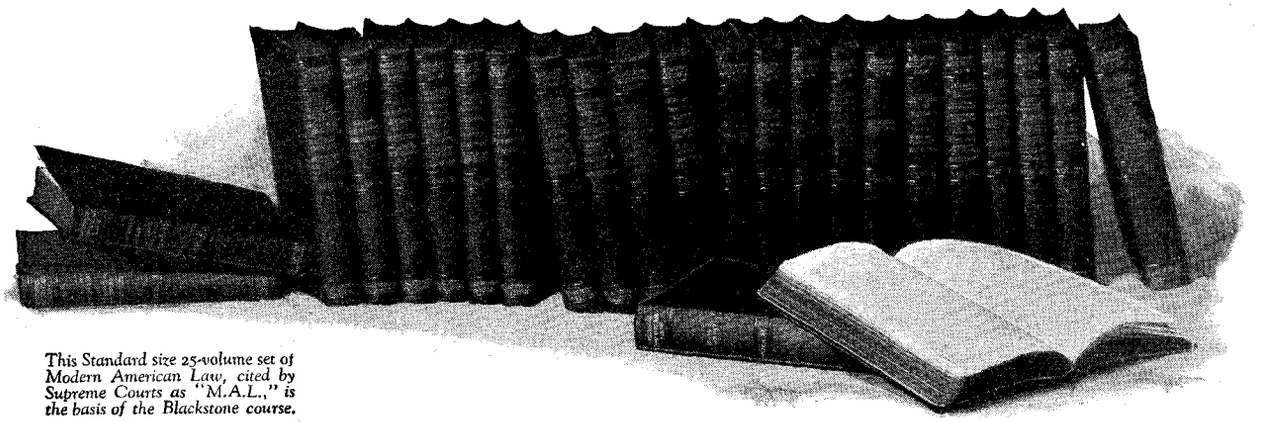

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Published Monthly at Concord, N. H., for April, 1929.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
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Before me, a *Notary Public*, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared GEORGE F. HAVELL, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the *Business Manager* of THE FORUM, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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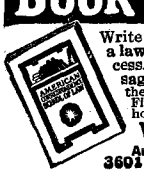

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Books

heart of nature. . . . The failures of philosophy have come from lack of confidence in the directive powers that inhere in experience if men have but the wit and courage to follow them."

Such "wit and courage" Professor Dewey displays throughout. He views without alarm the fact that experience seen without veils and handled without gloves is a mixture of the stable and the precarious. Science and knowledge are practical devices for utilizing the stable and recurrent features of past experience to control and direct the uncertain future. Thinking occurs in an uncertain creature living in an uncertain world. But directed thinking may guide those uncertainties to auspicious conclusions. The indecisiveness of that nature which is a flux of events is not a cause for flights to a mythical other world. It is provocation to guiding and controlling this one.

Science and knowledge, then, are concerned not with static eternities, but with laws, with regularities which are instruments in controlling the direction of those events and histories whose intertwining movements constitute nature or reality. The bridge between the blind movements which constitute nature and the purposes of man lies in language. Things and events have significance; that significance is socially communicable. Thinking takes place through language, and language is the tool of social coöperation. The world of the ideal and the world of things are connected by those meanings which are communicable in words. For Dewey the center of alert human experience lies in the shared awareness of the problems and uncertainties in experience and the devising of techniques for their solution.

Lives and histories are continuous. As long as there is life there is uncertainty. So long as there is intelligence there is a tool for their successive resolutions. As long as there is language these problems may be socially solved. The consummation of any uncertainty is in its solution and in the enjoyment of its solution. The climax of experience, the culminating event of nature, is art. Philosophy is ultimately a critic of the arts of life and their products. It is a criticism of the techniques by which, the values for which, we live.

No brief account could describe Professor Dewey's matchless tracing of the involvements of his metaphysically revolutionary position. But after reading the book one feels one has stepped into a new world, where man is made at home in that moving realm in which his own life is moving, where he is recommended not to flee from nature, but through experience to utilize it in his own most enlightened interests, to turn the brute impingement of events into a deliberate and satisfying art.

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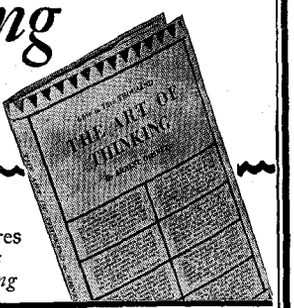

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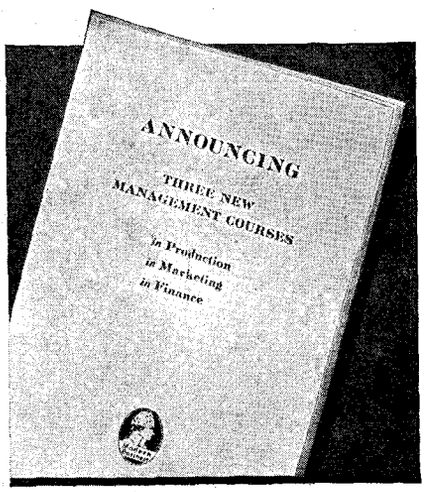

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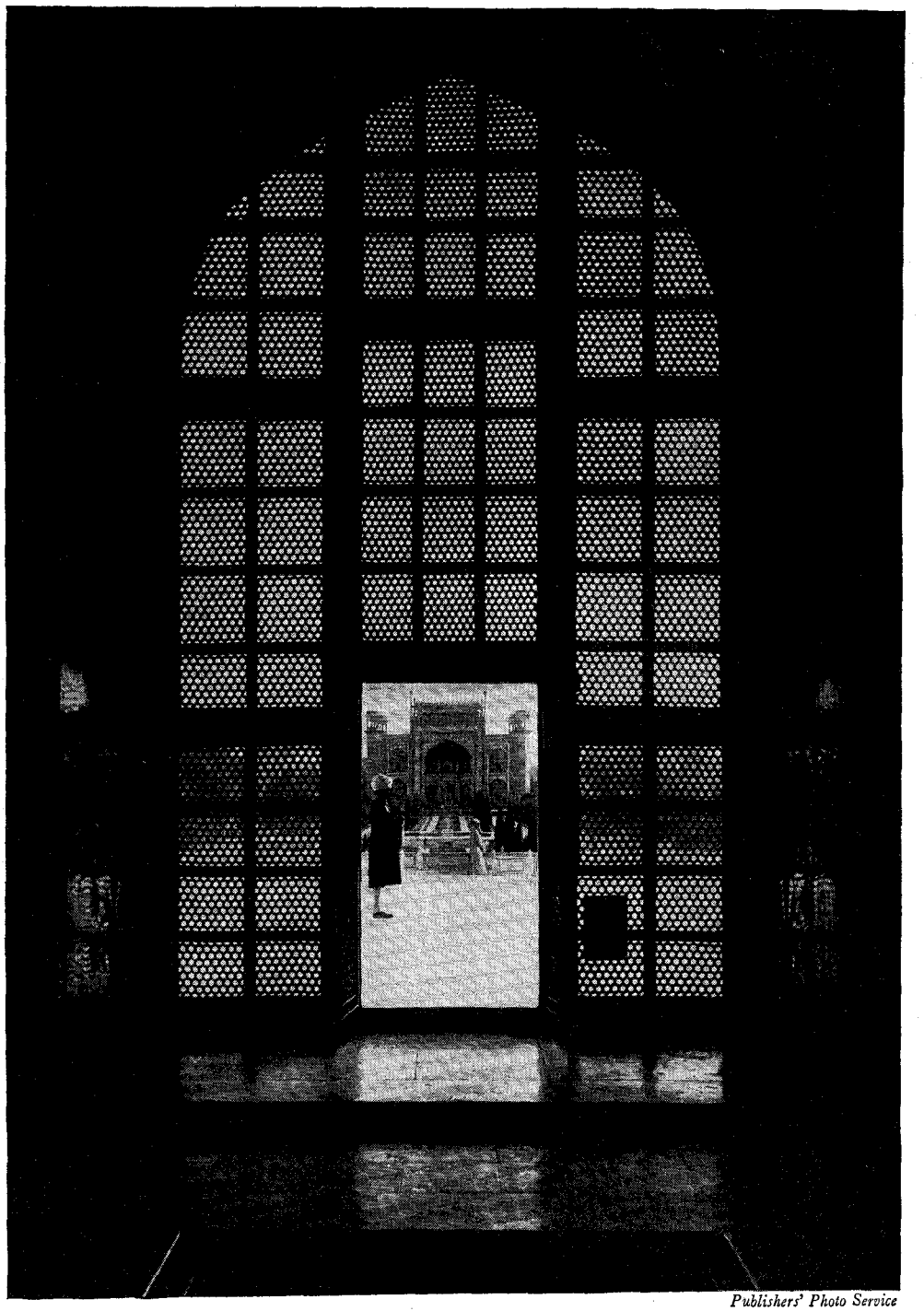

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WHERE "being" is held in higher esteem than "doing"—to borrow Mr. Adams' terms; and where, since the World War, the "doings" of Western nations have come to be regarded as omens of decadence and impending ruin. See the debate between Mr. Metta and Mr. Chesterton on page 354.

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F O R U M

JUNE, 1929 VOL. LXXXI, NO. 6

To "Be" or to "Do"

A Note on American Education

by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

A RECENT WRITER in a privately printed volume on education begins with the sentence: "What is the matter with our schools? — Everything." I would not go quite as far as that in a blanket indictment of our educational system, but I must confess that to an outside but interested observer the system appears to be more and more hopelessly uncertain of where it is trying to go or what it is trying to do — a welter of "isms" in a sea of expense, without the slightest agreement as to basic aims.

I am, as I said, an outsider. I have never been a teacher and I sometimes question whether I have ever really been taught, though I went to three preparatory schools in all, a small college, and did post-graduate work at one of the largest Eastern universities. My comments on the system derive from my own experiences as a student, from reading a moderate amount of educational "literature," and from the effects of education as made visible in the men and society about me.

In looking back, it is of course very easy to underrate the real influence of one's teachers. In the past couple of days I have happened to note both Gibbon's characterization of his Oxford days as the most unprofitable of his whole career, and Henry Adams's of his four years at Harvard as wasted. I have often, however, tried to estimate just what my education did for my own incomparably less powerful mind. I must have had in all, I think, about twelve or thirteen years, and as I look back on them I am impressed with the appalling waste of time and effort. I was taught Latin, German, and French, with the result that I never could read either of the first two without a dictionary. In conversation I never could speak more than a sentence of any of the three, and I have never known an American student who could — that is, merely as a result of his studying a language in school and college. Yet, at thirty-five, I taught myself in a few months more Persian than I had ever learned of Latin in several years' drudgery in boyhood. I remember, during the war, meeting on the street in Paris a young French lad of about twelve, of the better class, who stopped me and asked where he could get for his collection one of the insignia which I was wearing as an American

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officer. He spoke English fluently and on my asking where he had learned it, he replied, somewhat surprised, "Why, at school." In America, with all the colossal expenditure on buildings, that is a feat which, so far as I know, no American school has ever accomplished for one of its pupils.

Of history as I may have been taught it, I can remember nothing. So far as I can now discern, all my historical knowledge, moderate as it is, has been acquired by reading, long years subsequent to the ending of my formal "education." The rudiments of spelling and mathematics have undoubtedly been useful. As far as my "education" was concerned, the arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music were simply nonexistent. I never heard a word about the world of delight to be found in them or of their possible influence on the life of the spirit. Of my struggles with grammar there remains nothing. I came of a cultured family and learned at home to use my mother tongue with a moderate degree of correctness. On the other hand, from my experience with country people in a village where I was on the Board of Education, I could not see that if they did not speak correctly by home training, they ever learned to do so in school. Of my physics and chemistry I have only hazy recollections. My interest in the former, which has developed in the past few years, approaching it from the philosophical side, has led me to study it, and I am not sorry that my mind is so complete a blank concerning the physics of thirty years ago.

Woodcuts by Donald Streeter

I have always been greatly interested in philosophy, and I well recall with what anticipations I went from my small college to Yale to get what I thought would be a genuine initiation into the subject under the late Professor Ladd. Never were a student's hopes doomed to more swift and complete annihilation. As I recall it, in his course he lectured to over three hundred students. During the lectures some of his audience read novels, some newspapers, while a few "grinds" like myself ruined their handwriting trying to keep up with the lecturer in their note-taking. After another hour's work in my study rewriting the notes, I had a lecture written in longhand that was far inferior in exactness and proper expression to any chapter in a textbook that Ladd might have written, and after two hours' waste of time I had merely reached the point of having an imperfect text to study.

With the exception of one Japanese, none of the students whom I happened to know took the slightest interest in the subject. I had hoped that there might be opportunity, so essential in philosophy above all other studies, for some direct play of mind between my own uninstructed one and that of the instructor. There never was. The professor was a mere unapproachable oral textbook. Nevertheless, he had the illusion that studying "under him" *had* induced some play of mind among his novel-readers, and for that reason he used to give out the examination questions at the year's end so that the student might give original thought to them. Five of my friends were among the novel-readers. Having paid no attention to the course the entire year, they got me to sit under the apple trees at Ik Marvel's place, and for a couple of afternoons before the examination I talked over the probable questions with them. They all passed, with higher marks, I believe, than I did myself, and received Yale's *imprimatur* that they were proficient in philosophy.

A year of that sort of thing proved enough. Since I had no wish to teach, I took my Master's degree and let a Ph.D. go hang. I have never regretted the step, though I have no illusions as to the self-educated man's being as well trained as one who has had a genuine education. Thus ended mine, which had cost me a dozen years and my father about six thousand dollars, pre-war. If it be objected that things are different to-day, I may add that I see no evidence of it; instead, I see an even greater confusion of aim and method. Not long ago I asked a well-known professor at one of the largest and best-known universities in the East what, in his candid opinion, his university did

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for the thousands of students who annually attended it. After a moment's thought he said that as far as he could see, the university turned out a standardized, low-grade mental product, much like an intellectual Ford factory.

II

IT IS MY experience that the professors themselves are getting thoroughly tired of the overorganization and intellectual aimlessness of our modern educational institutions. To a great extent they themselves are caught in the mill. I think that America is the only civilized country in the world where what a man *does* counts for so much more than what he *is*, and where the general public, having no cultural standard by which to judge what a man is, takes as the basis of appraisal solely the visible signs of what presumably he has "done." A college degree has come to have a perfectly absurd value in the eyes of the public, not only in regard to the graduates of an institution, but in connection with the teaching staff. It is practically impossible for a man who has not obtained his Ph.D. label to progress far in teaching as a profession.

A year or two ago I was talking with a very successful teacher of English literature in a prominent school for girls. She had only an A.B. but was soon, after many years work, to have her sabbatical year. With sound instinct she wished to spend that year in England, becoming more familiar with the background of her subject, browsing as she wished among the masterpieces of the literature, and, at the end, bringing back to her pupils a wider knowledge, a deeper insight, and a new enthusiasm. But, no. She had reached the limit of salary to which she could ever attain with only an A.B., and therefore she felt it necessary to spend the year in the soul-killing routine of taking "English courses" at an American university to obtain an A.M. According to the American educational system, there was never a question of what she *was*, of what she could give to her pupils, but of what tangible label she could wear, indicating to parents what she had "done." The pages of school and college catalogues listing the faculty must be scattered over with degrees or the institution is suspect.

To a certain extent this might seem to be placing the responsibility on the public, but, as is so often true in speaking of American education, we find ourselves arguing in a vicious circle. As Dean Martin has well said, "The school cannot evade the responsibility for the present low level of mental life in this republic." Considering the enormous outlay for public education and the colossal sums represented by the endowments of our private institutions, we have a right to ask why, when educators have had resources undreamed of in any other land, they have created merely a muddled system and a general level of cultural attainment among our people below that of any one of ten or a dozen European countries.

In so far as there appears to be any definite trend in American educational aims, it would seem to be toward President Eliot's ideal of "power and service" — one of the most baneful phrases, I fear, ever let loose by an educator upon an uneducated people. The stress is laid wholly upon the "doing." We have college courses in cost accounting, in real estate selling, in "business English," household decoration, basket ball coaching as a profession, poultry raising, personnel management — all ranking equally with philosophy or literature or science. I cannot see that, as a general rule, American universities or colleges leave the slightest cultural impress upon those who attend them. Once out in the world, the ideals and the interests of most of the university men are identical with those of any "go-getter" who, since leaving high school, has been learning his trade of stockbroking or real estate selling or manufacturing in the world of experience.

A man who has attended the Harvard Business School may indeed get ahead a bit faster than his less-tutored competitor, but that is because of his specific technical training, similar to that of a cabinetmaker or lawyer. Some corporations, after exhaustive research, have come to the conclusion that a "college man" is likely

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to prove more valuable in the competition of business than one who is not; but that may be explained on many grounds quite divorced from education. College men come from a class that is at least moderately well up in the economic scale, with all that this implies in producing a superior animal — good air, food, and the rest. Moreover, a college man has four years more of such things than has the non-college class. Then there is the social knowledge and "mixing" experience gained in college. But neither of these advantages is in any way related to the main business of a university in its undergraduate department, which is, to provide a cultural background and an education that shall leave a man somewhat different from what it finds him. The mere fact that he is a better money-maker has nothing to do with that.

"For power and service." This phrase not only expresses a utilitarian view of education, but, in the true American spirit of haste, it has tended to emphasize the desire not only for "results" — that is, "practical" results — but immediate ones. It has emphasized our belief that "culture" is either something to help one in his economic career or else is a mere fandangle ornament for those who wish to "put on side" — not something vital in one's own spiritual growth. American education cannot be considered as disconnected with all the short-cuts advertised in almost every American journal — the fifteen-minute-a-day French courses that will enable you to entertain the representative of a foreign firm and in a week will astonish your employer into raising your salary fifty per cent; or the scrapbook of the world's wisdom that will enable you to impress your hostess and to become popular in cultured society by a few moments a day; or the five-foot shelf that will make you the intellectual equal of the lifelong student. The American has no use for the old Greek saying that "good things are hard." He wants knowledge and wisdom without striving. His education has taught him no other path or ideal. If knowledge and culture are only for "power and service," why not buy them "canned," if it is possible, much as he stops at the service station to fill up with gas?

As compared with the "plants" of all our educational institutions in America, those of Europe make but a shabby showing for the most part — but they appear to get results that ours do not. There, idle students are everywhere, but one cannot help comparing the mental outlook of the graduate of the high schools or "gymnasiums" or the universities abroad with those here at home and finding there a something which our students do not have — a maturity and a character.

The matter may be subjected to certain rough ways of measuring results as well. Leaving out such intellectual world centers as Paris, I may mention such a smaller town as Antwerp, generally considered a mere minor trading and industrial center. In wandering about the streets of this northern Venice, one not only finds bookshops everywhere, but displayed in them the latest books, in four languages, on science, philosophy, and the arts. This fact speaks eloquently of the results attained by Dutch education of whatever sort it may be. There are plenty of cities in the United States of the same population — under seven hundred thousand — in which it would be difficult to get in even one language a tenth of the books offered at Amsterdam in four. Again, in the twenty-eight years that the Nobel Prize in literature has been offered, it has never yet been won by an American, though winners have come from practically every country in Europe and even from the Orient. Still another educational foot rule: if we leave genius out of account and consider only the cultured public, we find that the number of books published in various countries in proportion to units of ten thousand inhabitants gives the following table:

Denmark	11.4
Latvia	9.5
Holland	9.0
Germany	5.2
Norway	4.7
France	3.8
Great Britain	3.0
United States	.85

Even such "backward" nations, according to our ideas, as Spain, Russia, and Poland produce more well-educated men than do we — the most abundantly supplied with money for education of all the nations in the world!

III

OUR ERRORS are fairly evident. For one thing, our democracy has ruined our education in two directions. On the one hand we have to a great extent turned over our public educa-

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tional system to the mob. The weakest point in American life is perhaps its lack of public responsibility. Our city, and not seldom our state, politics are a hissing and a byword, a sink of corruption and ignorance; yet it is usually to them that we leave the selection of the membership in our Boards of Education. The cry is also raised that public money should be spent only in giving the public what it wants — and, in its uneducated and uncultured soul, what it wants is anything but a "liberal education." It wants two things: one is the ability to earn a better living; the other is the label of having been educated — a diploma or degree certifying that the recipient is as good as any of the genuinely educated classes. As Lessing wrote a century and a half ago:

The iron pot longs to be lifted up
By tongs of silver from the kitchen fire
That it may think itself a silver urn.

This situation would be bad enough were it limited to the public school and state university systems; but, alas, as a competent critic has recently pointed out, too many of the private colleges and universities have "gathered up their academic gowns" and run after the mob "offering academic standing to anything for which there is a popular demand."

Democracy, universal education, and high wages in the laboring class have had another unfortunate influence upon education by swamping our institutions with students who, although some are admirable, have in all too many instances no background at all, no desire to be really educated, and no power of becoming so. For this reason there has been a general movement during the past five years to simplify the wording of textbooks in all the higher grades of school, and even in our universities a professor has to choose his words with great care. I am told that even at Harvard a professor dare not speak of a king as having been "crowned," for fear that the students will think he has been knocked on the head! Thus a student coming from a home with cultural background, with an intelligent mind, and a desire to learn, has to be held back to a pace no faster than can be kept by the son of an ironpuddler or a carpenter. This is no negligible point. As the Greeks said, "One comes to limp who walks with the lame."

There are obviously two educations. One should teach us how to make a living, and the other how to live. Surely these should never be confused in the mind of any man who has the slightest inkling of what culture is. For most of us it is essential that we should make a living. In the old days we learned how to do it mainly in the shop or on the farm or by practice in the office of merchant, lawyer, or doctor. In the complications of modern life and with our increased accumulation of knowledge, it doubtless helps greatly to compress some years of experience into far fewer years by studying for a particular trade or profession in an institution; but that fact should not blind us to another — namely, that in so doing we are learning a trade or a profession, but are not getting a liberal education as human beings. It is merely learning how to make a living. Culture is essential in order to enable us to know how to live and how to get the best out of living, and a liberal education should help us on our way to acquire it, albeit the acquisition is a lifelong process. "Culture" is a much misused word and has come to have a very feminine and anæmic connotation in America. There have been innumerable definitions, but we may quote one of Matthew Arnold's as being as suggestive as any for our purpose. He speaks of culture as "a harmonious expansion of all the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature." This is far removed from giving the degree of Bachelor of Arts to a student who has learned how to truss and dress poultry or has compassed the mysteries of how to sell real estate and run an apartment house.

Of course, life is short and getting rich is long — or may be. Most people who go to college to-day, aside from their lack of *desire* for education, have no *time* for it, because it does not lead immediately to "power and service." This, to be sure, is nothing new. What *is* new is

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that the colleges have opened their arms to all such and have deceived them into believing that when they have gotten an olla-podrida of ill-digested information of a scientific and cultural sort, with the practical courses to teach them how to earn a better living more quickly, they have acquired a liberal education and are entitled to consider themselves Bachelors or Masters of Arts. The words, indeed, have come to signify as little as "gentleman" or "lady."

It all comes back, like most things, to the question of values — of what is worth while, of what is the good life. Should we learn French in order to impress the boss? Should we pick up scraps from collections of the classics in order to make a hit at Mrs. Jones's party and impress her guests? One of the most sympathetic of foreign critics and observers of American life, a man who has spent much time among us, recently said that one feeling he always had here was that all our goods were in our shop windows and there was nothing behind. I believe this criticism is all too true. We are so busy *doing* that we have no time to *be*. We have almost forgotten what it is to *be*. We all have motor cars but no place to go. At present what we need above all else in America is education — not the infinitely variegated supply of courses that make a college catalogue look like Sears-Roebuck's, but a liberal education that will enable us to create a scale of values for our experiences and to take a philosophical attitude toward the complex reality about us.

If it be complained that most people have no time for an education that does not give immediate results, I again reply that that is their misfortune and has nothing to do with the matter. It is extremely unfortunate, if they are really capable of being educated, that they have no time for it; but, that being so, why tell them they *are* educated? Why not face the problem frankly and divide education (and degrees) into the two sections that I have suggested, the one to teach people how to make a living and the other to give them a *liberal* education, to teach them how to live, how to develop all those powers within themselves that make for the beauty and worth of life? If everyone in a democracy cannot have such an education (and a degree), neither can everyone have some of the other good things — a million dollars, or the talent that makes him a poet or painter or president of an advertising company.

IV

Is it not time that we stopped marking down all our spiritual goods to the price that the lowest in the cultural scale can pay? In the seventeenth century the lower middle class in Holland became very prosperous and there was a great demand for small paintings to adorn their new houses. As one of the historians of their art writes, instead of improving the quality of the art, this situation brought about a deterioration, because of the simple rule that "a large uneducated demand in any field can never produce anything but a glut of inferior commodity."

Whether a democracy can last is problematic, but it is certain it cannot last if there are no leaders above the general level. How are we to train them? Is it by training men solely for a particular calling — medicine, engineering, running a locomotive, or laundering collars? Or are we to give, to some at least, an education in which doing is subordinated to being, in which the development of intelligence and character shall be held superior to passing an examination in philosophy after reading novels for nine months, or learning how to truss and dress poultry? Sir Arthur Keith recently said, speaking of English education, that "it is self-discipline; the formation of character in making man's higher centers masters of his cerebral establishments." However it may be brought about — and that is something for the educators to decide (though they seem woefully at sea about it) — what the leaders of our civilization need in education is to be taught to *be* something, rather than merely how to *do* something.

In America, even more than in Europe, the soul of the people depends upon the culture to be obtained by a genuinely liberal education. In Europe, in a sense, culture lies about one, for, in another definition of Arnold's, it is "contact with the best that has been thought and said." I happen to be writing this article before my fire in London. Any errand that takes me into the streets — a visit to my agent in Fleet Street, a trip down into the City, a stroll through Whitehall — stirs more historical questions than a month in college could answer. Three minutes in one direction will take me to the marvelous collection of the Dutch masters gathered here for the time being from all the world. Ten minutes in a bus and I have the

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wonders of the Elgin marbles and the choicest sculpture of Phidias for the asking. I am planning an ordinary week-end trip which in a few hours will take me to France or Holland, where entirely new sets of impressions and questions of every sort — æsthetic, historic, racial — will be aroused in spite of myself.

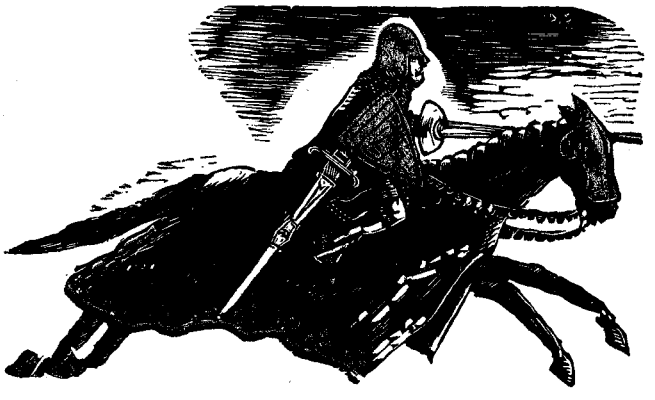
It is far easier here, as I well know from years spent on both sides of the world, to stress *being* instead of *doing* than it is in any corner of my native land. In America not only is it almost impossible to get into contact with "the best that has been said and thought," save through books alone, but *doing* has been exalted into a national cult and *being* is despised by public opinion as something enervating and almost disgraceful for a man to consider, something tainted with the idea of "idleness-and-leisure," always hyphenated in America.

"Power and service." But of what earthly use is power unless it is to produce or secure something worth while, and of what use is service unless it is to serve some desirable end? In so far as any ideal is considered an end in America, it is the ideal of a better life for everyone of every class; but that merely puts off the question one stage further. What is a good life? Are not power and service merely *means*, just as are dynamos or locomotives? And what can the end be except a state of *being* desirable to man? And should it not be the aim of education to help us learn what that end, that desirable state of being, is, and how to attain to it as far as the imperfect nature of man will allow?

We have been "doing" for three hundred years. We have cleared and settled a continent. We have accumulated the most colossal store of material power and resources the world has ever seen. Is it not time that we began to think what to do with all our means, what the end is that we wish to attain? Are we forever to continue getting more things in order to get more things with which to get more things, and so on *ad infinitum?* Are we forever to seek the means without ever considering the end for which we seek them? Is there any sense in doing if we are never to become something, to be something, as a result? The entire practical life in America urges us to do unceasingly and unthinkingly. Should it not be one of the chief functions of education to find the strands of meaning in our ceaseless web of doing and to teach us some purpose in our lives? Can anything give us that purpose better than culture, in the sense first defined above? Can that culture be attained by a "liberal education" that permits "business organization," "fire insurance," "business psychology," or "personnel administration" to be substituted at the whim of the student for literature, art, or philosophy?

Does not our whole educational muddle spring in part from mob snobbery — from exactly the same mental attitude that makes the laboring class talk of "colored wash-ladies" and "garbage gentlemen," that makes them want to be dubbed Bachelors of Art after studying business English and typewriting, ever gaining heaven by serving earth? Does it not also spring in part from the lack of character and of a coherent philosophy of life among those who should be our educational leaders? To the latter, in taxes and endowments, we are giving money reckoned in hundreds of millions. We are giving them also a hundred million years or so of the lives of our young in every generation. In exchange, what are they returning to us in national ideals and culture? It is a fair question, which I call upon them to answer.

Next month, "HOOVER AND LAW OBSERVANCE," by James Truslow Adams



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Should We OBEY the Prohibition Laws?

A Socratic Dialogue

PERSONS of the DIALOGUE

H. BRUCE BROUGHAM — Editor of "The Index Number Institute"; ardent Dry
ROBERT E. CORRADINI — Research Secretary of the World League Against Alcohol
FRANK C. DAVISON — Canadian novelist
HAVEN EMERSON, M.D. — Physician and former Commissioner of the Department of Health, New York City
IRVING FISHER — Professor of Political Economy at Yale; chief defender of Prohibition
FABIAN FRANKLIN — Editor, writer, and formerly Professor of Mathematics at Johns Hopkins; author of *What Prohibition Has Done to America* and *The ABC of Prohibition*
JOHN C. GEBHART — Research Director of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment
FRANKLIN B. KIRKBRIDE — Banker
HENRY GODDARD LEACH — Editor of THE FORUM
GEORGE W. MARTIN — Lawyer; champion of personal liberty

PLACE — The home of Henry Goddard Leach
TIME — After dinner

MR. FISHER. We now have a President who is dry, who is resourceful, who was elected largely, I believe and he believes, by a dry vote, who is committed to better enforcement. I think the chances of success now are very bright if he receives the support of those who have not been in sympathy with the law but are good enough sports and good enough Americans to play the game and take their defeat in good spirit.

MR. FRANKLIN. I believe that any law which is felt to be contrary to the first principles of our government is not entitled to obedience, and when a good American sees such a law being incorporated in our Constitution, it is his duty to rebel against it.

MR. FISHER. Even after it has become a part of the Constitution by due process?

MR. FRANKLIN. The more so for that very reason. That makes it worse.

MR. FISHER. Why worse?

MR. FRANKLIN. Because then it is practically unrepealable. No law which imposes upon millions of people a code of conduct which they have never before accepted should be so framed that it cannot be repealed by any ordinary process. The first fundamental ground for obedience to a law is that the law may be repealed if a reasonably strong sentiment for its abolition exists.

MR. FISHER. That would condemn everything in the Constitution.

MR. FRANKLIN. I didn't say everything; I spoke of imposing upon millions of people an unwelcome code of conduct. Leave out the amendments which came as a result of the Civil War, and is there any part of the Constitution that any considerable body of Americans has ever resented?

MR. FISHER. You have asked me to omit the one that I naturally . . .

MR. FRANKLIN. The Civil War amendments were objected to by the South, and their nullification has been assented to by every Congress. In other words, the only provisions in the Constitution which have been seriously

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opposed as an injury to what people regarded as vitally important to them, *have* been nullified. A Constitution ought to relate to things of fundamental importance to the government, not to what Mr. Fisher, or I, or other people think is desirable for the individual.

MR. FISHER. The Eighteenth Amendment was passed by a great majority of the people.

MR. FRANKLIN. Would you let the majority do anything they please with the minority? Let me ask you a question, Mr. Fisher. Suppose that the Eighteenth Amendment had contained a third clause: "Notwithstanding Article V of the Constitution, this particular provision shall not be repealed or modified except by a unanimous vote of both Houses of Congress and all the legislatures of the country."

MR. FISHER. It would have been unconstitutional.

MR. FRANKLIN. It would not; it would have been an amendment to the Constitution. Isn't it perfectly possible to repeal Article V?

MR. FISHER. Why are you so anxious to put in something that is not to the point? Why do you insist on asking a hypothetical question?

MR. FRANKLIN. I am trying to show that Prohibition has behind it the powerful sanction of the Constitution which was not intended for such purposes.

MR. FISHER. How do you know it was not? What was done is perfectly constitutional; the Chief Justice of our Supreme Court has said so.

MR. MARTIN. That does not make it so.

MR. FRANKLIN. Do you know that my hypothetical case would not be constitutional?

MR. BROUGHAM. It might be, but it wouldn't be passed.

MR. FRANKLIN. But if it were, I want to know if you would obey it. . . . I see you don't care to answer that point. I will drop it.

MR. FISHER. Of course I would obey it. But that is not a practical question. I have heard Chief Justice Taft say that although he was opposed to Prohibition before it came, nevertheless because the law has been passed constitutionally, not just by thirty-six states but by forty-six . . .

MR. FRANKLIN. I don't care if it was forty-eight.

MR. FISHER. He said that therefore it is up to us as Americans and good sports to obey the law.

MR. FRANKLIN. He thinks so and I don't, that is all. I think, because of my position on that point, that I am a better American than Mr. Taft. I believe a man who considers Prohibition an atrocity is a better American. Even though it is in the Constitution now, we shall not encourage putting other similar restrictions in the Constitution whenever some wave of reform enthusiasm sweeps over the country.

MR. MARTIN. When a law is passed and a man who thinks it isn't right doesn't discharge his duty to rebel against that law, he is neither an admirable person nor a decent American.

MR. FISHER. I don't see how you are answering my argument that you are not a good sport.

MR. FRANKLIN. It is not a question of being a good sport; it is a question of patriotism; it is a question of law. Suppose I were a Catholic, and a law were passed and made part of the Constitution . . .

MR. FISHER. Why do you have to take that kind of hypothetical case?

MR. FRANKLIN. If you are going to be so persistent in your argument, I shall have to keep on as long as the argument requires to make my case. Suppose an amendment were passed making it a crime for a man to perform the service of the Mass or to attend that service: would it be the duty of good Catholics to give up the exercise of their religion?

MR. FISHER. I should say that we ought to obey the Constitution. It would be legitimate for all people who thought it an outrage to try to amend it or to get out of the country.

DR. EMERSON. There is nothing worthier of an American than fighting for his beliefs, and if his beliefs win to him sufficient support to alter the Constitution, there is the greater merit in his sportsmanship and Americanism. The fact that he was in the first instance overwhelmed by a majority with which he disagreed would not justify him in violating the principles on which his government is based.

MR. FRANKLIN. It is not violating those principles. It is violating something done under cover of those principles. Do you think it was wrong to violate the Fugitive Slave Law?

DR. EMERSON. We have a mechanism in our government which gives everybody an opportunity to express his views repeatedly, year after year; and we have freedom of the press, which gives us a chance to mold and change

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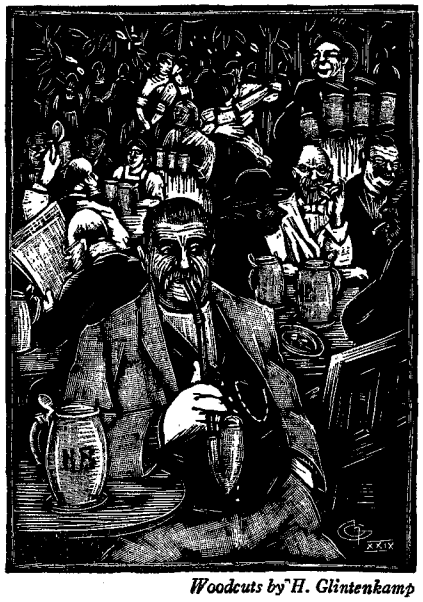
public opinion. If people feel that they have been imposed upon by the majority vote, their recourse is to put out opposing propaganda and swing a majority of the voters to their side.

MR. FRANKLIN. You have not answered my question. Do you think it was wrong to disobey the Fugitive Slave Law?

DR. EMERSON. I believe it would have been better for us if we had fought through that issue until it was settled, instead of evading it and lowering the credit of the Constitution by nullification. And I think we are going to lose some of our birthright if we don't fight this Prohibition question through.

MR. FRANKLIN. We have lost it already in allowing the amendment to be passed. We can save a few remnants of it by refusing to obey the law.



Woodcuts by H. Glintenkamp

DR. EMERSON. It is a question, of course, of personal principle.

MR. FRANKLIN. It is a question of personal conviction. We can't work it out by purely abstract talk. Therefore I give examples. I think we all feel that the Dissenters in England who were persecuted in the time of the Stuarts and held their meetings in secret were disobeying the law. But we also feel — at least most of us do — that they were right in disobeying the law.

DR. EMERSON. The two things are altogether incomparable.

MR. FRANKLIN. It shows that there are cases in which a man may disobey the law and still be a patriot.

MR. FISHER. We have a safety valve here that England hasn't.

MR. FRANKLIN. That is just the thing you are destroying by putting this into the Constitution — the safety valve of possible repeal by ordinary means.

MR. MARTIN. Don't you feel, Dr. Emerson, that the first guarantee against tyranny is the readiness of good citizens to rebel against their government?

DR. EMERSON. No, I don't. I consider that if people have created a government by free and popular opinion, it is their duty to make any changes they think necessary in the operation of that government through popular opinion.

MR. MARTIN. In opposing the Eighteenth Amendment we are merely trying to cut a cancer out of the body politic.

MR. FISHER. Why don't you do it by constitutional means?

MR. MARTIN. It's impossible. Six per cent of the people are sufficient to prevent that.

MR. FISHER. You will have to do just what we did. It took us a hundred years.

MR. FRANKLIN. You took a hundred years to perpetrate what we consider an outrage upon the principles of our government. That is no reason why we should be willing to wait a hundred years to cancel that outrage. Those who put Prohibition through did not profess that in doing it they were removing some evil from the government; they were attempting to remove what they thought an evil from you and me.

MR. FISHER. Would you feel the same way about opium?

MR. FRANKLIN. Yes, I think it would be very foolish to put a ban on it in the Constitution. Of course it would not mean anything to me personally, as does the prohibition of alcohol. I do not say, as Mr. Martin does, that I don't care about drink. It isn't a necessity to me, it isn't natural for me to drink, but I am mighty glad to have the artificial desire. I think the extirpation of drink would be one of the greatest losses the human race could suffer. If I were asked, not speaking of the evil but only of the good—and of course anybody but a fool must admit that drink causes great evils — which would be a greater loss to mankind, the extirpation of music or of drink, I would not hesitate to say that drink contributes more to the higher life of man than music.

MR. DAVISON. We hear an awful lot about the evils of drink; but the whole testimony of mankind, since Horace was writing odes about it, has been that it has many advantages.

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MR. FRANKLIN. But I feel very strongly about Prohibition chiefly for three other reasons. One is liberty; another is the essential nature of our Constitution, or of any constitution under which reasonable men ought to be asked to live; the third is the character of our whole federal system of government, which reserves such personal matters to the jurisdiction of the separate states.

MR. FISHER. If the majority decreed this thing, it cannot be such an infringement on liberty as . . .

MR. FRANKLIN. It is an act of tyranny because it is *felt* as an act of tyranny.

MR. BROUGHAM. Such a terrible tyranny?

MR. FRANKLIN. No, I don't mean that it is a terrible tyranny; nevertheless, it is tyranny. Anything which 40,000,000 out of 100,000,000 resent as tyranny *is* tyranny. I say that to assert yourself against that tyranny is a fine, manly thing to do, even if you are forced to do it in a quiet way. If you go out in the street and wave your arms and say, "Here, I bought this from a bootlegger!" — you make a fool of yourself and accomplish nothing. The Dissenters in England, most of them, simply kept on quietly practicing their religion in spite of the law, and we admire them for it.

MR. BROUGHAM. If it is tyranny, and 40,000,000 people are arrayed against it, why haven't we had a revolution over it? Is your cause quite noble enough to arouse the 40,000,000 to fight for it — as noble, say, as that of the Dissenters in England? Clarence Darrow, it is true, has gone even further and com pared it to the cause of the early Christian martyrs. But you are "quietly practicing" the religion of drink. Yours is the holy cause of self-indulgence.

MR. FISHER. Would you die for it?

MR. FRANKLIN. Yes, I would die for it. I don't say that this matter is as important as that which the Dissenters fought for, but our resistance is based on the same principle. The only way to show that Prohibition doesn't work is to violate it. I confess I don't do my duty, but I entirely agree with Mr. Martin that it is one's duty to break the law when a man feels as strongly about it as I do. It is the only weapon we have.

MR. MARTIN. The result of such resistance will be nullification, and I am convinced that it is the most practical solution of the problem. The Fifteenth Amendment has been nullified, as everyone knows; and the very fact that an amendment can be nullified and that the country can forget about it, provides a needed safety valve for a constitution that can't be amended. If you tried to get a repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment to-day, you couldn't do it. So the only way out is for the South to nullify it and let the rest of the country forget about it.

MR. FISHER. But this isn't the Fifteenth Amendment. That amendment really affected just the South.

MR. MARTIN. It seems to me that this Prohibition question is another sectional issue pretty much of the same kind. Eventually the West and the South, which are aridly dry, will forget that the East is wet and will grow tired trying to enforce their will upon it.

MR. KIRKBRIDE. I wonder if the combination of a changing public opinion and active enforcement may not eventually be the way out? Anyone who has come in contact with labor recognizes that blue Monday has gone. This is the direct result of the passing of the saloon and the high standard of individual earning power which the machine age has developed. It would seem to justify the exercise of a reasonable police power, even though it restricts the liberty of the minority to the extent self-imposed by the majority.

MR. DAVISON. I don't suppose I am entitled to any opinion, being a foreigner, but I feel that Prohibition is an imposition and an attack on the rights of the individual. I break the law gladly as a foreigner, and I would if I were a citizen.

MR. LEACH. Do you think that intoxication is necessary to the development of personal æsthetics?

MR. DAVISON. For myself, I know it is. But aside from that, if a man wants to gather his friends together and have a little drink to make conversation more active and more flowery, that is for him to decide, and any law of the majority that prohibits him from doing that is an unjust law, and I would not obey it.

MR. FISHER. What about locomotive engineers and automobile drivers — people upon whom the lives of others depend? Would you let them drink as much as they see fit?

MR. DAVISON. There are other ways of controlling that. Enforce other laws. Take their licenses away if they cause an accident.

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MR. FISHER. You would wait until there has been an accident?

MR. DAVISON. Yes, in general. I don't think the evil effects of alcohol as shown in accidents justify penalizing the rest of us who can drive our cars after we have had one cocktail. I have driven many, many times after I have had more than one cocktail, and I have never had an accident yet.

MR. GEBHART. It seems to me that we might accept all of Dr. Emerson's and Mr. Fisher's premises on scientific grounds regarding the evil effects of the use of alcohol and still disagree as to whether Prohibition is the best method of controlling it. We ought not only to study the history of Prohibition in this country in the past nine years, but also the experience of countries which have tried other means of controlling the traffic. In Sweden, Denmark, and England the number of deaths from alcoholism and arrests for crimes of violence has steadily decreased in the same period that they have increased in this country.

MR. CORRADINI. The trend of mortality from alcoholism and intoxication in Great Britain showed a downward drop during war-time restrictions, but drunkenness and alcoholic mortality increased when these restrictions were withdrawn. In the United States, the trend showing alcoholic mortality, alcoholic psychosis, and crimes due to liquor consumption, was decidedly on the increase up to 1916; with war restrictions and national Prohibition, the curves dropped to the lowest point in 1920 and 1921. The reaction which set in at that time spent itself in 1923 and 1924. Since then, we have been holding our own. The indications are that the trend is again downward, with a net gain for Prohibition of anywhere from 30 per cent to 60 per cent.

MR. FISHER. It is not a question now of whether we ought to choose Prohibition or some other means of control.

MR. GEBHART. True, but is it too late to inquire whether we have made a mistake, whether there is any probability of Prohibition's succeeding, and whether it would be wise to try to enforce it? If we could keep this whole discussion on a practical plane, we might get further than if we go off into more or less abstract discussions of the theory of government, although of course that is involved too.

MR. FISHER. Are you being as practical as you think you are? Why should we talk of substituting another method unless we can get rid of the Eighteenth Amendment, which it is conceded we can't?

MR. GEBHART. I am not so sure of that. There are hundreds of thousands of people in this country who are settling this problem in their own way, by practicing abstention, or temperance, or by making their own liquor or buying it from bootleggers. They are not giving any thought to how the thing will end. It is for us to see where we are drifting and what is likely to be the outcome; whether it is going to result in real temperance and better respect for law, or whether it is to have the opposite effect. When we establish that fact, then we will be able to decide what to do about it.

DR. EMERSON. Whether people know it or not, they are unquestionably happier when they avoid the use of alcohol. Every test that has been made has shown an inferiority of æsthetic and biological activity under the influence of alcohol, and when mankind comes to realize that, Prohibition will necessarily succeed.

MR. FRANKLIN. That wouldn't be a triumph of Prohibition; it would be a triumph of knowledge.

DR. EMERSON. I quite agree that legislative enactment is the worst means of education and that we will have to do over again a great deal of what was being accomplished with very considerable success before Prohibition was introduced to hurry the process.

MR. FRANKLIN. That is a serious charge against Prohibition.

DR. EMERSON. I am not a Prohibitionist. I favor the alteration or repeal of the amendment, but not nullification. People who buy liquor for the purpose of encouraging bootleggers are buying murder; they are contemptible in demanding for their palate what depends upon another man's bribery or corruption or disobedience of the law. I see nothing heroic in these people who promote nullification by such means.

MR. FRANKLIN. The simplest way to put an end to those things is to repeal the law. You would have to convert fifty or sixty million people to enforce it. You would have to convert only the people who make the laws in order to repeal it.

DR. EMERSON. That can be done better by

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influencing public opinion. There is no short cut to replace education in the management of a democracy. We are constantly trying to use short cuts in settling matters in this democracy, and we always fail.

MR. FRANKLIN. That is what they did when they put in the Eighteenth Amendment.

DR. EMERSON. I think it has probably set back the interest of temperance in the United States.

MR. FRANKLIN. Are you willing to agitate for its repeal? Why don't you come out publicly and say that it ought to be repealed instead of writing articles purporting to prove that it is attaining success?

DR. EMERSON. I am devoting my time to trying to find out the facts about the effect of alcohol on the human system. I believe that when they are known, people will be intelligent enough to give up the use of alcohol voluntarily. I prefer to work the reform in that way rather than through emotional propaganda and hysteria. There is no question that Prohibition will succeed. Human beings are happier when they avoid the use of alcohol because they are more men and less brutes. I have never been in any company of men that did not show an immediate deterioration in their æsthetic and intellectual performance as soon as they showed evidence of the use of alcohol. There are no tests that anyone has succeeded in presenting that do not show an inferiority of æsthetic or biological activity under alcohol, except when you are dealing with a person who is suffering from some pathological restraint of his activities.

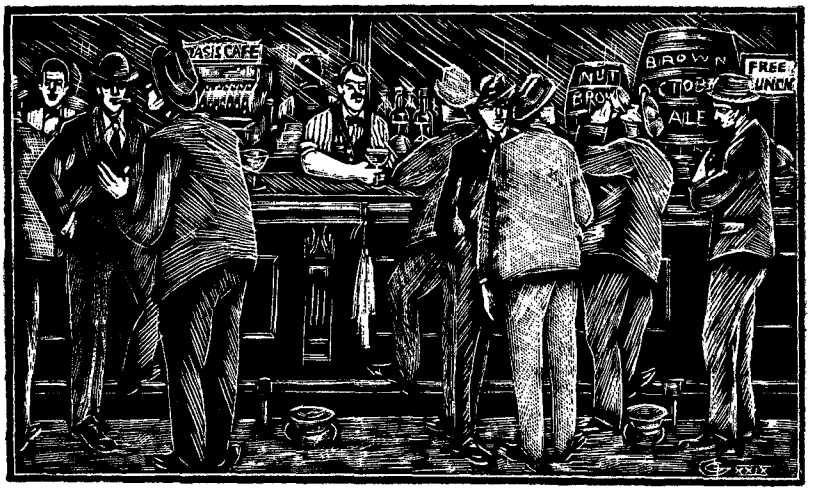
MR. MARTIN. I object to discussing this thing from the point of view of the effect of alcohol on cells. I object to regarding myself or other men as economic units that have to produce a certain amount of work each day, and might produce it more efficiently if they abstained from alcohol. I'd rather look at a human being as a fellow who moves about in the world and talks to people and has a little fun once in a while. The thing that impresses me is the enormous gap in Dr. Emerson's experience outside the laboratory. He can look through a microscope and see the effects of alcohol on a cell; but if he went to a dinner party where there were a lot of dull, stupid people gathered together and gave them a little something to drink, he would see a reaction quite as important. They would wake up and talk and laugh easily and have a good time among themselves. I don't know about alcohol as a narcotic poison; I do know that when I come home at night exhausted, unable to eat, talk, or hear what my wife says to me, a glass of wine stops the flywheel in my mind and makes me not only happier but a more companionable person to live with.

MR. FRANKLIN. I don't think the laboratory test is of any ultimate consequence.

MR. MARTIN. What if abstention from alcohol does prolong life? I can't see the advantage of a long, dull, efficient life as a perfect biological specimen over a short, happy one as a human being.

MR. FISHER. You speak of yourself. But unfortunately our actions affect others and we must think of the effect on them. We live in a machine age; we are all locomotive engineers to-day.

MR. DAVISON. I don't see why everything should be sacrificed to machinery, to a hy-



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pothetical common good. I think if men can't have cafés to sit in and relax and get away from the domination of their business and homes, then our progress is unbalanced. If we have to depend entirely on external stimulation such as the movies and the radio and automobiles for our recreation, it is quite as injurious as a small amount of alcohol.

MR. FISHER. If all the men who wanted this individual liberty could have it without interfering with my liberty, I should have no objection. But I want some protection.

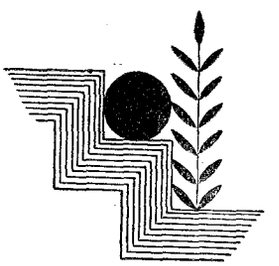
MR. DAVISON. I have lived a good many years in Europe, where there isn't this complex about alcoholic beverages, and, to my knowledge, my liberty hasn't been curtailed.

MR. BROUGHAM. I don't think it is justifiable to predict that Prohibition will ultimately fail simply because it has not succeeded so far. Things happen very quickly these days; national habits are overcome very rapidly. You know that from our experiences during the war. At that time Hoover showed his genius for organizing public opinion in controlling the consumption of meat, wheat, and other foods.

MR. DAVISON. But he had people's fear to back him up. There isn't any such necessity as the war to back him up when he tries to abolish the use of alcohol.

MR. BROUGHAM. That is true. But he has all the scientific world behind him, and the educational forces are almost unanimously with him. He can organize the support of the leaders of public sentiment in every city in the country. Under such able leadership I think Prohibition is quite likely to succeed.

Next month, another Socratic dialogue in which Clarence Darrow opposes a group whose religious beliefs range from Catholicism to free thought—
"IS RELIGION NECESSARY FOR PROGRESS?"



At Schoharie Crossing

by **WALTER D. EDMONDS**

I

ONE FRIDAY EVENING, early in May, a line of sixty boats was drawn up to the towpath at the Schoharie Creek crossing. In those first years of the Erie, the crossing-stream was let into the canal on one side, with a guard lock below, and a dam on the other side to take the overflow along its natural channel. It was easy enough to cross above the dam with the water at normal level; but when a freshet hit a creek, the space above the dam became a mill race, with treacherous eddies to add trouble to the side pull. There were plenty of such crossings on the old Erie, and the Schoharie was the worst of the lot.

Their horns wailing, the boats had come in at fairly regular intervals during the morning; but old Caleb, who tended the guard lock, took one look at the two and a half feet of extra water boiling over the dam and went on combing his beard. He was proud of that beard. It reached well down toward his knees; and his

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continual combing kept it clean, so that it was glossy, and just about the color of old pewter. Boat captains used to have trouble getting him out of his hut in rainy weather (he was afraid that the wet would take out the curl) until some of them bought him an umbrella.

The captains were a tough lot. Freight companies were already beginning to get a pretty solid hold on the long hauls and the immigrant trade, which meant that speed was at a premium; and as only the packet boats could afford to pay the ten dollar fine for speeding, the freighters tried to make up their time by fighting for first place at the locks. It got so bad that after a while a captain would feel a man's muscle before asking him what he knew about boating.

Three or four of them who knew Caleb were sitting with him in his hut, each with his rum balanced in a tumbler on his knee and smoking or chewing to suit his taste; and they were making a sociable session out of it, what with the wind on the roof and the warmth inside. One sat on a chair and the rest had boxes; and old Caleb perched on the edge of his bunk and combed his beard.

One of the captains, a sly-looking little man who wore a pipe hat and green galluses, got up and looked through a window at the dam. He had to lift his voice for the others to hear him through the roaring of that water. "How long will she stay up, Caleb?" he asked.

"Why," said Caleb, "I don't rightly know as she's got all the way up yet. She's the worst one I ever see."

"Well," said another one, a big red-headed man from Little Falls, who had never been licked east of Utica and who wouldn't let any man work on his boat unless he had red hair and could roll a brogue as well as a quid on his tongue, "sipposin' it reaches high water tonight, Caleb me honey, what time'd ye think I could get the owld lady acrosst?"

As usual the *Dublin Queen* was the first freighter in the line. Caleb got a bit of mirror down from the wall and put some finishing touches on the part over his chin.

"Well," he said, "it might be a day, or it might be two, or it might be more. I ain't saying. If it rains again, it might be more; if it don't rain, it might not."

"That's a help, to be sure," said the red-headed man, whose name was O'Mory.

Woodcuts by Norman Kent

"I can feel rain," announced the man on the chair.

"You, Joe?" asked the man with the pipe hat.

"Rain," said the other. "Barrels of it, Gratwick. An ocean, no less. It's coming down from the north on my old peg." He thrust out a wooden leg and began to rub the thigh above it.

"Hark to that, the wizen owld creature! Talkin' of rain, and it only stopped this noon."

"I've got a Dutchman on my boat," said Gratwick, putting his pipe hat inside the box he was sitting on. "He's all loaded up with wagons and plows, and he's got his family. He offered me twenty dollars extra if I could get him to Buffalo onside of two weeks. Jeepers! If it don't commence to go down by to-morrow night, I'll chance the crossing anyways."

"Haw, haw!" O'Mory guffawed. "You'll cross with them cheese horse mules of yourn?"

"Well, they be kind of poor," the other admitted. "But say, O'Mory, you and me can club our teams on each boat and get 'em over that way."

"Sure," said Caleb, "That'd be easy. It's been tried four times, only the rope broke three of the times."

"That's right," said Joe, emphasizing his words with thrusts of his wooden leg against the stove. "I was in line when Bellow's boat went over."

"The *Manlius?*"

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"That's right. There wasn't only a dog drowned and nobody killed, though the horses got all tangled tumbling forward when the rope broke."

"I heard Grimshaw was killed."

"He don't count," said Joe. "He was lying drunk on the forward hutch and never knowed what struck him. You couldn't rightly say he was killed."

"Was the boat smashed up?"

Caleb opened the back door into his little woodshed. When he returned, he brought the northwest wind with him in a gust that stuck out his beard in front. "There's what's left of her tiller," he said, showing them a twelve-inch stick before poking it into the stove.

"Holy Mither!" cried O'Mory. "She must've sat down hard!"

"The other two boats wasn't hurt bad," said old Caleb, soothing his whiskers back into place. "Only they had to float them back down the river as far as Schenectady to get back into the canal."

The others cuffed their knees and roared with laughter. The wind began to rattle hail against the shanty.

"There's my rain commencing," said Joe, triumphantly slapping his wooden leg.

A flat wailing rose from down the canal, the sound of it crawling haltingly through the gusts.

"That's Gurget's horn," said Caleb; "he got it off a ladder wagon in New York."

The conversation came round to the high water again.

"I'm telling you," said Caleb sententiously, "it ain't safe for a boat to try the crossing this water."

Gratwick agreed. "No. It ain't safe. And even if the rope held, it would take more'n one team."

Joe considered the notion foolhardy.

"Phwat does that mean?" asked O'Mory.

"You don't know nothing," retorted Joe, making a stab at the Irishman with his wooden leg. "You ought to go to New York where they're making a society for learning dumb folks to read!"

"They need it!" snorted Caleb. "They said Clinton couldn't never build his 'ditch.' They said it would take more'n two years to blast round Cohoes — and how long did it take?" He flourished his comb. "Eighty days."

A moment's silence followed the old man's answer.

"Who was the feller whose rope didn't break?" O'Mory asked suddenly.

"That was Simpson. He'd a load of ashes on, for the lye factory to Little Falls," said Caleb.

"How'd he get acrosst?"

"He didn't."

"I thought ye said his rope didn't break, ye image."

"It didn't,' said Caleb. "It was this way. He had a three-mule team, see? And he got them just about to the end of the bridge afore the water took the boat over the dam. The rope didn't break, so the mules went over, too. One of them sat on his hind end afore he went over, and brayed like prayer."

"I'll bet Simpson acted up," said Joe.

"He shed tears," Caleb admitted.

"Well . . ." said Gratwick, yawning and putting on his pipe hat, "it ain't safe to chance it. I guess we'll have to hang out round here till Monday anyhow."

The rattle of hail faded away from the roof; and at the same time, the wind died down.

"Where's your rain now?" O'Mory asked Joe.

"Don't you get sad; it's just getting its second wind."

The sun came out from under the northwest clouds with a level, shining light on the wet ground, and one of the men opened the door. It had become suddenly warm, with an earth-

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smelling mistiness beginning to rise down by the river.

Old Caleb glanced out at the cross-anchor weathervane he had stuck up on a pole above the lock. "Look at that!" he cried. "Wind's switched to the southwest."

"That's the second wind I was telling you about," Joe said to O'Mory. "Now we will have rain, by Jeepers!"

"Oh Lord!" groaned O'Mory.

Joe got up and stumped over to the door. There he jammed his peg into the corner of the sill and braced his shoulders against the frame, steady as a rock. He stared away down the canal. "There's eight more boats come in," he announced.

Calling to mind the long wails they had heard since they had entered the hut, the others nodded.

"Any foights?" asked O'Mory.

"No."

"Here comes another boat," said Joe, after a minute.

As he spoke, the shrill trilling of a French horn burst out on the water and rang up and down the valley in diminishing echoes.

"Glory! What's that?" asked the Irishman.

"Red bullhead boat," said Joe. "Black team."

The horn rang out again and again. Caleb shifted his weight uneasily. "That's Herman Peters, or I'm Tammany Hall."

"Peters!"

"Yeanh, the Utica bully. Never been licked for first place to a lock. There ain't a man west of Utica's stood him out of the place."

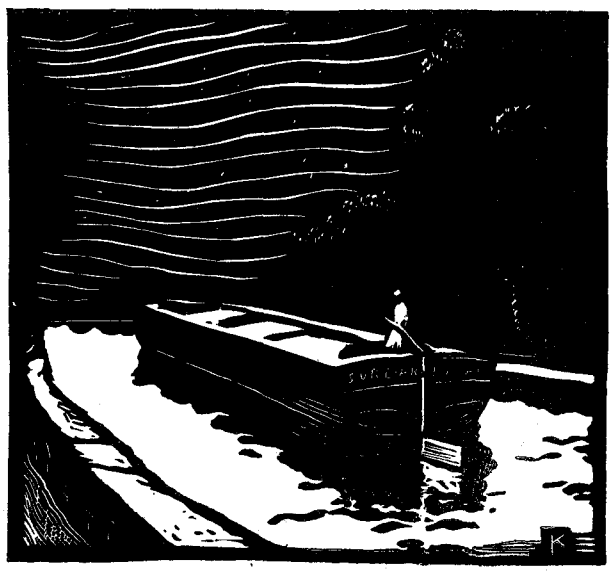
"He ain't been down to Little Falls nor met the *Dublin Queen*," observed O'Mory, giving his belt a hitch and straddling his legs. He went over to the door with a chuckle in his nose, and the others crowded after him.

THE SUNLIGHT fell back along the course of the canal, past old Fort Hunter, more than a mile to the first turn. For over half the distance they could see the boats tied up to mooring posts, here and there smoke rising from the cabin stovepipes, or, on some of the smaller line boats, from stoves set up on the center deck. The gaudy-colored boats lay squat alongside of their reflections, in hues of scarlet, green, magenta, blue, and the increasingly popular white. The men strolled round the fields below the towpath or looked on at a horseshoe tournament being pitched out between Schenectady and Rome. An old graybeard sat with his skinny legs over the bow of the last boat and fished with a handline in the reflection of a window.

Two packet boats fronted the line by natural prerogative, their passengers keeping aloof. A clatter of crockery issued from the cabin windows. From the first one floated the noise of a fiddle, and a darky table-boy was doing a dance for a group of ladies. A missionary was conversing earnestly with two drivers who listened politely and spat with diffidence.

"There he is," said Joe, making a motion with his wooden leg.

The fanfare of the French bugle broke out again from a scarlet freighter, trimmed green,



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which was drawing in to the end of the queue. The steersman swung the boat inshore and the driver snubbed the tie-ropes to posts. They left the horses on the towpath. Two men came out of the cabin and joined the steersman, who seemed to be looking the situation over. Then the four headed toward the lock-tender's shanty.

"He's looking for trouble," said Caleb.

"Sure, he's coming to the right place then," said O'Mory.

The captain of the scarlet boat was the shortest of his crew, but he was heavy-set — two hundred and thirty pounds, as Gratwick appraised him.

"I'll be giving him maybe twelve pounds," nodded O'Mory, grinning, "but look at me reach, will you?" He stretched out his arms, shoulder high, as if he would embrace the whole Utica crew, and broke into a laugh. He was taller by a head than the approaching bully.

The newcomer had a black beard that reached to the middle button of his waistcoat. The sleeves of his blue shirt were rolled to the elbows, revealing arms heavy as a blacksmith's. He had hands like sledges and a straight, thick chest. His neck was so short that with his sloping shoulders he appeared able to draw in his head like a turtle. He stood up straight, his feet wide apart, and fronted the Irishman.

"Where's the tender?" he demanded.

Caleb glanced at the sky and came out of the shanty without his umbrella. "I'm that man," he said, stroking his beard.

"Why the hell don't you let this line through?"

Caleb pointed his thumb over his shoulder at the dam. "Want to try it?"

The bully looked at the foaming water. "Think I'm a fool?"

"I've had suspicions of that same," O'Mory said, joyfully.

The others drew back; it was no business of theirs if O'Mory wanted to start a fight. He had been spoiling for something to do for the past two hours, and they preferred his bestowing his energy on Peters instead of one of themselves. East of Utica there were few men who wanted war with the *Dublin Queen*.

The Irishman whistled shrilly on his fingers. Instantly three men hustled off the green freighter at the head of the line and ran up to the shanty. Every one of them had red hair and a broad grin. "Original Irishers," O'Mory called them, "The only bhoys with gravy enough to dig out the Montezumy Swamp, by gorry!" Still grinning, they lined up behind O'Mory and studied the three men from the scarlet boat. After a moment the smallest of them tipped a wink to the man on his right and exchanged places with him to face the smallest of his opponents. It was evident that the *Dublin Queen* managed these affairs on a systematic basis.

Peters hunched up his shoulders and looked O'Mory up and down. "Who the hell are you?"

"Me father's bhoy," said O'Mory happily.

"Do you say I ain't?"

"God forbid! The O'Morys is Irish."

His men cheered and Peters' face flushed over his beard. But he pulled himself in. "Before I lick you," he said, "I've got to lick the lead boat in this line. I'm going to be first through when the water falls."

"Sure, ye can put the two fights into one," said O'Mory, "and give us some fun. I'm first in the line."

"All right, boys!" shouted Peters.

III

AT THAT INSTANT they heard a bell ringing down the line. The sound was so unusual on the Erie, where the boaters for the most part carried horns, that the men drew apart. What they saw put the fight out of their minds for the moment. A big boat with perfectly square ends and badly weathered white paint was coming up past the others behind the rapid walk of a heavy roan team. The tow-rope was attached to a standard in the bow, allowing it just to clear the roofs of the boats tied up.

"Look at his hayseed rig, will you?" exclaimed Joe, with a thrust of his peg.

The roans were hitched to an evener — not in tandem like the other horses.

"Glory be!" cried O'Mory, while the Utica men broke out in a rash of swearing. "What does he think he's going to do?"

"If he's going to fight for place," said Peters, "I'll tend to him first."

"Sure," said O'Mory, "it'll save me the throuble of licking two men."

The team was coming on steadily, pulling without strain, and the old boat cuddled the

(*Continued on page 382*)

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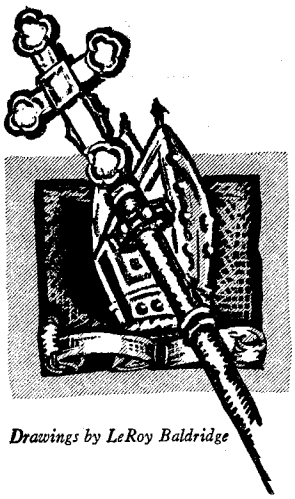
What it Means to MARRY a Catholic



Drawings by LeRoy Baldridge

by ONE WHO DID

THE WISEST ruling the Roman Catholic Church ever made is that forbidding the marriage of a Catholic with a non-Catholic. If it could enforce this decree, many tragedies would be averted. Every year, under the emotional agitation loosely called love, thousands of Catholics apply for and receive a dispensation from the law, and the same number of non-Catholics enter into the marriage contract with those whose conception of marriage is totally different from theirs.

Before my marriage to a Catholic, I, like others similarly agitated, noted the beautiful features of Catholic worship. I learned that the atrocious beliefs and practices often attributed to Romanists are untrue, and sincerely believed that I had "become" a Catholic. But now, after years of earnest attempt, I realize that one who has not been reared in the fold seldom becomes a Catholic. The attitude of mind required to accept religion entirely on authority must be built up in childhood or not at all; when a converted adult bumps up against problems where reason and authority clash, he tends to take the side of reason. Formal although the ritual of Catholicism is, its tenets are not mere forms: applied to the personal life of the individual, they are concrete, rigid, and vital—and none more so than those dealing with marriage.

In the first place, the Catholic conception of marriage differs fundamentally from that held by most other enlightened Americans. According to Romanist teaching, one marries to beget children. The happiness of husband and wife may follow as a hoped-for result, but this is only incidental and is always to be sacrificed for the sake of having children — many children. This theory I hardly grasped and certainly did not dispute before my marriage. I loved children and wanted both sons and daughters.

But the physical and financial strain of fam-

FOR REASONS which the reader will readily understand, the writer of this article has asked to have her name withheld. The Editor has taken due precautions to verify the identity of the author and to assure himself that the experiences here recorded are authentic and to a large degree representative. The article is published upon its own merit as a case history, and the problem of mixed marriages with which it deals is one that should challenge the serious study of Protestants and Catholics alike. If any reader should disagree with the present writer's conclusions, the Editor will be glad to consider for publication any article which, in his judgment, presents a satisfactory answer.

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ily life cannot be correctly estimated until one has fathered or mothered a child or two. Under present social and economic conditions the problem of limiting one's offspring forces itself upon every husband and wife, no matter how much they may long for a large family. When this problem presents itself, Romanist commands loom up. "No sin is worse than birth control," shout the clergy. "Birth control is murder!" To be sure, Catholic economists like Dr. John A. Ryan of the Catholic University proclaim that family limitation is necessary in modern life — but limitation by sexual abstention only, never by contraception. Contraception is held to be a "mortal sin" of the deepest dye.

The Bleak Highway to Heaven

Anyone can imagine what suffering this teaching frequently inflicts. More children may mean financial distress for the entire family and sometimes physical ruin for the mother. Yet marriage for procreation is held up as the sacred and only means of sexual gratification, as the state in which the husband has preëmptory "God-given rights." Only for the gravest causes, such as utterly abject poverty or the basest physical cruelty, may a Catholic woman refuse her husband his marital "right." Sometimes, when both parties look upon these commands of the church as divine, there is a certain amount of satisfactory compensation in following them, although either way they lead is a hard road. If, as often happens, absolute self-control is impracticable and a large family results, two devoted Catholics may accept their burden as "the will of God." If the arduous path of continued continence is followed, they may, in rare instances, resign themselves to it as "the way of the cross" and derive some satisfaction from a harmful repression which is lauded as the surest means of earning heaven.

That many husbands and wives who are both apparently "good" Catholics do practice birth control, does not alter the grave situation. Among my acquaintances there are many, I am convinced, whose lives are continuously perturbed by the subconscious thought that they are "living in mortal sin." Satisfying family life is hard to attain under these conditions. When man and wife cannot accept the finality of the church's commands with equal resignation, trouble inevitably follows. For instance, a wife who is a convert may feel that a harmless method of contraception does not necessarily mean hell. She may urge marital relations which would safeguard them against having children who could not be properly cared for and yet would not demand superhuman efforts of self-control. The husband, in whose conscience the echoes of countless sermons against birth control are continually ringing, may yield to her entreaties, because yielding is the only thing that seems humanly possible; but he always feels — unconsciously at least — that his wife is a seducer and a murderer. A rather insecure foundation upon which to build marital confidence and happiness!

As I have indicated, a genuine Catholic marriage is primarily for procreation. Consequently, a Protestant who is contemplating marriage with a Catholic would do well to remember — especially if the Protestant is a woman — just what the Roman Catholic Church demands of her as a wife and mother, and also what is implied by the pledge it requires of non-Catholics to bring up their children in the orthodox faith. Most persons who sign this pledge probably foresee in it nothing more abhorrent than sending their children off to Mass on Sundays and "holy days of obligation" and seeing that they abstain from meat on Fridays and fast days. But in nine cases out of ten it means sending the children to a parochial school.

The profound sincerity of the Catholic clergy and the religious orders in believing "Catholic education" to be the ultimate redemption of the world is, I think, not fully realized. Perhaps the greatest popular error concerning Catholic potentates is the assumption that they are insincere and trying, for the sake of personal gain, to deceive their millions of followers. No judgment could be more unjust or more misleading. Just because every Catholic leader — from the Pope down to the most humble country pastor — believes so thoroughly that the salvation of mankind is through the Roman Catholic Church, there is an astounding effectiveness in his labor. With fanatic zeal everyone connected with the church works to draw every child born of a Catholic parent into the school. Although, in theory, the parents' decision is optional, such pressure is brought to bear that only a person oblivious to public opinion and to personal influence can resist it.

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Catholic Education

The situation of a family I know shows how public opinion among Romanists exalts sacrifice for the sake of giving children a Catholic education. The mother and father are both Catholics trying to rear ten children on a salary of not more than one hundred and fifty dollars a month. There is no parochial school in the village in which they live, but there is one fifteen miles away. Each year four or five boys and girls from this family make the daily trip to the parish school by train. Every expense ordinarily considered essential has to be reduced in order to meet that of commutation tickets. The family does not possess enough chairs for all the members to sit down for a meal together. In the dead of winter these children wait for trains in clothing utterly insufficient — tattered, lightweight underwear, sweaters worn threadbare, caps suitable only for summer. Frequently they must go without lunch. Yet one of the keenest and sanest nuns I know has remarked, "What a noble effort their parents are making to give them a Catholic education!"

Of course it must be admitted that the opinion of Catholics, even of the clergy and religious orders, would differ as to the advisability of sacrificing so much for the sake of religious training. But in an ordinarily enlightened parish I have heard no doubt expressed as to the wisdom of these parents. In general, Catholic eyes are blinded to the perils of such sacrifice; the kind of religion instilled by a Catholic school is regarded as a blessing to obtain which all other blessings — even health itself — may well be jeopardized.

Even greater effort is put forth to draw children of mixed marriages into the church educational system. Catholic zealots feel that a child whose misfortune it is to live under the influence of a non-Catholic father or mother must be watched, guarded, and somehow kept within the fold. Protestants, who have spent their lives in an atmosphere where independent thinking is more or less encouraged, can hardly conceive how greatly group opinion may influence a Catholic. Departure from what the group considers right — such as parochial school education — brings the severest criticism and ostracism, which, to one reared in a Catholic environment, is unbearable. There may even be a threat of more severe punishment — refusal of absolution after confession, a method resorted to in many dioceses. That is the most terrific blow that can be dealt anyone who accepts the Pope as "Christ's Vicar on earth" and the priest as his "representative." This sensitiveness of Catholics to group opinion goes a long way toward explaining why a Catholic parent almost inevitably follows the priest's injunction and sends his children to a church school.

The non-Catholic parent, in turn, is obliged to yield if there is to be anything like peace in the family. I had made up my mind not to send my four children to a parochial school, but when the situation actually confronted me, it was impossible to hold to my determination. It seemed to me that any course I might take offered serious dangers. I believed that attendance at a sectarian school was not for the greatest good of my children; yet, if I had opposed their attendance, I should have stirred up dissension in our family that would have left its impress upon them and would have made home more than unpleasant for all of us. I yielded; and whether my decision was wise or foolish, at any rate I have learned a great deal about Romanist schools.

Perhaps my principal reason for not wanting to send my children to a church school was the ostracism and consequent class consciousness it would force upon them. That many children from poor homes are sought out and brought into the parish school by zealous priests and nuns is not to me a serious objection. At least I

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claim to be democratic. I expect my children to stand contacts with so-called undesirable schoolmates. But during their impressionable years I dislike to have my children's relationships limited to any *one* class of people. I should not favor for them a fashionable private school, even if I could afford it. When the classification of children is based on religion, I object heartily.

It had always been my hope that my sons and daughters would learn very early to live on friendly and more or less sympathetic terms with children of all classes — with rich and poor, with Jews, gentiles, and atheists. Instead of this, I now listen to arguments about the superiority of Catholic schools over all others and to stories of street squabbles between parochial and public school children. Not that the Sisters and Brothers and priests mean to encourage unfriendliness with people of other faiths; it would be unfair to accuse them of that. Yet the spirit exhibited in their frequent sermons and remarks on the preëminence of Catholic education cannot but have its effect. If children did not imbibe some of this spirit, they would be mere idiots. And the very fact that they are withdrawn from school association with people of other beliefs brings down upon their young heads antagonistic blows from those who belong to other groups — and it is but natural for the youngsters to strike back.

I had hoped to "condition" in my family a spirit of consideration and friendliness toward all classes of people. Instead of having these attitudes developed, my children are being led, by no fault of their own, into class consciousness, bitterness, and defiance of all who have not been taught beliefs identical with theirs. Perhaps this is the result of that mistaken tolerance which prompts a person to declare that it makes no difference what religion the man or woman he marries may profess. If that religion is essentially uncompromising and founded on intolerance, it *does* make a difference. Intolerance begets intolerance, in more ways than one.

Alternatives — Millstone or Brimstone

That the economic burden imposed by the parochial school is greater than the Catholic population can safely carry, I have also learned by observation and bitter experience. When thousands of children are deprived of proper food, clothing, and recreation all for the sake of supporting a sectarian school, it becomes a matter of the gravest importance. For the most part, Catholic mothers are so wholly engaged in *bearing* children that they haven't the time to learn how to *care* for them hygienically. Among my acquaintances are many conscientious Catholic mothers; but I know only one who has caught as much as a vague glimpse of the light which preventive medicine and child psychology have thrown upon the home care of children.

But what good would it do these parents if they did read the latest books on the physical and psychological care of their offspring? Everything advised therein — good food, uncrowded living quarters, regular medical attention — costs money; and the writers emphasize the psychological danger of poverty — emphasis which I believe is not exaggerated. Now the great majority of Catholics belong to the economically oppressed class, who would have a hard time under any circumstances. Add to their already too-heavy burden that of supporting a church school, and it is the straw that breaks many backs; no, not a straw — it is a millstone, rather.

To contribute according to one's means to the support of the pastors is one of the six chief commandments of the Catholic Church, a violation of which constitutes a "mortal sin" — enough to deprive one of all hope of heaven. The parochial school is looked upon as one of

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the legitimate expenses of the pastor; and the common interpretation of "according to one's means" shows a lack of any sense of proportion on the part of the clergy and many of the laity. In the matter of forcing contributions to the parish schools the church does not rely entirely on the conscience of individual adherents, but again resorts to the powerful club of group opinion. In most parishes it is a practice — and one without which it would be futile to appeal to conscience — to publish at regular intervals the exact amount each member of the congregation has given to the support of church and school. Disgrace befalls a person whose name appears on the monthly list with a contribution considered too small.

I can hardly speak of my own situation without voicing rebellion against this economic crime the Catholic hierarchy is committing. Our income is far above that of the average Catholic family, but because the monthly payment toward our parish school always comes first with my husband — as it does with thousands of other parents — we have little left for anything beyond the bare necessities of life. Yet for ten years we have contributed enough at least for us to employ a girl to help with the housework, and to buy books, magazines, and other aids to our children's recreation and education which now we cannot have. As it is, I plod along at dishwashing, cooking, cleaning, and mending; by evening I am usually too tired and too perturbed to sit down and read with my children, to help them in preparing their lessons, or to play games with them in the home which I had always meant to make for them the most attractive place on earth. I refer to these personal grievances only to illustrate my point and to sketch the difficulties of any person who marries a Catholic without considerable means.

The Making of Closed Minds

These sacrifices, heavy as they are, I would cheerfully make if I could believe that my children were getting a sound education. But my opinion — based on observation in many parts of the country — is that methods of teaching in the average Catholic school are inferior to those used in the average public school. That the teachers in the Catholic educational system — for the most part nuns and monks — make heroic efforts to keep pace with other teachers, no fair-minded person can deny. But Romanist habits of mind make complete success impossible. Our public schools, with all their defects and unfulfilled aims, have, I believe, made rapid progress in the past decade or two. The very essence of the philosophy underlying the new pedagogy in our elementary schools is a profound conviction that the individuality of the child should be respected, that his latent powers should be drawn out and developed, that he should be led to make satisfactory adjustments to life. In early years, educators claim, a child should be induced to think and to act independently in real situations of life. The progressive school tries to encourage observation, thought, and appropriate action; it is not content with the mere accumulation of many facts.

Is not the attainment of this aim incompatible with the purpose for which a church school exists? What on earth is a sectarian school for if it is not to thwart independence of thought, at least in matters of dogma? The process of guiding thought and action in time-worn channels is of such importance to Catholic teachers, their own views and ways of life are so continuously determined by church decrees, that it would be a sheer impossibility for them to encourage independent observation, thought, and action — even if they tried.

As a matter of fact, they do not try. For example, history as it is taught in Catholic schools seems to be intended specifically to discourage unbiased attitudes and independent judgments. Specially prepared texts are universally used. From my reading of many Romanist history texts and my conversation with numbers of pupils and teachers in different Catholic schools, I conclude that the chief aim of their history courses is to impress children with the glorious part Catholics have played in world achievements. Even in the third and fourth grades my children have been taught to recite the deeds of Catholics — Catholic pioneers, Catholic legislators and jurists, Catholic warriors — who have been prominent figures in American history. The time and energy consumed in following the detailed and colored biographies of Catholics is out of all proportion to the comparative importance of the individuals studied.

I had hoped that my children would grow up with undistorted perspective and an impartial

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view toward all events in history; but from the time the study is begun in a Catholic school a decidedly partial and tutored interpretation of facts is presented — an interpretation which pupils are not encouraged to question. For example, my boy in the fourth grade was studying the exploration and conquest of America. His textbook refers to practically every explorer who "planted the cross" in the New World as an admirable character. Personal motives and injustice to natives are ignored. In recitation my son protested against calling Cortez a "brave hero," because of his treatment of Montezuma, and contended that while he might have been brave, his actions were unheroic. Instead of allowing discussion on the point, the teacher reprimanded the boy severely. The book, she declared, was written by a highly learned priest who knew all about history; and the book called Cortez a brave hero. That ended the argument.

There are so many things for a child to do — facts to be digested, skills to be acquired, situations to which he must adjust himself, crafts, accomplishments, and arts to learn and appreciate, joyful activities to share — that the parent and the teacher are appalled by what a pupil is expected to accomplish in his first few short years in school. So much for a child to do and so little time in which to do it! Many of the various paths of learning are ignored in Catholic schools; yet the children must spend precious hours chanting prayers absolutely unrelated to their lives and phrased in terms to which they can attach no meaning, and droning to questions of the catechism answers which they cannot comprehend.

My nine-year-old daughter came home weeping one afternoon because she had been required to kneel on the schoolroom floor for half an hour in punishment for not knowing the answer to "How may the first commandment be broken?" Realizing her distress, I tried that evening to help her so that she would not be thus humiliated the next day. The answer is: "The first commandment may be broken by giving to a creature the honor which belongs to God alone; by false worship; and by attributing to a creature perfection which belongs to God alone." A pretty big mouthful for a girl of nine! It made my blood boil as I tried to help her learn the words, for I could not help asking myself: "What's the use of all this effort? What does this mean to a child? And anyway, what boy or girl would 'attribute to a creature perfection?' Attributing perfection to creatures is not among the sins of childhood — certainly not of modern childhood."

Some defender of the faith may argue that these little illustrations are misleading, that the defects I have indicated are not found in the best Catholic schools. I admit that Catholic educational institutions in different sections do vary in the degree of wasted effort they display, in the degree of submission to statements of individual churchmen they require, and in the degree of partiality of attitude they develop in their pupils. But I believe the defects — no matter in what degree manifested — are inherent in the system and cannot be eliminated. I have had opportunity to observe the results of elementary and secondary education in several dioceses. The school that my children attend is in a diocese considered one of the most progressive in the country and is taught by nuns who are recognized leaders in the field of Catholic education. If we cannot find the best Catholic teaching here, I do not know where to look for it. It may be said, too, that my illustrations refer only to the elementary schools. This is true; but education in the Catholic secondary schools and colleges is based on the same philosophy.

Grist for the Mill

One other aim of Romanist education cannot fail to cause great concern to a non-Catholic parent whose children attend a Catholic school. From the mouths of many nuns and priests I have heard that one of the chief purposes of the Catholic school is to "foster vocations," that is, to draw young people into the priesthood and the religious orders. In nearly every graduating class from a Catholic high school there are several girls and boys who enter a religious order or go into training for the priesthood. They do so voluntarily, of course; but this fact shows that the school does its work well. It makes young people want to give their lives to the church. There is not space for me to state the many reasons why to have my child become a monk or nun would seem to me more terrible than his death. It would be death — death to his independent existence as a thinker and a doer.

A young man of twenty-four who has spent

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five years in a monastery studying to become a priest told me with pride that all students in his order are forbidden during the school year to read a secular newspaper or magazine, unless some specific article is assigned for study. I call such a regulation intellectual murder. Then, too, in a religious order a human being is bound by vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and is thus deprived of opportunity to follow his own judgment, to exercise his own will, and to attain biological fulfillment. In requiring such vows I hold that the Roman Church is committing a crime as bad as or worse than physical murder.

If young people who choose to take such vows are the supreme product of training in the Catholic school, then I am unalterably opposed to "Catholic education." To suffer loss of power and independence, to relinquish his part in nature's scheme, will, I hope, never be the lot of a child of mine.

With such a fear in mind parents may, by argument, unwittingly drive a child to the very thing they dread. This is especially true when the child's emotions have been played upon, as they are in every Catholic school; and a person who tries to redirect the child's emotions must act with the utmost care. In most cases where a non-Catholic pledges himself to bring up his child in the Roman faith, he is faced with the constant problem of exerting subtle influence to counteract the dangers.

It is not an easy life that confronts any modern-minded person when he takes a husband or wife who adheres to a religion belonging to a bygone age. That one loves one's children above all else, that one places their felicity and development above one's own, makes it all the harder to bear the knowledge that there is no way they can escape paying the price of their parents' ignorance. Even if there were no other evil consequence, the children would suffer from their parents' lack of harmony; for, as Nietzsche so truly said: "The unresolved dissonances in the relation of the character and sentiments of the parents survive in the nature of the child and make up the history of its inner sufferings."

How SCIENTIFIC Are Our Doctors?

by T. SWANN HARDING

IN THIS article Mr. Harding does not content himself with attacking the medical profession. Although he believes the average doctor is rather more scientific than a chiropractor, he thinks the cure and prevention of disease must be raised to the status of a true science; and his remedy is state medicine. This is not a new idea. State medicine has already been largely adopted in England and several other European countries, and the American Medical Association has already committed itself to fight such a program with all the prestige and influence it can muster. Nevertheless, the movement is gaining ground and is taking its most practical form in the State of Washington, where proposals are even now being drafted for the consideration of the state legislature.

THERE ARE men — William M. Wheeler is one of them — who manage to combine a considerable knowledge of science with a genuine sense of humor. And there are others who are rather "men of measured merriment." Now I am not a scientist, for I do not consider that puttering around in several branches of chemistry, including the pharmaceutical, allows me to claim that title. Nor am I a professional humorist. Nevertheless I do know *something* about science and *something* about humor.

I know, for instance, when I am amused. When the cause of my amusement is of a scientific nature, my enjoyment is doubly keen.

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Imagine, then, my pleasure at the spectacle of the American Medical Association posing as a scientific avenger and working itself into a perfectly self-righteous wrath to "debunk" quack healing. The amusement lies in the fact that approximately half of the drug therapy invoked by the ordinary doctor and advertised in his most erudite journals is of the quack quacky in so far as it involves the dosage of human beings, after very imperfect diagnoses, with simple or compound medicines or agencies of unknown physiological effects (or perhaps lacking any at all) upon human organisms.

Drawings by Geoffrey Norman

This is not to defend charlatanism. There are obvious quackeries, continually fought by the active and alert United States Food and Drug Administration in collaboration with the Post Office Department, which are as palpably senseless as having your hair singed to prevent its falling or taking celery compound to strengthen your nerves. There are dangerous and highly nefarious frauds advertised to remedy diseases such as tuberculosis, cancer, or epilepsy for which medicine has no specific.

Whereas it is only foolish for a fat woman to endeavor to rid herself of obesity by saturating her bath with bread soda or Epsom salts (baptized with a fancy name and priced exorbitantly, of course), it is exceedingly dangerous for her to flirt with preparations containing active thyroxin in the pathetic effort to recover her *svelte*, boyish figure. Obvious quackeries can easily be recognized and should not only be persecuted out of existence, but should be suppressed even more ruthlessly than they now are, with so many legal bulwarks permitted to aid them. But even then much orthodox medical therapy would remain far from scientific.

Why does this condition exist? Do physicians deserve suppression? Is their association a nefarious organization? Certainly physicians as a group are no worse than lawyers as a group, and their journals publish much work of sound value. But unfortunately their association is not predominantly a society devoted altruistically to the progress of science. Its paramount interest is the social and especially the financial status of the physician, and it is therefore a professional guild, subject to certain modified trade-union ideas. Most emphatically, it is *not* a scientific society in its aims and ideals. This is a great handicap to scientific medicine at the start.

Secondly, medicine, as a profession, is not distinguished for the high mentality of its members. Anyone can easily point out exceptions to this statement, but — all due respect to them — the run of the medical school mill does not show many exceptionally brilliant individuals. Their average intelligence is lower than that in perhaps any profession other than dentistry and veterinary medicine; and physicians of standing have publicly acknowledged this in commenting upon intelligence testing as applied to doctors.

Furthermore, the men of highest intelligence in the medical profession are not usually in active practice at all. Most of them are doing research in laboratories of experimental medicine. Many others are specialists or heads of departments; they consult rarely and see only the most unusual cases. Healing the layman is usually intrusted to the mental proletariat of the medical profession. Yet these men must experiment in a manner which the trained laboratory worker and research investigator would consider empiric in the extreme. Although research investigators and scientists are, on an average, of much higher intelligence than medical practitioners, they would not think of experimenting upon even so simple an organism as a rat unless they had it under rigid control. The physician must experiment upon complex human beings with their intricate idiosyncrasies and environmental differences while he has his "experimental animals" under very imperfect control indeed.

To exemplify his limitations, consider the complete medical case record published by *Social Service* (The University of Chicago, September, 1927). This record form, which won a prize, was outlined by Gertrude Tennant of the Mayo Clinic. It covers twenty-five pages and comprises a complete summary of the patient's social, economic, and medical status and a cyclopedic case record. To make medi-

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cine scientific the physician should have such records of every patient. But it is simply impossible for him, in the present disorganization of medicine, to attempt such a thing. This is one reason why medicine is not fully scientific to-day.

Another is the general dependence upon drug therapy in actual practice — a ritual for which the practitioner cannot be made to assume full blame. Many of the brighter men develop a healthy skepticism of all drug therapy during their medical courses, but soon after they start to practice they fall into the ritualistic routine and find themselves prescribing the same old conventional dopes every other average practitioner prescribes. Patients expect prescriptions, not advice, for their money and physicians find themselves saturating patients with drugs when, nine times out of ten, their maladies would almost undoubtedly yield to the natural recuperative power of their organisms.

The Drug Riddle

Then again, progress in physiology, pharmacology, therapy, and nutrition is so rapid these days that it is very difficult for a physician to keep abreast of it. Our greatest lack in science to-day is that of serious, critical, judicial reviews, edited by experts, which would present advances in the sciences named to the average practitioner in words and in forms he could understand. The abstracts of scientific work in the physician's journals are single, violent stabs of fact, uncorrelated with other work in the field or in his mind, and nothing on earth is harder to remember than unrelated items which tie to nothing. Furthermore, there is the added misfortune that many of these abstracts represent careless articles which should never have been published at all.

Let us take a very simple example of therapy and consider a drug so commonplace as bicarbonate of soda. According to time-honored custom, physicians frequently advise or even prescribe this salt as a remedy for "sour stomach." Yet, when you come right down to the scientific facts, even the action of a drug so simple and so commonly used is a subject of acute dissent among medical experts. Nobody really knows how it acts or what it does. One group declares that it so quickly excites abnormal gastric secretion that very soon the stomach acidity is higher than ever. Another group is positive that although the stomach rapidly empties itself through the pylorus soon after the sodium bicarbonate is taken, nevertheless a renewed normal gastric secretion immediately occurs which soon develops the same acidity as before. A third group has recently carried on a large number of experiments in test tubes and beakers and has reached the conclusion that several other salts — including precipitated chalk — would be far more effective anyway, because a much smaller dose is required to neutralize the same amount of stomach acid. Finally, one chap advises a drink of milk for sour stomach, for the proteins contained will remedy hyperacidity better than anything. This sounds inspired to me because it is my own remedy, though I never before saw it officially recommended and I cannot be certain that I ever had "sour" stomach, meaning high acidity, in my life.

For what is sour stomach? What is acid stomach? For all we know, it may be too alkaline rather than too acid. Does the victim know? Unless you told him what you had done, he would not realize it if you increased his stomach acidity three hundred per cent. This experiment has been tried and the subject suffered no discomfort save a slight sensation of warmth — certainly no symptoms of what we call "sour" stomach. Would a doctor know what you had if you went to him with this condition? Does he give you a test meal and analyze your stomach contents when you spend your five minutes in his office? You know that he does not. He therefore knows a little less about how your stomach is acting than you do. He prescribes, and you are satisfied. He may, if you complain of dyspepsia, or even of a common cold, give you a Latin formula — and as likely as not, it may prove to be bicarbonate of soda. In some kinds of colds and in some cases of gastric distress, such a remedy may be just the thing for you; but he knows definitely no more than you do — and that is not science.

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The great truth about to dawn upon us is that the physiological action of many common and simple drugs — arsenic and strychnine, for instance — is not understood by anybody in the world to-day. Such drugs cannot, therefore, be used scientifically in therapy. Some physicians absolutely restrict the use of salt by people with high blood pressure; some prescribe it in reasonable quantities. Both groups of physicians report excellent results with their patients — and that is that. Similarly, a very

few years ago certain physicians "cured" rickets very successfully with olive oil, now known to be impotent for such a purpose. It is evident that in such cases, though the physician prescribes, he is not practicing scientific therapy. For reasons that we shall analyze later, it is rather difficult for him to refrain from prescribing; but who is he to sneer at a layman taking Bell-Ans?

Yes, the physician sneers, he wrings his hands, and he declares that no layman can diagnose his own condition correctly. As a matter of fact, I heard Dr. Charles Mayo make a proud boast before a surgical congress in Washington, D. C. in 1927. He boasted that the Mayo Clinic had attained the phenomenal record of fifty per cent correct diagnoses. This included, of course, autopsies upon patients who died, but whose ailment the clinic had diagnosed correctly. It is probably a high mark for all time. Certainly few would contend that the snap diagnoses of average general practitioners working alone are right in more than one case out of five.

Snap Diagnoses and Chance Cures

Totally unnecessary surgery is, of course, very common. Exploratory abdominal operations are performed with considerable abandon and thoughtlessness. Errors are frequent. And though, as Dr. Hugh Cabot remarks, operations are "not harmless amusements," many patients have actually had from two to half a dozen of such unnecessary exploratory operations to remedy an abdominal distress which was psychopathic in origin. Of course, the general practitioner working alone does not get surgical cases; his are the trivial illnesses — the vast majority of any doctor's practice. Compared with the surgeon, the general practitioner can hardly be said to do more than make a slightly modified guess.

If patients considered themselves intelligently, they could very probably regulate their own systems in most ordinary circumstances far better than the harassed practitioner; for after all, the doctor is merely kidding these cases along in precisely the same manner that nostrums would. Yet he and his association would have the laymen believe that physicians are scientific, whereas the manufacturer of popular tonics exactly similar to those with which the physician experiments, is a very horrid person. One is just about as unscientific as the other.

Thus, when you have arisen from a bout with some infection, it is the custom of the physician to give you a little tonic. He does the same thing when you are "run down." Or, if you choose, you may go to a drug store and select your own tonic. Both procedures are equally unscientific. From either source — doctor or druggist — you may get iron, phosphorus, a little wine or strychnine or even arsenic, some quite non-nutritional extract of beef, manganese, and perhaps some lecithin, which occurs less augustly in the yolk of eggs. Yet these substances are either impotent or their physiological action is unknown; if they have any value at all, they could be better assimilated from an adequate diet.

Suppose you consult a physician. He looks at you wisely and writes a prescription for "Blank's Compound No. 17." You take it to the druggist, who soaks the original label off the bottle, sticks on his own, compels you to wait an hour for purposes of prestige and financial gain, gives you the tonic — and you get well. On the other hand, suppose you consult the druggist directly. He will openly show you an assortment of tonics (you can read the labels and see for yourself how useless they are) and, since some of them are exact duplicates of the doctor's "No. 17," you may eventually go home with the identical concoction under your arm, take it, and get well. There is also a third possibility. It takes a few days for a tonic to

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"work." Everybody knows it cannot "pep you up" immediately. Suppose, instead of taking the tonic, you ate a good, well-rounded diet, including eggs, lightly cooked liver and meats, cabbage, spinach, dairy products in some profusion, and a liberal green salad each day. What would happen? You would get well in the same time — probably sooner. But the ritual persists, though it is no more scientific when the druggist performs it without flourishes than when the doctor does it in bad Latin.

The same situation holds for a large part of the glandular therapy — now a positive passion with many physicians. Of course it is undeniable that pituitrin, adrenaline, thyroxin, and insulin are useful and can be assayed. They can be tested biologically and have a place in scientific therapy. But the market is flooded with gland preparations of doubtful value, whose nature cannot be identified and whose actual potency cannot be established by any existing biological tests. Yet they are combined in all sorts of ways, listed in booklets by number, with symptoms attached, and prescribed by physicians by that number because stated by the manufacturer to be useful in the treatment of the symptoms specified! Many of these substances actually consist of the dried residue of glands which have repeatedly been extracted with organic solvents to remove any potent agent that might have existed in the fresh gland.

Some of these more doubtful glandular substances are active, but no one yet understands how they affect human beings when given alone; certainly when prescribed in compounds containing two or more of them combined together, no one could even guess how they would affect the human organism. Many glandular preparations are, fortunately for the victim, as impotent as so much dried pork sausage. But in any case, when the Medical Association confesses that its own laboratory cannot identify these products, a physician merely stabs in the dark when he prescribes them.

The physician of to-day is, according to his own admissions in his own journals, continually prescribing to his patients innumerable "compounds." Less and less often does he himself confect his prescription for the pharmacist to compound. A study of prescription trends that appeared recently in *The American Druggist* demonstrated that the doctor depends more and more upon what are essentially "ethical proprietaries" with perfectly astounding names, often meaningless to him and usually forgotten easily. Hoping for the best, he doses his patients increasingly with these complex manufactured preparations while he remains largely in ignorance of their precise physiological effects.

In saying these things, I merely repeat the common gossip of drug and medical journals; yet because it has been "ethically" ordained and sanctified by the council of the profession, all such treatment by a doctor has a ritualistic prestige. The use of such medication is no more scientific when a physician guesses about it than when a layman guesses which drug-store tonic to try, and the physician, in his candid moments, confesses that the profusion of such "ethical" remedies perplexes and disconcerts him.

Three Kinds of Doctors

To-day physicians fall roughly into three classes. First, there are those who seek to restrict their practice to comparatively few patients, charge high fees, keep regular hours, take time to search the literature of their profession, and sincerely try to practice medicine scientifically — a very small class, accused by many of making exorbitant charges, an accusation which, all things considered, is not true. Second, those who take all comers, make comparatively low charges, rush madly from case to case, and claim to have no time to read or attend meetings — a very large class indeed. Third, those who rapidly sink into a slough of lassitude, have salaried appointments which amount to sinecures, or in private practice do the least possible work; who are careless, deliberately unconscientious, and too lazy to use their brains, read, or attend meetings — fortunately a small, but yet a very nefarious class.

Under present-day handicaps, physicians must, to remedy matters, read more, attend more scientific meetings, and seek increasingly

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to educate and reason with their patients rather than to obfuscate them with technical words. Class One men are doing this to-day. Class Three men should be kicked out of the profession. Because they have official standing, such incompetents are far worse than any quacks; and if the medical associations were really interested in the scientific rather than in the financial status of their membership, these men would be bookmakers, dog-catchers, or state senators.

This leaves us with Class Two on our hands — the men who treat the ailments of seventy-five per cent of us, perhaps ninety per cent of all the ailments there are. They are rushed, harassed, leisureless, and assure us they have no time to read. I know a number of them intimately, but, to make a comparison, I know even more about research workers in the sciences. A man who works on a really important scientific problem is about as busy as anybody could be. It is essentially his very life. Yet I have seldom known a research worker, even in the lower orders, who did not diligently read a score or more technical and scientific journals in two or three languages, or who failed to keep up with developments in his line. Even routine workers on analytical methods read and keep abreast of things.

But I have known busy physicians of Class Two to waste hours chatting with nurses, whistling, snapping their fingers, and smoking while waiting on an obstetric case. Just why they could not use this time reading I do not know. I do know that research workers use every spare minute, however inconspicuously tucked in between other things. I find them reading even during leisure hours and on Sundays; and at these times I find physicians of Class Two fishing, bathing, motoring, golfing, or, more commonly, loafing. Research workers carry scientific journals with them; the physicians carry the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Now medicine is either a high scientific calling or it is not. Physicians always assure us that it is, and we prefer that it should be. Men who accept such service accept obligation and sacrifice. They have the duty of self-education imposed upon them, coupled with that of disseminating what they know among others less learned. If physicians wish to be regarded as scientific workers, they must sense this obligation and act accordingly. A man has time to do what he wants to do, and if they really desire it, physicians of Class Two can pack study into their schedules. Only when they do this will the level of medical therapy improve rapidly. Physicians must deny themselves and follow their ideal. Scientist after scientist finds his joy and his recreation in his problem, not in lolling lazily or driving madly across country. When he takes a vacation, he goes to Woods Hole, Massachusetts, or some other such place, and studies a new aspect of his subject under more stimulating surroundings.

Medical men must consciously realize the obligations imposed by their calling. They must find time to study, to keep abreast of developments, and to make their practice accord with the latest sound findings of research. Those mentally unable to do this will then drop out of the profession, regardless of their ability to collect big fees, and thus they will more greatly benefit medical therapy than they ever have before. Many men lack the qualities of industry, application, and keenness for truth that scientific medical practice requires, although they might succeed amazingly well as garage mechanics or real estate agents. In inducing such men to become garage mechanics and real estate agents lies the salvation of scientific medical therapy.

State Medicine

Another phase of the current situation in medicine concerns the fairness and efficiency of the present system of rendering service. It should be generally realized that in order to function scientifically, medical attention must be universally available whenever it is needed. This is far from true to-day. To effect such service is to invoke some form of state medicine, and merely to raise this specter is to torment the American Medical Association into vituperative hysteria. When the Toledo (Ohio) Academy of Medicine wept publicly over the deplorable conditions in England — a country where state medicine operates successfully on a large scale — the staid old British *Lancet* wagged its head, laughing in a kindly way, and saying: "Eventually you will follow. Why not now?" American physicians sternly rebuke any who want to make medical therapy available to all on terms self-respecting people can pay, but in spite of them, some form of state medicine will surely come here as it has already

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come in England; and medicine will then be more nearly scientific in its operations. The Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, now investigating this question, will almost inevitably operate to set up a trend in this direction.

Organized American medicine quickly finds violent objections to any reorganization on a scientific basis. I know this by experience, because I was attacked by the leading medical journal as "unbalanced" and "irrational" when I pleaded, in an appendix to Moore's *American Medicine and the People's Health*, for more science in medicine. Yet the American consul at Riga informs us (*Monthly Labor Review*, June, 1928) that Latvia has a very efficient and satisfactory system of state medicine which does not break down the doctor's morale or conscientious skill as American doctors declare it would demoralize theirs. This sytem of medical aid is extended to all workers; the dues amount to eight per cent of the worker's wage — four per cent paid by the employer, two per cent by the government, and two per cent by the worker. Contracts are made with physicians, surgeons, and dentists for treatment at standard rates; and eight hundred of the country's nine hundred and eighty-eight doctors work on such contracts — an arrangement considered nefarious by the American Medical Association. The customary fees for doctors are from $.77 to $1.94 in Latvia, but workers pay from $.19 to $.57 under the state system. Yet the doctors earn good livings. Those desiring special doctors or luxury service get it at correspondingly higher rates. The system includes all varieties of medical, dental, and pharmaceutical work. In 1927 the receipts of the system were $2,207,863 and the expenditures $2,144,959. Many other small and "backward" countries have such systems, which, it appears, the wealthy United States of America cannot afford.

In the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for November 17, 1928, Paul C. O'Neil presented the plan which makes it possible for the Endicott-Johnson Shoe Company to provide free medical attention to its sixty thousand employees and their families. The cost amounts to an additional two and a half cents on each pair of shoes manufactured, which means $52.60 a year to each family for all medical, dental, surgical, optical, and convalescent care needed. Mr. O'Neil explained that the company assumed each family to be a biological and economic unit depending for its existence upon the wage of an individual, and in this company a worker's annual wage averaged $1440. So, in order to stabilize family life and preserve the health of wage earners, the company has assumed the whole burden.

This is precisely the scientific point of view I have in mind; but how did the physicians who originally heard this paper greet an attitude so fundamental? Dr. T. R. Crowder of Chicago said that the economic principle was bad because employees on low wages should take care of their own health. Dr. V. S. Cheney of Chicago agreed and added that the money which the company spent for health did not go, as it should, to the local private practitioner, and that such a system should only be put into operation, if anywhere, at a mining camp.

In short, it has become increasingly plain to me after years of study that organized medicine in America is unalterably opposed to any system of reorganization which would (1) make medicine throughly scientific; (2) make such therapy generally available to all who needed it; and (3) menace the big incomes of incompetent practitioners while eliminating quackery and paying competent doctors well. Dozens of stock rationalizations are repeated parrotlike in opposition to steps taken in that direction, the most hoary being — "We must make the worker self-reliant" and "We must not break the tender financial bond between individual patient and individual physician." Health is purchasable to-day at a price nearly three-quarters of our people cannot afford to pay. It is a fundamental necessity, not a dispensable commodity, and it is the duty of the medical profession of America to arouse itself from a lethargy of complacent and selfish satisfaction and follow the lead of C-E. A. Winslow of Yale, and certain other intelligent, liberal physicians, who expound the evils of the present system and rightly call upon their brethren to clean house and make medicine scientific both in therapy and in organization.

Next month Mr. Harding will be answered by Dr. F. G. Crookshank —

"THE DOCTORS AND THE PUBLIC"

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SEEING Pictures—III

by **RALPH M. PEARSON**

IT IS OFTEN said of the modern artists that they have "ditched" the enduring standards of the past. In order to test this judgment, I should like to compare a typical sixteenth century print by Dürer with a fairly typical "modern" print by Lespinasse. Let us note the differences and similarities between them and ask ourselves whether the similarities are close enough to establish any continuity between the old and the new.

Most noticeable among differences are the two choices of subject: in Dürer the religious epic, with its assured appeal to the great illiterate public whose only books were pictures; in Lespinasse, the domestic lyric of an individual event in everyday life with its limited appeal. The story in the first compels the making as well as the appreciation of the picture. Design and other art qualities are servants of the idea. The story in the second, one feels, is incidental to design—an excuse for playing with semi-abstract relationships of form.

HERBERT LESPINASSE

Courtesy, Weyhe Gallery

One must remember, however, that these differences are the outgrowth of their respective civilizations. In 1500 all artists did religious subjects; in 1900 nearly all are personal. Subjects are the tribal clothes or language that differentiate the outer man and change with outer pressure. They are not the solid substance out of which a continuing tradition is built.

Then there are the different methods of treating subject. In order to compare these methods, let us "lift" an arm out of each picture and examine it carefully — the left arm of the knitting lady and either arm of the Virgin in the lower left of the Dürer print.

Striking differences are evident here. The knitting arm is simplified to the average of all slender, clothed, female arms. It is basic, fundamental, universal. The Dürer arm is hidden under highly decorative drapery. It is not a particular arm photographically copied; like the other, it is more or less universal, but the impersonality which always marks the universal is gained by an abstract treatment of surface, and in this instance that treatment becomes so entertaining to the eye that attention is distracted by it from the arm itself.

Thus we find that if Dürer's first interest was in his subject, his second was in the decorative treatment of forms and surfaces with which he embellished his subject. In playing with decoration he probably enjoyed

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himself quite as thoroughly as Lespinasse did in playing with form relationships. Indeed, one might argue from this print that Dürer had too much of a good time to suit his subject, for it is more than a little incongruous to have one's attention called so obviously to the artist's personal joy in disporting himself with the epic tragedy of Christ's crucifixion.

I have singled out the two arms because they are typical of the two methods of treatment in the pictures as a whole. In Lespinasse everything is simplified; in Dürer decorative detail is crowded upon decorative detail, with a final effect which I cannot help thinking detracts from the effectiveness of his story. The crucifixion is a profound story. Universal forms stripped of all unnecessary detail are the most profound forms. We are led, then, to the inevitable conclusion that the somber and profound forms of Lespinasse would have portrayed the somber death of Christ better than the forms which Dürer chose. And so, I fear, we have laid our finger on a psychological weak spot in the famous master of 1500.

Courtesy, Denks Gallery

But there are also similiarities in the two arms as well as differences. Both are invented conceptions of arms — not photographic copies. Both achieve that plastic control of picture surface which I have more or less explained in preceding articles, and by achieving this the artists have avoided the banality of making their pictures mere windowpanes through which one looks at reported nature. The designs of both arms show controlled and flowing relationships, and, again, these similarities hold true of both prints in their entirety.

Can we conclude, then, that these differences and similarities indicate a definite continuity of tradition between old and new? I think we can. Eliminating the two subjects as the legitimately different clothing of different periods, there remain great differences in treatment; but these are like the different tactics of two generals or different tools in the kits of two workmen. The choices could conceivably have been reversed; each kit could have included the other tool. The differences, therefore, seem to be differences of degree rather than of fundamentals; for it is in the similarities — the inventive attitude of mind, the plastic quality, the mutual knowledge of design — that we find conclusive evidence of an unbroken tradition. These are profound qualities, and in them, unless we moderns are entirely off the track, we can perceive kinships which reach across the ages.

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Is the West DECAYING?

A DEBATE

I — The Challenge of the Orient

by VASUDEO B. METTA

In the eyes of an Oriental, Western civilization stands distinguished from all Eastern cultures by the love of change, of war, and of individuality which color its character. Love of change, in particular, glorified as the desire for progress, appears to obsess the Western mind. All changes wrought in political and social institutions, all remoldings of literary and artistic ideals, once they are established and can accordingly be regarded in retrospect, are generally assumed — without question — to be steps forward. Progress and change being thus considered identical, it is difficult for the Westerner to detect steps which may be regarded as retrogression.

The destruction of feudalism, to take an obvious instance, is taken without more ado to have been one move toward the ideal society. Now an Oriental naturally regards this change with less enthusiasm, since he has not, so to speak, participated in the escape and taken sides. He will argue that feudalism rested upon an elaborate system of duties and ranks, such as he himself is used to, while the industrial society which has gradually emerged from the wreckage of feudalism, stresses in their place rights and equalities. He will refuse to admit that the change of outlook is necessarily for the better, and will maintain that it is by a general emphasis on duties and not by stressing rights that society is worked into harmony.

This ideal which makes progress synonymous with change has been definitely adopted among Western peoples — and not unnaturally. They are essentially materialistic. It is not a matter of dispute that at a certain stage of their history nations develop continuously from a material point of view. Material change, that is, becomes quite inevitably material progress. But morality and spirituality do not develop at an equal pace with material advances. The modern West can truthfully claim to have done away with certain notorious evils of antiquity — for example, religious persecution, torture, and slavery. In their place, however, other evils have arisen. Religious wars have given place to economic wars; domestic slavery has been superseded by factory slavery, which is only a slight improvement over the old; and moral and spiritual maladjustments relatively unknown in the past are prominent in modern society. Rather than call the process of change a general progress, the Oriental, unprejudiced in favor of change itself, would prefer to describe it as the transfiguration of certain vices.

In the realm of art, Western love of change

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is shown with great clearness. The Westerner is amazingly restless in his search for beauty. In nature he has found a relatively permanent charm. The sun, moon, stars, hills, flowers, and animals have at all times attracted him, no less than they have attracted other races. But beside these objects of permanent natural beauty he has been unable to place equally permanent canons of created beauty.

Eastern peoples — and the idea is difficult for Westerners to appreciate — *have* found such permanent canons of beauty. Conventions, like those of costume, have been quite deliberately maintained in the East because of their inherent and recognized beauty. Hindu women discovered the sari three thousand years ago, and have remained faithful to it ever since. Similarly, in painting and architecture, there have been comparatively few changes in Far Eastern styles for over a thousand years. The canons of Indian architecture have remained untouched, save in detail, for many centuries.

In literature the same contrast between East and West is to be observed. In the West one has only to compare any three plays of the moment — a society play, a crook play, and an "expressionistic" production — with a Greek tragedy or an Elizabethan drama, in order to see how greatly the essentials of dramaturgy have changed without any noticeable benefit. In China and India, on the other hand, respect and reverence for the great national writers of the past still reigns; imitation of their styles has continued unbroken through centuries.

Although one may criticize the Westerner for a certain fickleness and restlessness in these matters, it must be admitted, nevertheless, that the ideal of progress, however inconvenient and question-begging, has one practical advantage: the Westerner is naturally optimistic and free from despair. Hoping for better things to come, and, indeed, assuming them, he does his best to realize his expectations through his own efforts.

KEEN OBSERVERS have been telling us that the Great War discredited our so-called Christian civilization in the eyes of Orientals and marked the beginning of the end of the West's dominance over the East. They point to the revolt of China and the ferment in India as conclusive proof. Even at home, Western thinkers have had profound misgivings about our boasted civilization, and out of Germany has come the voice of one crying in the wilderness — Oswald Spengler, chief Prophet of Pessimism — proclaiming the final trump of doom. Now, in this debate, an Oriental thinker condemns Western progress as a goodly apple rotten at the core, and an Occidental who has never hesitated to criticize the civilization of which he is a part, refutes him while agreeing with much that he says.

THE WEST'S PUGNACITY

Love of war — the second distinguishing feature of the Western mind — is a more serious matter, since it manifests itself in continual external and internal conflicts. It is true that Asiatic peoples have had their external wars, but usually they have sprung from the ambition of kings or military adventurers rather than from the bellicose nature of the populace. The people have been roused only by the presence of invaders. In Europe, on the other hand, the masses have been — and are still — extremely bellicose. This explains why they have made so much of their military men, from pre-Christian times to the present day. The exploits of Alexander the Great, of Cæsar, and of Napoleon have been extolled in a manner which we can see to be disproportionate when the same spirit of exaltation is brought down to the war-time semi-deification of Marshal Hindenburg. The ancient Indians, however, did not consider the invasion of Alexander the Great worth recording in a single book. The Chinese, subject as they have been to military races, have expressed in their long literature nothing but contempt for military men. And even so warlike a people as the Japanese have not, so far as I know, one poem in praise of war.

Oriental society has had the ideal of stability before it; consequently, Oriental communities have usually avoided those conditions and movements which give rise to internal or class warfare. Taking for granted that certain values are eternal and unquestionable, Eastern peoples have refused to undertake the reform of society on any other basis. Thus it is that in Hindu and Chinese communities the saints and men of learning and wisdom have always been placed at the top of the ladder and the manual workers have been confined to the bottom. The lawgivers and leaders of these communities upheld this arrangement, not through unreasonable prejudice or lack of humanity, but because they

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felt that if civilization is to remain more or less synonymous with culture, it should have physical labor as its base, and imagination, learning, and wisdom at its apex. Money-making, it may be noted, came in a position between the two.

Since Western society does not hold any series of values to be permanent — such would indeed be incompatible with the ideal of progress — class warfare is inevitable every time there is a shift in the balance of values. The class which cherishes and most strongly represents a new set of values is placed in conflict with those who defend an older set and are most threatened by its dissolution. Thus, from antiquity, class warfare reddens and disgraces the pages of Western history. In Greece the slaves, in Rome all the depressed classes — slaves, plebeians, and the landless — were pitted against the privileged classes. In the Middle Ages, kings, barons, and people fought a series of triangular duels throughout Europe. By the time of the French Revolution, the bourgeoisie and proletariat had joined hands against monarchy and aristocracy. At present it is the proletariat against all comers; Labor attempts to crush the power of Capital — with ruthless disregard for the classes which lie between the two combatants.

This class warfare, which exists permanently in the West, cannot possibly benefit society as a whole. Its roots and its fruits are always the same — group selfishness, urging one body to triumph over another. Each asserts, perhaps justifiably, that it is inspired by only the highest ideals. But once the members of a class come into power, they are as greedy and group-selfish as any of their predecessors.

Women and Sex Warfare

The Western ideal of progress, being essentially war-creating, has brought about an additional variety of human conflict known as sex warfare. Western women, as we have been told for many years, resolved to attain freedom. What that freedom is, when attained, always seems difficult to define, for in a community absolute freedom is either impossible or meaningless. Whatever limited individual freedom we find practicable is determined more by the other members of society whom we have to regard than by ourselves. However, where it is definitely self-limited, freedom becomes morally admirable. We respect the man or woman who seems to be aiming at a freedom which thinks less of its own enhancement than that of others.

Now the Oriental woman has actually attained this kind of freedom, whereas the Western woman is moving away from it. Her experiments in sex warfare can have only this result. In the West, the Oriental woman is popularly supposed to be a negligible sort of creature in society, and in private life the slave of her husband. But this is not true. She rules her husband in domestic matters, and her children in everything. Yet, in spite of the power she possesses, she has remained singularly selfless. She has the ideal of self-realization in mind as much as her Western sister, but she believes that she can realize herself better by subordinating her ego to that of her family than by pitting it against theirs. This is directly opposed to the principles of the modern Western woman, who believes that self-expression calls for qualities which are the very reverse of self-abnegation.

Restlessness and the violent clashes of groups, classes, and sexes are only two of the many facets of Western individualism. Another, and one which an Oriental notices particularly, is the effect of individualism on Western religion. In the deepest sense, religion has not, and never has had, a strong hold on the life of Western races. They are essentially a fighting people; the means of gaining a livelihood are of more consequence to them than the aims and ends of life itself. Nevertheless, there is a tendency in the West toward personal monotheism — not because the Westerner has a strong intellectual prepossession in favor of a God who is a personal Being, sitting apart from His Creation, but because personal monotheism gives him some assurance that his own individuality exists apart from that of his Maker. The Christian doctrine of immortality is especially appreciated in the West because it satisfies the believer that his own little individuality will continue after death. The Westerner is instinctively horrified at Buddhism and such other religions which teach that at death a man's individuality is either extinguished or absorbed into that of his Maker. He terms such anti-individualistic religions negative. But they are negative only if one starts with a preconception that everything positive in human vitality is individualistic.

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Individualism also makes itself felt in attempts to emancipate man from the bonds of family life. The Oriental, one must admit, has no reason to look with complete pride and complacence upon his subordination to the influence of his parents and the other older members of his family. Indeed, this subordination sometimes stands in the way of criticism and reform, and perhaps prevents him from realizing other ideals. Still, neither does the Westerner have reason to regard emancipation from family life as an unmixed good. It has destroyed or narrowed the scope for self-sacrifice and coöperation. Under the patriarchal system of the East, men and women willingly sacrifice all for the sake of their parents; in the West, the emancipation of the individual from family bonds tends to develop an egoism which more or less disregards all possibilities of sacrifice for the family in that wider sense of the word which includes more than wife and children.

Woodcuts by Howard Cook

Moreover, the break up of the patriarchal system in the West has blunted the individual's sense of public disgrace. The Oriental thinks of the inevitable dishonor to his family before he indulges in any misdemeanor or vice which is liable to exposure. In the same circumstances, the Westerner considers only his own position. Now presupposing that private conscience is an equally effective censor in both cases, it appears that the Westerner has less check on his evil propensities. An experimental state of society in which the family counts for little or nothing seems to be exercising considerable attractions in America, Russia, and elsewhere; but if institutions be judged not for their chronological merits or novelty, but for their ethical and practical values, the family system, which is the negation of individualism, deserves better spokesmanship and stronger support in the West than it now obtains.

Democracy in the Doldrums

The political compromise at which warring individualists inevitably arrive is democracy. In fact, democratic forms of government have been put into practice mainly with the idea that they afford the individual his greatest freedom. This *a priori* belief has turned out to be a delusion. Some of the democratic governments of the West are no less tyrannous and capricious than Roman Cæsarism or the much abused despotisms of the East. The liberty of the individual is attacked and harassed in ways which vary from the all-important to the absurd. A compulsion, permanent in some countries and periodic in others, forces the citizen to join the army. Minor prohibitions extend to what he may eat or drink, between what hours he may buy and sell, and where he must register the births, marriages, and deaths which take place in his family.

Western governments are not satisfied with merely imposing external constraints on their people; they interfere with their thoughts and beliefs as well. The democratic government of Athens condemned Socrates to death for teaching his doctrines to the youth of the city, and persecuted Anaxagoras, Aristotle, and other philosophers on similar grounds. In the Middle Ages — and up to the present day in some countries — the Jews of Europe had to suffer a general religious persecution. The Spanish Moors were expelled or exterminated by their compatriots as a genial tribute to their religious independence. The present situation in the United States scarcely needs emphasis. The law seeks to prevent men and women from drinking or even, in some cases, from smoking; the teaching of the theory of Evolution and the reading of Boccaccio are made misdemeanors in several parts of the country. In the development of democracy the next logical step is socialism. That the real liberty of the individual is not precisely increased under this régime, the greatest socialistic experiment — in Russia — fairly demonstrates.

The famous despotic governments of the East have not, on the whole, interfered with

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the liberty of the subject so severely as the present democratic governments of the West. The individual has not been forced to fight, any more than to register his births, marriages, and deaths. The Hindus and the Chinese, as we have already seen, were not imbued with any militaristic spirit; nor were they forced to absorb it in wartime, for peaceful work in agriculture, the arts, and the industries proceeded uninterrupted. With the possible exception of the Mohammedan rulers in India, the despotic governments of India and China were not prone to persecute people for their thoughts and beliefs. No philosopher in these countries has had to choose between banishment and execution for teaching his views of life. Smoking, drinking, and the like were not made criminal offenses under Indian and Chinese despotisms. That these governments had their defects is not disputed, but it is worth questioning whether these defects were more serious to the individual than those of Western governments, which are based theoretically on the principles of individualism.

It may be remarked that democracy has a deeper hold upon the outward forms of Western governments than on the minds of the people themselves. Class snobbery and the aping of manners fashioned by royalty or aristocratic circles are amusing evidence of the shallowness of democratic feelings. Should the King of England handle his knife in a peculiar way, English society adopts the mode. Should the Queen of England wear a yellow frock, then yellow frocks become the rage. And when the Prince of Wales began wearing a black tie and white waistcoat, the fashion percolated at a relatively high speed right down to the lower strata of the British middle classes. If the Western peoples were really democratic, they would, instead of imitating their kings and queens, have induced their monarchs to follow popular fashions, thus leveling from below. In India, where there is no pretense of democracy in the Western sense, the decencies of manners are preserved by a complete independence of spirit. Neither in dress nor in any minor point of convention do the people take lessons from their rulers.

Art for the Favored Few

Art and literature in the West are moving directly away from democratic foundations and are producing a new type of class consciousness. The poetry of Homer and the plays of Æschylus were definitely written and sung for the people at large. The troubadours and trouvères of the Middle Ages sang their songs for kings and peasants alike. The paintings of Giotto and Cimabue and the great Gothic cathedrals were created for all classes of mankind. But individualism has now developed, and art and literature are definitely fenced off. Can anyone maintain that, say, Doctor Bridges or Mr. Epstein works for the joy of the masses, or that the majority of modern Western painters produce their pictures for any but a tiny section of the public? The poets and artists are, on the whole, in definite revolt against the wishy-washy ideals of democracy put forward as a seemly cloak for government; and the aristocratic aloofness which they help inspire in their appreciators may go far to explain why they are so generally ignored or regarded as virtual enemies to society by most Western governments.

Perhaps Western conditions are more than casually connected with the pronounced note of morbidity in the art of to-day, even including popular art forms such as the films and the commercial theater. Other civilizations have produced artists and writers of a morbid spirit, but none, I think, has yielded so many with such noticeably morbid tendencies. Sex and crime form the background of literary and even plastic art — in relatively crude forms in America and England, and in more perverse manifestations on the Continent. Certainly a partial explanation is to be found in the nervous strain induced by industrialism, and in the enormous extent of forced celibacy.

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One of the most pitiable tendencies of modern Western life is the verbal stress laid on the brotherhood of man and the ideal of social welfare, accompanied, curiously enough, by an external exclusiveness and insistence on such prejudice as color bars. The ideal of the brotherhood of man is excellent in itself, but it is only a kind of compensatory expression for a profound discontent with a Western civilization in which it has little force. The lack of ideals of fellowship below the surface and in the reality of working life provokes their outward, verbal, and intellectual expression. Industrialism, working great material progress in the West, has helped to foster an initial spirit of individualism, but this very individualism is thwarted in its most satisfactory expression by industrialism's disregard of the individual apart from his work. Emphasis falls not upon the artisan's pleasure in work well done, but upon the marketable quality and quantity of the product. Leisure and love of knowledge have departed, and with them has gone the capacity for silence and meditation which is so closely connected with the spiritual growth and true individualism of man. Deprived of this spiritual sustenance, the Westerner pities himself and his neighbors, and turns to vaguely philanthropic feelings.

Brotherhood and New-Discovered Hates

At the same time he indulges in an intense hatred of other races, such as has probably never been known in the past. The Arabs in their great days (as may be seen in *The Arabian Nights*) seem seldom to have despised the Negro or the Spaniard merely because they were beings of different races. What prejudices they had sprang mostly from a religious source. The Chinese, it is true, have had a certain dislike for other races, but they have not flaunted a crop of literary assertions concerning their racial superiority, nor engaged, except in self-defense, in racial wars of extermination or conquest. Actual color prejudice was more or less unknown outside the civilization of the modern West. While the individual has generally preferred men of his own color, a mixture of all races took place under the Roman Empire. The last few centuries of Western domination have created permanent color problems which have yet to be solved.

Like individuals and like nations, civilizations are apt to consider themselves above decay. The color bar may actually precipitate the downfall of Western civilization, and a conqueror come from Asia or Africa may give it an unexpected *coup de grace*. Yet it is not the "Yellow Peril" or any outside competitor that Western civilization should chiefly fear. Far more dangerous, because less tangible and less obvious, are the possibilities of internal disruption. It is customary to assume that Western civilization will progress internally and that it possesses permanent elements which insure its lasting forever. But a civilization based on competition instead of coöperation, in which class warfare is chronic, and in which the practical element is prized far more than moral or spiritual values, in which commercialism is beginning to invade art, literature, and even religion — that civilization has little vitality or strength to overcome decay.

The individual can attain in life a limited perfection only by proper selection and elimination — not by an all-embracing hunger for change. Create a circle for your life and eliminate from it all that which is unsuited to your constitution in the widest sense; eliminate from it everything clashing with the highest ideals which you wish to realize — then you have some possibility of a harmony. The Greeks of the classical period seem to have grasped this conception very clearly, and so, to a degree, have the modern French, thereby producing the most harmonious culture now existing in the Western world. These two apart, Western peoples have not seen how the lesson applies to the group life; they have been as ecstatic as children, striving to mix all kinds of contradictory ideals — intellectual, moral, and spiritual — as a possible step in the progress to perfection. Instead of a synthesis, therefore, the nations of the West are achieving a conglomeration of mutually antagonistic fragments.

Modern civilization in the West remains chaotic and inharmonious largely because of its mixture of Greco-Roman and Christian ideals. The patriotism, pride, and material joys of a pagan life, which have come down in the classical tradition, are continually jostling and pushing very different ideals — love of mankind, humility, reverence for saintly men, and "the devotion to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow." Christianity, as is not always remembered, is, by origin, an Eastern religion

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adapted with remarkable success to Western minds — and changed in the process. Is it too far-fetched to see in the present struggles within the Anglican community symptoms of a real incompatibility, a real incapacity for further adaptation and compromise which will apply to the temporal as well as the spiritual life of Western nations? If the interpretation is correct, Western civilization may have to reverse much of its so-called "progress" before it can attain again to even a temporary unity. In the process of reaction, I believe a more searching inquiry is likely to be made into the ways in which the so-called stagnant civilizations of the East have maintained their equilibrium for so many centuries.

II—The West's Defense

by G. K. CHESTERTON

I SUFFER from only one slight hesitation or weakness in retorting controversially upon Mr. Metta's criticism of Western progress; and that incidental disadvantage is that I entirely agree with about three quarters of what he says. But the quarter with which I do not agree happens to be rather important and something more than a mere section of the whole. Of course one does not need to be an Oriental to see the simple fact that change is not progress. This perception only requires that one be not a raving lunatic. Softening of the brain is change; but even those earnest progressives who most conspicuously suffer from it have never been quite so soft as to identify it definitely with progress. Taking poison and writhing in agonies is change; but few would describe it as progress, though some of the more serious might describe it as effort or physical exercise. But of course Mr. Metta both means and maintains something more than is implied in this obvious distinction.

He means and maintains two things, at least, with which I should substantially agree. First, that the presumption of progress, in the sense of taking it for granted that the fifteenth century is better than the fourteenth, is a piece of muddle-headed and thoroughly bad philosophy. And, second, that the preoccupation with progress, in modern times, has in fact led to a vast amount of senseless and aimless change which amounts to little more than a perpetual appeal to snobs to follow the fashion and to trade to follow the latest stunt. I repeat that in this I entirely agree with him.

But, to begin with, he seems to have forgotten one fact not unimportant for a general criticism of the West. In this I say I should agree with him; but so would Plato agree with him and Dante agree with him and Shakespeare agree with him and Montaigne and Swift agree with him, and probably even Rousseau and Wordsworth agree with him. Even the too active Europeans whom he holds up as terrible examples of Occidental restlessness would probably agree with him. Alexander the Great presumably enjoyed change, in the sense of travel; he enjoyed adventure and danger, as many healthy men have done. But if it be suggested that he quite seriously believed that the civilization of his Macedonian Empire must of necessity be superior to the culture of Athens in the high moment of Pericles, I very gravely doubt it. At least if Alexander thought so, he must have forgotten all he learned from his great tutor, Aristotle, who laid down in bold and defiant terms the imperishable and unpopular truth that a state can hardly be too small and can very easily be too large.

JULIUS CÆSAR, REFORMER

Julius Cæsar was doubtless in some aspects simply a jolly fellow on the make; in some other aspects, a man putting many things right that had really gone wrong. There is no doubt that Cæsar believed in *reforms;* and especially in the general reform of smashing up the (by that time) hollow and pompous and hypocritical oligarchy that was called the Republic. He was

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not the last Italian in history to feel that sort of impatience with the sacred institution of a parliament.

But if we ask whether Cæsar believed in progress, as a thing quite distinct from reform, in the general theory that things improve in process of time, I should again be most profoundly skeptical. The very evil against which Cæsar fought was one of the hundred examples of the fact that things do not grow better, but grow worse; and that even republics do not remain reasonably republican. If we could examine the mind of Cæsar on the matter, I strongly suspect that we might have found him murmuring words not altogether dissimilar from those which were set to verse by the friend of his favorite and successor:

Damnosa quid non imminuet dies
Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

But anyhow, there is no evidence that a man believed in all the modern nonsense about progress merely because he found it exciting to fight with the Gauls or amusing to deliver political speeches.

In short, the first criticism of Mr. Metta's thesis which I should be inclined to offer is that, in criticizing the worship of progress in the West, he greatly exaggerates the extent to which the West *did* worship progress. The worship of it, or at least the exaggerated worship of it, is not so much a character of Europe as compared with Asia, as a character of the last few years as compared with all the other centuries everywhere. I admit that there has always been a difference between the spirit of change in the West and of changelessness in the East; but I do not think it is due merely to the very recent, the very crude, and the very priggish theory of progress.

What Is Progress?

There is no great difficulty about stating the reasonable theory of progress. It might, I think, be stated thus: whatever be the ultimate merits of East and West, there is in the West a certain type of vivacity and vivid concentration which makes it tolerably certain that any particular good it is pursuing for the moment will be in a considerable measure increased. Granted that the building of Roman roads, or the codification of Roman law, or the application of Greek logic to Roman theology, or the organization of armies, or the framing of constitutions, is in some degree a thing worth doing, that thing will be done. For a long time it will be done more and more successfully, until it suddenly occurs to somebody that something totally different is more worth doing. And that, in its turn, so long as it is thought worth doing, will be done more and more successfully.

In this sense the Western world is certainly progressing now. It is progressing in practical or applied science, for instance; especially in the matter of communications. So long as it is regarded as supremely thrilling that the voice of Lord Tallboys should come through from the North Pole, the West really will work wonders in reaching the Pole and establishing the communication. When it is suddenly realized that the voice of Lord Tallboys is just as much of a bore when it comes from the North Pole as it is when it comes from the next room, the West will transfer its wonderful energies to something else.

But by this concentration of energy certain real reforms are achieved at certain periods. It is probable, for instance, that the philanthropic capitalism of men like Mr. Ford will, in the long run, prevail over the mere sweating and swindling of the hireling; though, there again, there is no saying what may happen if a

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revulsion takes place under some calamity or drastic change of creed. On the whole, if we ask how many of the workers are employed, or how many of the employed are decently paid, we may find that during a certain period there has been a certain progress. If we alter the question, for instance, and ask how many independent men there are who do not need to be employed and who would be insulted by being paid, we shall find there has been no progress but a huge slump or reaction. The sense of honor, as it exists in the true small proprietor, does not exist in the most model modern employment. In short, it all depends on what the test is; but the truth remains that when the West has established its test, it does put forth prodigious activity and acuteness in order to pass that test. But this characteristic, which dates from before Alexander and Aristotle, is much older and deeper than the little fashionable fad called progress. It would be better expressed by the word *adventure*.

Now I anticipate, with a sad smile, that what I say will be called a paradox; but what I say is this. I am well aware that much is absurdly called progress when it is merely change. But I rather think I am in favor of change even when it is not progress. A doctor attending a man in Chelsea tells him to go to Margate "for a change." He does not mean that Margate is an ideal city, or that it is better and more beautiful than other places; not even the wildest doctor could believe this. He does not regard the pilgrimage to Margate as a progress — even a pilgrim's progress. But he does regard going to Margate as an adventure, and perhaps the nearest the man can get to piracy on the high seas. On the whole, there is much more to be said for the riverside town where Carlyle and Whistler watched the mists upon the river, than for some seaside town where innumerable Hebrew stockbrokers watch the seaside Pierrots without ever looking at the sea.

But it does not follow that there is not a healthy change in the smell of the sea after the smell of the river. And this sort of change, which the ancient Christian tradition calls a holiday, is quite a different idea from that of perpetually marching along a road to better and better places, and never wanting to come back. The paganism of antiquity understood it when it established the Saturnalia. The Catholicism of the Middle Ages understood it when it said through the mouth of its great theologian, St. Thomas Aquinas, that man must have jokes and sports, since neither the most spiritual contemplation nor the most sociable utility can be continued unrelieved. And the long history of freaks, of breaking out of the frame of society, of humors and adventures in the ends of the earth — that does seem to me a real Western characteristic much more worthy than the little progressive pretensions that are only about eighty years old. To see another aspect, to see a new aspect, of any particular thing is a benefit — always granted certain elementary conditions, of which something may be said in a moment. It is enough to say here that there are some strange skeptics who, because they have seen a hundred facets of the same diamond, come to the extraordinary conclusion that there is no diamond at all. Yet even those exponents of extravagant negation are, I should suspect, at least as common in the East as in the West.

There is one point which Mr. Metta makes which I think is particularly pointed; and upon that I am particularly in agreement with him. It is when he claims that much of modern democracy, or rather, what is called democracy in the West, has heavily sinned against the ideal of liberty. It has interfered with the citizen in things in which many Oriental despots, and indeed, all sorts of despots, have in practice left him free. I can quite believe that these intimate interferences were often absent from old Asiatic autocracies; so they were from old European autocracies. If you make a list of the ordinary things that an ordinary poor peasant has actually wanted to do, you will find that modern philanthropists are much more oppressive than Ivan the Terrible or Torquemada. The ordinary man with a spade or a hayrake did not desire passionately to write a pamphlet against the Constitution. He was seldom troubled with dreams of building a brick chapel in which to preach some new fine shade about the definition of the Trinity. Consequently, he could not generally be burned as a heretic or hanged as a traitor. But he can be fined, or put in prison, or sometimes even shot by the police, for drinking the ordinary hay-maker's mug of ale, or in some places for letting his children help him in hay-making; or in other places (by a supremely ridiculous recent law)

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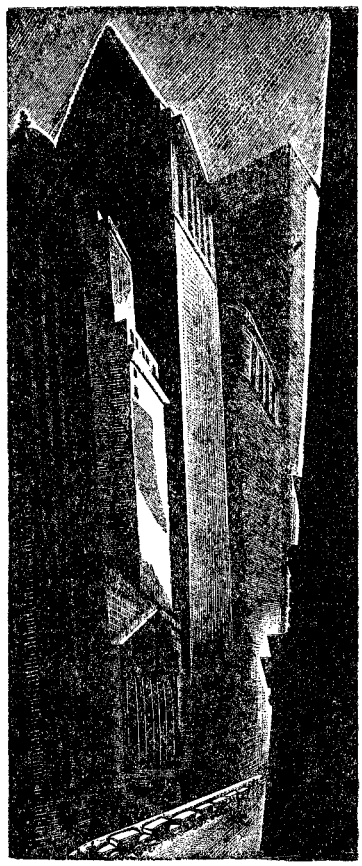
for not wanting the voting-paper which was granted to him because he was supposed to want it.

I am quite as conscious as Mr. Metta of the comic incongruity and injustice of these modern modes of tyranny. But there is something to be said on the other side, considered as a comparative criticism of the East and West. And I think it is true to say that where and when such tyranny did exist in Eastern custom, it was much less easy to alter it or even to criticize it. Mr. Metta will not confuse me with the vulgar scoffer at the great civilizations of Asia if I say that some religious and moral customs that were really bad have been rooted in Oriental antiquity and repeated through countless Oriental generations.



I have heard it said (I know not if it is true) that the long continued custom of burning Hindu widows was actually founded on a verbal error in the reading of the sacred books. This is one of the few cases in which I think that the Higher Criticism might possibly be of some use. And I think that the Higher Critic would have had a better and an earlier chance in Europe. It was not, perhaps, half so silly in a Chinese woman to squeeze her feet as in an European woman to squeeze her waist. But hundreds of Europeans made fun of the European woman's waist, even while it was the fashion, and probably in consequence it soon ceased to be the fashion. It may fairly be doubted whether in old China, if left to itself, it would ever have ceased to be the tradition.

I have a very real respect for the dignified side of all such traditions; and for the way in which the true pagans of Asia, like the great pagans of antiquity, have a power of weaving religion in and out of all the web of human life — a thing for lack of which the West is suffering not a little laxity and depression to-day. But I do think that such a religious sytem identifies morals and manners too much in one unchanging routine, and lacks the sort of ideas that can maintain a continual criticism from within.

The Religious Spur to Progress

I do not believe that the critical activity of the West — and the changes induced by this activity — have been mainly due to the modern doctrine of progress. On the contrary, I believe they have been mainly due to the Christian doctrine of the Fall. That is, it comes not from a confidence that everything is continually rising, but from a suspicion that everything, left to itself, is continually falling. In this sense, some of the Asiatic systems are actually too religious. They make the social system too sacred. They do not allow enough for the fact that sin is perpetually rotting away the institutions of men, even the institutions that are founded on ideals.

The truth that inspires all real reformers is sufficiently expressed in the very word reform. Some systems feel no need for reform, because they have too much faith in form. They forget that if we really desire the form to be retained, we must see that the form is re-formed. The doctrine of the Fall, taken side by side with the other doctrine of the Creation and the Redemption, presents to man two ideas permanently side by side — a standard or ideal to which he can approximate, to which he can at least appeal, and a confession of universal weakness in all the social expressions of it. It is far too large a generalization to say, in a sweeping sense, that this feeling of incessant vigilance and fight against sin is dangerously absent in Eastern mysticism. But I do think it is far less present than in Christian mysticism. And I think this is the real basis of "The Defense of the West."

Next month's debate, Norman Thomas vs. William B. Munro—
"DOES BIG BUSINESS CONTROL OUR GOVERNMENT?"

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Sasha Chooses a Gift

Drawings by Gleb Botkin

***by* HALLIE FLANAGAN**

I

IN THE HOUSE of Fedya the Communist, the Czar's palace is set up. The room is plain and cold, the flat desk is littered with papers and telephones, messengers come and go — but on the table under the window that looks across Moscow River, there is the Kremlin in miniature, the ramparts pierced with seven towers, the mosques and spires, the figures of priests and courtiers kneeling before the Czar. Not a room for toys nor for playing with toys, not a room of the past nor for thinking of the past; yet here is set up the palace of the Czars.

Men entering the room on errands look at the model curiously, measure Fedya with their eyes, and are silent. There is that in his face which forbids questioning. Once a Georgian, head of a village soviet, coming in to consult Fedya on the affairs of his province, burst into laughter when he saw the toy. He had drunk heavily and the fumes were still in his head.

"I could trample it under heel in three seconds," he leered, with a contemptuous jerk of the thumb.

"And in how long rebuild?" demanded Fedya, in a tone so strange that the Georgian, forgetting his message, backed hastily out of the door.

Fedya is a great man in the party now, though there are those who say that he has reached the peak and is about to pitch headlong into the abyss which has swallowed other leaders. For in his last speech before the Soviet he argued that the army of the U. S. S. R. should be disbanded, that communism should be left to spread because of its inner power — without recourse to violence. There were those who muttered "Treason," when he said, "The canker which caused the decay of the old régime is already festering at the root of the new." Strange words these, from one who led men in the storming of the Winter Palace, from one who but recently urged that all remaining of the old order should be given to purifying flames. To-morrow, then, an order may come, and Fedya may go; but to-day he is still a great man in the party.

II

EIGHT YEARS ago he was a young idol smasher with holes in his boots, dreams in his head, and a wife and boy in a bare room over Nikolskaya arcades.

"Why don't you put the boy in the children's home?" everyone asked, less out of concern for Fedya and the girl than because the whimpering of the child annoyed them.

"Why don't you put him in the state school? How can you work with the crying in the house?"

Grushenka thought so too. She was young, she had not wanted the child. She had not

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wanted Fedya particularly, only his strange eyes blazing out of a thin, white face had affected her oddly. And after all, it was nothing to go to the Registry Office. Fedya carried her things over from her room to his, ran up the steep, dark stairs, and tossed them on the bed. He stood waiting for her in the blackness. She came up to him slowly. It seemed a distance, but his eyes drew her up and in. She could hear him breathing in the still room. She had had as yet no knowledge of him and dark excitement slipped through her limbs.

"Come," he said; but when she moved toward him, the hands he laid upon her were not the hands of a lover.

He pulled her sharply to the window. Below, the river flowed blackly; beyond it the domes and spires of Red Square were huge distorted shadows in the gloom. The flag over the Kremlin, caught by a searchlight, whipped out in a scarlet banner across the sky.

"The flag is made of blood," Fedya told her. "The blood that ran down the gutters of Petersburg that day, the blood that gushed up and wet my face when I smashed in the skull of a guard at the barrier. It is only the first of the blood that must be shed."

Strange talk for her wedding night, Grushenka thought, and looked at him mutely.

"Loneliness is not good," said Fedya. "I will no longer go mad in loneliness. When I can bear no more, I shall bury myself in your quietness and forget. That is why you are here."

As the days passed, Grushenka despised herself for her faithfulness to Fedya. He demanded nothing and she gave him everything. There was no possessiveness in his love.

"I am not a good lover to you," he would say. "You are beautiful and should have lovers. Have no fear of me, child, and no denial of yourself. Everything good should be shared."

"Would you share the love you give me with other women?"

"Yes," gravely, "I wish that I had more of all things — wisdom, and bread, and above all, love, to give to those who are hungry."

Then Grushenka would walk along the river or in the crowded streets, and men stronger than Fedya would desire her. But she would return to Fedya.

Often Fedya worked all night at his desk, and only at dawn sagged forward in sleep. On other nights men crowded into the room and Grushenka, silent in the corner, listened to their talk of the new state — the state which absorbed all the thought of Fedya, drew all the blood of Fedya so that he became daily whiter and more gaunt. All the other men in the room shouted, gesticulated, became clamorous; Fedya sat quiet and unmoving, only the vein in his temple throbbing ominously until his voice fell like cold steel among them.

"You are not men but lice. You are content to inhabit the earth and crawl over it. A few years only since they ripped up your fields and your families, yet already you forget."

"What do we forget?" demanded one belligerently.

"You forget to hate," said Fedya. "You forget that we must inflame all the weak ones of the world that they may feel hate for their masters."

So it went on, this talk of hate, this dream of a world based on love, during the nine months while Grushenka carried Fedya's child. And on a still day early in the new year the child came twisted from the womb.

Grushenka, when she saw, turned her face to the wall. But Fedya made no sign, then or at

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any future time, that the child was not perfect. "He shall be called Sasha," said the father. "He will be possessed of great understanding and we have need of such."

III

ON THE SEVENTH anniversary of the nameday of Sasha he had been promised that he might go to the great toy shop to choose his gift. But in the night the cold came and settled over the snow-covered city. Sanky drivers, bundled to the ears in moth-eaten furs and old rugs, stamped on the straw in their sleds, blew on their fingers, uttered sharp ejaculations against the cold.

"It is too cold for Sasha," said Grushenka. "He cannot possibly go out in so great cold." The child, his small face suddenly drained of light, looked beseechingly at his father.

"Fedya will go out and bring you a toy."

"But I wanted to choose," said Sasha in a choked voice.

"He could be wrapped in rugs," said Fedya, "he could have a hot stone at his feet."

"You are both children," said Grushenka shortly. "The air will pierce to his throat — he will cough all night long and I will be the one to tend him."

"I will not cough," promised Sasha in a small, resolute voice. Fedya looked at his son and smiled.

"The men will go out to make their purchases," he decided, "and the woman may tend the fire and have scalding tea ready for their return." The two men laughed together, as the large one wrapped the small one in rugs and carried him down the stairs to a sanky.

They laughed as the cold struck them; the cold shattered itself upon them in vain. The cold made Sasha a man with his father.

The toy shop was warm and they sat in the warmth for some time; they felt the warmth like a bath sliding over them. Then they began the slow progress from aisle to aisle. Because of the cold, no one else had come to buy, so there was no one to suffer with Fedya at the sight of the small body pulling itself gallantly along. Sasha looked at the treasures — great expanses of polished red and black boxes, nut bowls, spoons and ladels — wooden toys, bears on a string, sleds with drivers, puppet theaters, mountebanks and gypsies. Sasha looked at the richness and his eyes gleamed.

"I may choose anything?"

"Anything," said Fedya in a lordly way.

The toys were new, gleaming — the hard, practical art of new Russia; but on a table in a corner stood old Russia. Here was set up the Kremlin of the old days. It was patiently carved and lovingly colored; it was complete to the smallest detail. Here were the high military walls with the swallow-tailed battlements, the Annunciation Tower topped by a shining cross, the Gate of Salvation with its cascade of bells — all miniature, exquisite, and shining. Shining too the small figures of courtiers, rich in brocade and velvet, of boyars bringing furs and jewels from the provinces, of priests in processional holding aloft the sacred miter. Before it Sasha stood quite still.

"What is it?" asked the child in an awed voice.

"It is the Kremlin, of course," said Fedya with irritation. "You have seen it many times."

"The Kremlin is not so beautiful and gay," said the child. "Where is the flag, where are the guards? And these" — touching the rich robes reverently — "who are they?"

"They are people," said Fedya harshly, "just as we are — "

"They are much grander than we are."

"They are grand because others are cold and hungry," said Fedya sternly; but the child was suddenly enraptured. "Oh, the one in the palace doorway — oh, look, Fedya, how grand he is! What is he, Fedya?"

"You are talking foolishly, Sasha. You remember — he is the Czar."

"He is not a Czar," cried the child hotly, "Czars were old, terrible men. They cut off peoples' heads. This one is kind, this one is wonderful — did he build all this, Fedya?"

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"He and others like him," said Fedya darkly. "They built those golden domes and towers out of poor people."

Sasha, with the literalness of seven years, considered this remark gravely. "I expect the poor people were glad to be made into palaces. I myself should be glad to be made into something so fine for our new state."

"You know about the Czars," said Fedya shortly, "you know they were hard and cruel."

"This one is gentle," said Sasha, "and he looks sad — oh Fedya, I want him, I want him most of all."

Fedya controlled himself with an effort and spoke with false gentleness.

"You would not want him, Sasha. He was cruel to the poor."

"Why was he cruel to the poor?"

"Because he hated them."

"As you hate the rich?" asked Sasha.

Fedya looked at him suspiciously, but the grave eyes of the child returned his gaze unwaveringly.

"We hate the rich because to be rich when others are suffering is wrong."

Sasha looked puzzled.

"Why is it wrong to be rich more than to be poor?" he asked. "For myself, it seems only wrong to hate."

"You are a child," said Fedya angrily, "and you like to dispute and argue about matters which do not concern you. When you are a man, you, too, will hate."

"Then I shall never be a man," said the child, proudly, though tears filled his eyes.

Fedya motioned abruptly to the shopkeeper. "We have chosen this," he said coldly, and counted out the rubles. Sasha looked at him, quickly, hopefully, then looked away, troubled. They drove home, but they laughed no more. The gift was between them, and the cold seeped into their blood, dissolved in their marrow.

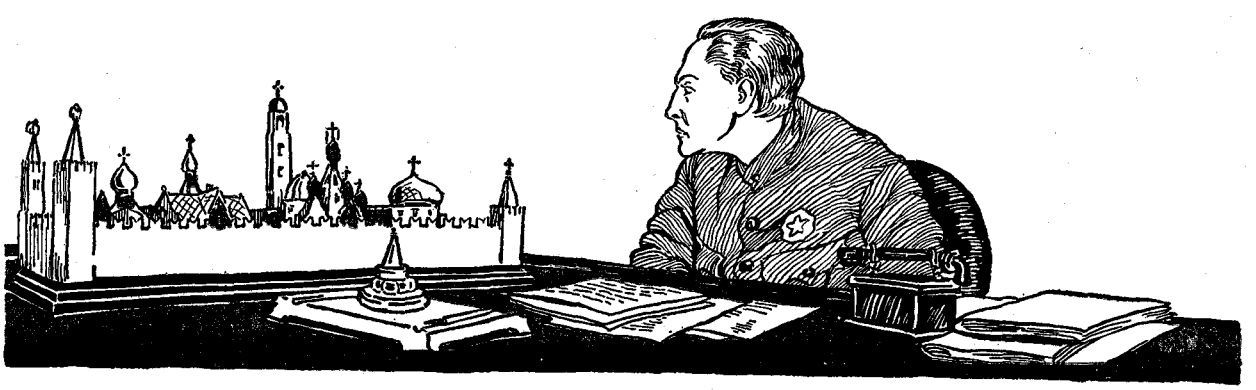
IV

SASHA DID NOT cough in the night, but in the morning he was burning in delirium. The doctor came, shook his head, and went away. Fedya sat night and day by the boy's bed, and when Grushenka tried to take his place, he thrust her away so fiercely that she was afraid. His eyes sought the boy's eyes, but they were unseeing. He moistened the darkened lips and stroked the small feverish hands plucking vaguely at the spread. "Sasha," he implored, "Sasha — "

At the death of the child Fedya seemed unmoved. "It is because the child was a cripple," people said. "What pride could a crippled child be to Fedya? Only a burden and an expense." Grushenka knew this was not true. For herself, she was too tired to feel anything but relief. But she knew Fedya had cared about the child more than she had, more than he cared about her, more than he cared about anyone. She did not understand Fedya's silence during the fortnight that followed, but she knew that night after night he lay beside her dry-eyed and sleepless. She tried to comfort him as best she could, but he found no solace.

There was a night when faint moonlight fell into the room and in that dim radiance she saw Fedya rise and move about. He moved slowly, as if in a ritual, and Grushenka, uncomprehending and afraid, saw that he placed upon his worktable by the window the palace of the Czars. Involuntarily she spoke the child's name, "Sasha — "

"Do not grieve for Sasha," said Fedya quietly. "Sasha has been made into something fine for the state."



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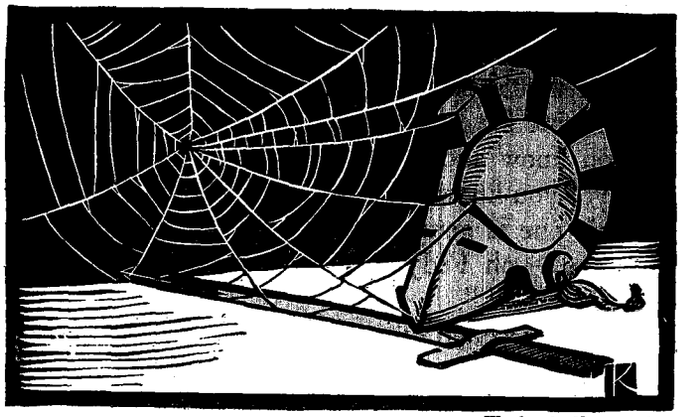
Our Muddling World

Militant Pacifists



Woodcut by Norman Kent

by SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

CHOISY LE ROI is a little place not far from Paris. It has a quiet name which suggests delicate pleasures; "Choice for the King" we might pardonably mistranslate it, imagining behind our words a whole vista of secretly contrived delights to while away the boredom of Louis the Well-beloved. But such days, alas, are gone with the snow-white wigs of old. We live in an age of strife. Choisy le Roi remembers the Great War and the three hundred men she lost in it. Nor is their memory entrusted to the mere lifeblood of the community. Behold it petrified in the middle of the main square. Choisy le Roi has her own war monument.

It was a great day when the monument was inaugurated. A cabinet minister was told off to represent the government and, presumably, the whole nation, at the ceremony. The children of all the schools in the town were massed at the foot of the monument and the ex-combatants' association had sent a strong contingent to honor their fallen comrades, whose remembrance was thus passing into stone. Members of the British and of the American Legions were also present. It was a great day.

The children were led by a woman. Nothing wrong with that, I suppose. Women have been connected with children from time immemorial. They are generally believed to have some responsibility in their production and it is but natural that they should be further interested in their education. As a matter of fact, some of them, at any rate, seem to go so far as to claim some concern with the conservation of children even when they have attained full size and think themselves entitled to commit full-sized absurdities such as wars. This little woman, who was at the head of the schoolchildren of Choisy le Roi, had therefore taken it upon herself to develop in them a love of peace and respect for other races. She thought that the solemn event presented a good opportunity to impress them with the emotions she had at heart. Why had those three hundred men fallen? They had fought a war to end war. Their memory should then be celebrated by singing songs of peace.

And so, when the gentleman in the top hat who had come from Paris pulled a string and the sacking fell and the stone memorial stood all bare in the cold light, the little woman lifted a gloved hand and the children began to sing. The tune was familiar—"La Marseillaise." The words were new. It was no longer, "*Allons, enfants de la patrie . . .*" but, "*Enfants de toutes les patries. . . .*" And the goal was no longer the shedding of "an impure blood" in the furrows of France, but the reaching of "the golden heaven of brotherhood."

Hearing such words the ex-combatants were seized with a holy passion. What! The "Marseillaise" adulterated, defiled with ideas of universal love and peace. It was in vain that

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the authors of the new version had endeavored — perhaps without much effort — to produce a "poem" as bad as the original. The honest ex-combatants were not grateful at all for this truly difficult accomplishment. They were not going to be content with mere bad poetry; they wanted patriotic poetry as well. And they had no use for other people's fatherlands. Their own was good enough for them. There was a first-class uproar. The ex-combatants shouted at the top of their voices that the day of glory had arrived and that they were instantly going to soak their furrows with the impure blood of their enemies. The British legionnaires present felt like praying their particular God to frustrate the knavish tricks and to confound the politics of their own enemies, and the Americans were so paralyzed by the turmoil that they dared not assert that all was happening while God was marching on. There were screams, yells, a certain number of spirited fights with gendarmes, waving of flags, and *Vive la France*. Then things came back to normal and the three hundred men were allowed to sleep in peace — true peace.

The schoolmistress, you say, was perhaps lacking in tact. I grant it. You may love peace but you need not sing it out in the wrong company. And moreover, why choose as your hymn of peace for children the very tune which has sung grown-ups into war for over a century? This, when you think of it, is a fascinating question — no mere detail, as shallow-minded people might imagine; for surely there is in it a curious revelation of the devious ways of the human heart. And is there a more fascinating study than that of the heart of the men and women from whom war and peace well up in such unexpected forms? Here is this curious case to make us pause and wonder. People are thinking of peace and brotherhood and their cogitations thereon lead them to sing peace in a war song, to sing it to war men, and to sing it in the inauguration of a war memorial. Truly, the ways of men (and women) are inscrutable.

I ONCE HEARD Professor Salvemini classify men in four groups: those who think *Thou shalt not kill;* those who think *Since I may be killed, I must be prepared to kill;* those who think *To kill is an admirable thing;* and those who think nothing at all. But human beings are so unexpected that I imagine most of them would fall under a fifth category: those who think all these things at once.

Most of us believe in the Gospels. *Thou shalt not kill* is not for us a mere commandment coming from the outside, like a traffic rule laid down for the sake of convenience; it is a life principle acting in us, preventing us from taking other people's lives when they conflict with ours. But the force of this principle is neither uniform nor unlimited. It does not govern the whole of our activities and possibilities with an equal virtue, and we even adumbrate distant areas of our personality over which we suspect it does not act at all.

There are lowlands in the landscape of our soul which lie under the shadows of fear. We do not willingly dwell in them, but they exist for all that. And we know full well that in those lands the Gospel light does not penetrate with its full vigor. *Thou shalt not kill . . . unless thou must* is perhaps the most we can make of it in such dismal places. And as to the size of them and the proportion of our inner being which they occupy, we only know what our imagination tells us.

Then we have our reserves. There are parts of our life in which our favorite dreams, ambitions, passions, and enjoyments lie and flourish — protected. No interference is brooked with these privileged patches of our heart. They are our "vital interests"; they are our personal "honor"; they are our "Monroe Doctrines." Here, Gospel or no Gospel, the intruder butts in at his own risk and must face the consequences. Here, there is no Christianity. The passions called forth are too strong to allow reason to work the right way up. Reason works as it can and the result is a glorification of killing. Murder becomes magnificent and the murderer is transfigured into a hero.

From this zone come all the forms of respectable murder. At the basis of each of them we are to find a favorite passion of man. And under all these favorite passions, the most potent of human springs, that which La Rochefoucauld described as *l'amour propre*, by which he meant not that petty pride which is what the phrase means to-day, but a deeper egotistical passion best translated by a strict adherence to his original — self-love. It is self-love which makes our other passions uncompromising and raises murder in us. So it is with love, which

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only self-love can make murderous by conjuring up the devil of jealousy; so it is with patriotism, which only self-love can make aggressive by calling forth greed and pride, the two evil spirits which drive nations to war.

For after all, we have to face the fact that the last war was fought by Christian peoples after twenty centuries of Christianity. There are two ways of dealing with this appalling fact. The first is the flippant way. "Let us give Christianity a chance. We have not tried it yet." A witty saying but little more. Christianity *has* been tried. The Christian leaders of our Christian peoples are not charlatans. The immense majority of the Western peoples are sincere, though, to be sure, mediocre, Christians. What we have to face is the survival of thoroughly unchristian tendencies within the Christian. It was to these most unchristian tendencies within them that the Christian leaders and their flocks gave way when the hour of trial came. Christianity broke down in 1914.

But why did it break down? Because no man is a Christian through and through. We have just been looking into the matter. We know that every one of us carries the explosives of self-loving patriotism close to the holy water of his Christianity. Those French ex-combatants who silenced the Christian Hymn of Peace by shouting that they wanted to shed the impure blood of their enemies knew only too well that the "impure blood" stanza of the "Marseillaise" is sheer nonsense; yet they sang it with enthusiasm the moment their own blood was made impure by the mud of animal passions.

What is to be done? "Let us rub off those nasty words and sing the tune with new words of peace," says the pacifist schoolmistress. Let us do nothing of the kind. It is not by singing about peace that we are going to get it. For peace is no more natural to men than wisdom or the theories of Einstein.

Now I am in for it. Lord Cecil said as much — probably less — and yet he was upbraided by a learned anthropologist who claimed that everything in man's constitution and history showed him to be sweet-natured and reasonable. I would ask anthropologists and others to bear in mind the French dictum: *Cet animal n'est pas méchant. Quand on l'attaque, il se défend.* This animal (man) is not wicked. When attacked, he defends himself. But mark this point. Defense is a beautifully elastic conception which everyone of us is free to stretch as far as it will go — and it will go any length to oblige us.

No. Peace is not a natural state among men, because men do not drift into it. Having conflicting wishes and ambitions, men, left to the operations of drift and fluke, will certainly land themselves into struggle and war. There is a story of Euler sitting down to dinner after having spent a whole afternoon meditating on whether the world had been created by a Divine Intelligence or merely put together by chance, as a book he was reading maintained. The astronomer asked his wife: "Do you think that this salad could have been made by a chance coming together of all its elements?" And she retorted, proud in her achievement: "I bet you it would not have been so good!"

The trouble with all our arguings about peace and war is that peace and war are seen as mere alternatives, while they are really fundamental contraries. War is disorder and destruction — disintegration of energy. A child can shuffle the cards and put them in utter disorder. A child could thoroughly mix and disorganize the lines and colors of the Sistine Chapel. A bull can disorganize a china shop. But the setting of the cards in their proper order requires patience and intelligence; the painting of the Sistine Chapel required the genius of Michelangelo; the creation and putting together of a china shop is a work of months, if not years, of purpose. It takes no patience, no intelligence, no purpose to drift into war. But peace is another matter.

Peace is order. It must be created. It must be conceived. It must then pass from the mind that conceives it to the world that awaits in chaos the forms of order which only God and man can create. And that is why peace dwells in a sphere removed from the emotions — good or bad. The schoolmistress of Choisy le Roi meant well, but she revealed the *militant* (a significant word) character of her pacifism by selecting the tune of the "Marseillaise" for her Hymn of Peace, and by appealing to the emotions of brotherhood. Commenting on "the golden heaven of brotherhood" which she made shine before the fascinated eyes of her schoolchildren, a Paris newspaper jeered that such a

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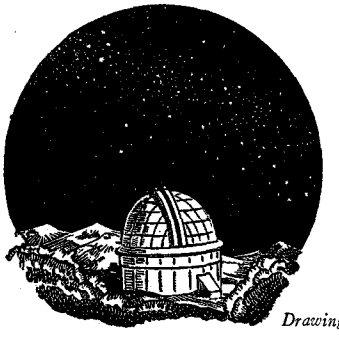
vision was an ideal less fitted for Geneva than for the "polyracial and gold-saturated United States of America." Such is the brotherly reaction which one is apt to provoke from brotherhood. "That men are brothers no one can doubt," said a wit. "See how they treat each other." No. It is not through our emotions that we are likely to build and maintain peace among men. On the contrary, it is by rising to the calmer spheres of wisdom, by calling forth in us the powers of understanding, construction, and insight which preside over the greater works of man — art, science, and philosophy.

And let ex-combatants sing the impure blood out of their systems. And let the children sing nursery songs.

The CENTER of the Universe



Drawings by George Annand

by **HARLOW SHAPLEY**

I

IT REQUIRES infinite patience on the part of the purist to bear in silence the universal misuse of such terms as infinity, eternity, and universe. If patience fails, he must eternally be after those anthropomorphic culprits who misuse cosmic terms in their chatter about the silly affairs of a short-lived species on a mean planet that follows after the commonest of dwarf stars. The vanity may be inherent and inevitable — a concomitant of life. Biology may demand egocentrism and lack of vision. Possibly the parasitic protozoa which infest the intestine of the flea that torments the mangy hound are similarly protozomorphic in their ideas; perhaps they, too, vainly misuse the grand cosmic concepts.

One excuse for the title of this article is that the word *universe* has a limited technical sense, referring to the sum total of sidereal bodies known at a given time. I admit that in a relativistic universe, which is "finite but unbounded," the phrase "center of the universe" may be meaningless or worse; perhaps a closed universe has no center, or is all center. We become a bit vague and foggy when we begin to trouble about the meaning of meanings. We are led to strange, brave deductions and dogmatic denials. My metaphysical friend, for instance, insists that there is no universe and that he is the center of it.

When the astronomer begins to use the word *universe* as a synonym for a great stellar system or organization, he immediately encounters, either in fact or in possibility, a multiplicity of universes. Often globular star clusters have been spoken of as miniature universes; and a certain section of our Galaxy has been labeled the Kapteyn Universe, because of that eminent Dutch astronomer's investigations of galactic structure. This multiuniverse idea is more than a century old. Immanuel Kant and Sir William Herschel long ago surmised that those faint and hazy objects that later were in part resolved into spiral nebulæ might be other stellar systems — "island universes" in the un-

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bounded oceans of empty space. The researches of the past ten years have convinced us that this assumption was correct, that many of these spiral nebulæ are, indeed, island universes, isolated stellar systems like our own Galaxy. We may refer to them as outside galaxies, and call the great emptiness between them intergalactic space.

Again we find it hard to get away from anthropomorphic bias. This word *galaxy* comes from a word meaning milk, and enters cosmic descriptions because of the phenomenon of the Milky Way in the distribution of stars in our own sidereal organization. But in using (or misusing) the word, we do not suggest that in these outside galaxies there are organic phenomena, including cows or other units which produce lacteal liquids, that such liquid is white like the star-strewn sky, and that it is known to those hypothetical beings in distant worlds who may desire to contemplate and describe the skies. No, we shall again resort to our customary defense in misusing words by saying that we are talking technically. A galaxy no longer denotes milkiness, nor even the broad encircling girdle of faint and distant stars. It is merely a relatively large unit in the universe of sidereal organizations, composed mainly of stars and nebulæ, of flying gas and dust, and perhaps, here and there, of some lesser bodies such as comets, planets, and satellites.

II

TO THE CASUAL observer the stars appear to be numerous in all directions; but as soon as the constellations are examined intently, one discovers that many of the bright stars, as well as those telescopically faint ones that appear to form the Milky Way girdle, have a tendency to congregate along the Milky Way. Even a preliminary count of the few thousand stars visible to the unaided eye shows a definite condensation of stars toward the midline of the Milky Way band. Astronomers long ago perceived that this distribution indicates that the surrounding stellar system is flattened, thicker in the direction of the Milky Way than elsewhere. Some surmised that the Milky Way itself was but a ring of stars; others made the proposal that it represented only the projection, on the background of empty space, of the vast numbers of stars distributed throughout the highly flattened Milky Way system. This second view is the one now proved and accepted, though we know that here and there are real clumps, clusters, and clouds of stars, producing an uneven brightness along the Milky Way.

Ever since it dawned on the astronomer and philosopher that the Sun is an ordinary star in a world of many millions, there have been intimations that the Sun might not be the center of the universe. Kant suggested that Sirius, the brightest of the fixed stars, might be the central plant. Mädler suggested that the glittering group of the Pleiades is the center around which all other stars do their orbital turns. Others suggested Canopus, the southern giant, or the double cluster in Perseus. The suggestions became more logically founded when the astronomers began to base speculations on the measured distances and motions of the stars. Surprisingly enough, the counts of the nearer stars indicate that their density in space decreases as we go out from the solar system, and indicate also that the Sun itself is at or near the center of the stellar system. More refined star counts, however, tend to show the Sun's displacement from the central plane of the galaxy, and point to a region in the direction of Carina as a possible central point in the distribution of the nearer stars. Nevertheless, only fifteen years ago there was little certain knowledge on this subject, and not until recently has the true state of affairs been partially elucidated.

The globular star clusters have served to pilot us to the center of our Galaxy. Fifteen years ago they were practically unexplored objects, except for Bailey's work at the Harvard Observatory on the hundreds of variable stars that lie within them. Several years of close investigation with large telescopes have now shown us that there are more than one hundred globular clusters, each composed of scores of thousands of stars — perhaps hundreds of thousands, or millions. The clusters are so remote that none but their most gigantic and luminous stars can be separately seen on photographs, and we can only surmise that they also include dwarfs as faint as the Sun.

There is one especially striking feature about the distribution of the one hundred known globular clusters — they are equally numerous on the two sides of the Milky Way and so con-

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centrated toward its central line as to leave no doubt that they are a part of our Galaxy. A dozen years ago, when the measurements indicated that the distances of globular clusters are very great, we saw immediately that here was an opportunity to measure the dimensions of the Galaxy and to find our place within it. Methods were soon developed for rapidly measuring such great distances, although it is slow and difficult work to measure the distances of individual stars of the Galaxy.

A survey of the distribution of clusters in space shows them to be considerably concentrated along the borders of the southern Milky Way. They are found to be nearly absent in the north. Here is an indication that the center of the galactic star system, as outlined by the globular clusters, is far from the Sun and from the local groups of stars. So far as globular clusters are concerned, the center lies in the direction of the southern boundary of the constellation Sagittarius, where that constellation corners with Ophiuchus and Scorpio. This direction has been verified subsequently by the counts of faint stars, which appear in greater numbers in that direction than in any other. Also the novæ, or new stars, are more numerous there, and the variable stars are of those peculiar and gigantic kinds that can be seen at enormous distances. In fact, it soon became clear that, when account is first taken of certain local groupings and clusterings near the Sun, all signs indicate that the center of the Galaxy is in the direction pointed out by globular clusters.

The motions of stars near the Sun also indicate the direction to the galactic center, for they show a general rotation about some distant central nucleus. After various other recognized motions have been allowed for, the measures of star velocities again point to Sagittarius as the location of the center.

How far is the center? The measures of rotation suggest that it is but a few thousand light years away — a result, however, that is only preliminary. The globular clusters, on the other hand, are centered around a point about fifty thousand light years away — three billion times the distance from the Earth to the Sun, or nearly three hundred million billion miles. At such a remote distance, which is perhaps one-fourth the diameter of our Galaxy, our Sun could not be seen visually with the greatest existing telescopes, though it would be just on the verge of appearance in a long exposure photograph made with the greatest reflectors.

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III

TWO QUESTIONS now arise. Are the globular clusters true indicators of the distance to the galactic center? And what is the composition of this central region?

We have been able, we believe, to answer both of these questions, at least provisionally, by recent investigations at the Harvard Observatory. Studies of variability in the light of certain types of stars lead to a knowledge of their real brightness. When this real brightness or candle power is compared with the light received at the Earth from such stars, we can compute the distances of the globular clusters in which they are found. With assiduous study we can also use them to unravel the distances and forms of star clouds in the Galaxy, and ultimately to give us a picture of the form of this universe in whose evolution and whirls we are involved.

The labor of discovering, measuring, and analyzing the variable stars is not light. In all the history of astronomy only a few thousand have been found. To make a thorough survey, we inaugurated a program a few years ago that will require ten or fifteen years to complete. At the end of that time the number of variable stars will probably be double the number now known, and the highly important faint ones, in the distant Milky Way fields, will have been pretty well analyzed on the tens of thousands of photographs specially devoted to the study. During the past year a thousand new variables in the southern Milky Way have been added to our lists. Each must be examined on several scores of plates before the period and character of its variation can be determined. These plates are being made with an average exposure time of an hour; half a dozen telescopes are used on the project, at the stations of the Harvard Observatory in the northern and southern hemispheres.

From the first few years of our study of the variable stars and galactic structure in the Milky Way, one highly interesting preliminary result stands out: the variable stars in the Sagittarius region and in neighboring constellations appear to be concentrated at a distance of about fifty thousand light years from the Sun. This result answers one of our questions. The globular clusters seem to have been very good indicators of the distance to the center of the Galaxy, for the direct measures on individual stars now confirm the indicated distance.

And what is the nature of the central region of the Milky Way? Probably we shall never know in detail, for a little way out in the direction of the galactic center lie some of those obscuring cosmic clouds of dust and gas that seem destined to play havoc with man's attempt to fathom his universe. Here and there along the Milky Way girdle are regions of the sky where practically no stars at all are to be found. These are regions occupied by the dark nebulosities, which conceal the more distant stars of the Milky Way exactly as the floating dark clouds of our atmosphere at times conceal some of the brighter stars on a partly clear night. The atmospheric clouds are not a permanent hindrance; we can easily wait for clearer nights. But the cosmic dust clouds, lying several hundred light years off in space, are probably permanent obscurations — that is, permanent so far as current astronomical ambitions are concerned; for we can scarcely wait for the millions of years necessary for these dark clouds to dissipate or move out of the line of vision.

It so happens that in the constellations Ophiuchus, Scorpio, and Sagittarius, around the galactic center, one-fourth or more of the Milky Way lies behind the darkness. The actual center, in galactic longitude 327°, galactic latitude 0°, is behind one of the large dark patches of nebulosity. We are therefore balked in our search for information as to the nature of the exact center. Fortunately, however, some of the regions near it are transparent, and looking around the edges of the clouds, and between them, we get glimpses of the heavy star fields near the galactic center itself. In fact, studies of the Harvard photographs made all along the Milky Way show a very definite widening of the Milky Way band in Sagittarius; and measures of the variable stars in several fields of this region all indicate a heavy stellar density — a large nuclear aggregation only partly concealed by the dark clouds.

Our present view is that a massive stellar nucleus of great extent is at the center of our Galaxy, some fifty thousand light years distant, and that the observed rotation of the stars is with respect to this mass. The nucleus appears to be flattened, as are similar nuclei for many of the analogous outside galaxies, and its diameter is probably in excess of twenty thousand light years. From our position in the

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Galaxy we can see this nuclear region stretching for fifty degrees along the Milky Way — from the equator in Aquila southward nearly to the Southern Cross. It is the region of great star clouds, the brightest star clusters, the most remarkable nebulæ, and the greatest agglomeration of ordinary Milky Way stars. From our northern latitudes the region is easily visible, on spring and summer evenings, thirty degrees below the equator. To the observer in the southern hemisphere the galactic center rises to the zenith. Hence it becomes a most alluring field of study for the increasing number of southern observatories and for the southern branch stations established by the observatories of the north.

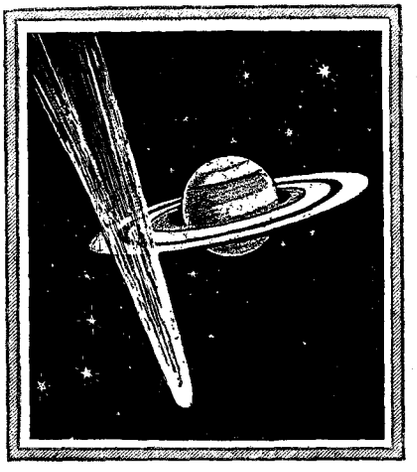
IV

FROM STAR clusters, from stellar motions, and from the study of variable stars, we appear to have found the center of our galactic universe. But obviously we have not even groped for the center of the universe of all material things. Our Galaxy is but one of hundreds of thousands. We know a little about ours, but practically nothing about the others except that they exist, that they are very remote, that the nearest ones are composed of stars, that their motions are high, and — most significant of all — that many of them are congregated into systems of still higher order. When we speak of the center of the universe, we should do better to consider the center of one of these systems of higher order, of the Coma-Virgo cloud of galaxies, for instance, with its three hundred members.

But why not go further and see if the various clouds of galaxies that are now coming to light do not themselves form a still higher system? At two or three of the observatories, astronomers are busily engaged in investigating the outside galaxies. Several thousand new ones have been discovered and classified at the Harvard Observatory during the past year or two. With sufficient financial support for telescopes and observers, and a generous allowance of time, we shall be able to decide ultimately if there is evidence of a galaxy of these galaxies of galaxies within man's feeble though ambitious grasp.

Finally, the astronomer is asked why he seeks out these vast facts about the center of the universe. "For the sake of pure knowledge," he might reply; "for the satisfaction of demonstrating the possible range of human thought and comprehension, regardless of the consequences." But alas! most of us do not rise to this high, unselfish, and unhuman ideal. We see in the new astronomical revelations the stuff that philosophic dreams are made of. We see the stars as providers of human interest of the deepest kind — as feeders of the inherent religious hunger.

The study of the structure of the Milky Way is a part of the general advance of pure science designed to reveal man's place in the universe. If we are to forget the mean Earth and its brief day and year — and in our highest moments we all try to transcend such obsessions; if we are to contemplate the meaning of the universe: we must first try to know it, by measure, count, chemistry, and evolutionary tendencies. That is why the scientist labors on the description of a universe that has enmeshed man, time, thought, and galaxies, all in one complex aggregate.



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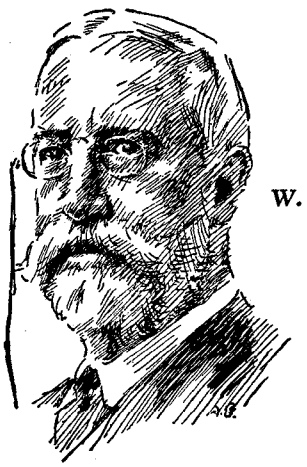
W. C. Brownell and our NEO-BARBARISM



W. C. Brownell

Drawing by Johan Bull

by LOUIS J. A. MERCIER

"THE MOST discerning literary critic of our day is dead," Miss Edith Wharton wrote recently, speaking of William C. Brownell. Many of the well-read must have echoed her words, but we are still far from appreciating sufficiently the significance of his work.

He died at seventy-seven, after laboring continuously for more than forty years in the house of Scribner. His youth went back to the days of Emerson, whom he heard lecture. What he said of Emerson could be applied to himself: "He is ours, absolutely and altogether our own. If he is not typically, he is peculiarly American; no other country could have produced him." It was my privilege to exchange a dozen letters with him less than two years before his death, in connection with the writing of *Le Mouvement Humaniste aux États-Unis*. When I asked him which of his essays he would himself select for translation, he singled out his "Emerson."

And it is with Emerson that his serene confidence in the future of the American democracy undoubtedly links. His abiding sympathy with the mass connotes no compromise with the vulgar, the trivial, or the barbaric. It is based, as was Emerson's, upon his faith that the distinction which he himself had attained, through the elevation of his thought, was within the reach of all who chose to ascend the same heights.

Brownell reaches back to Emerson, but he also goes on beyond him to what must be the logical development of American intellectual life. To become intellectually of age, America had to renew connections with all of its own European inheritance. Emerson had imported German transcendentalism. His philosophy remained uncritically intuitional. Brownell went further. In spite of his admiration for the sage of Concord, he reproved, as having "its naïve, and, in his disciples, its incontestably fatuous side," his implicit trust in his intuitions, "unexampled in the immense and varied use he made of them, since Aristotle's discovery of their need of testing."

Now it chanced that, instead of going to Germany, Brownell went to France, whose whole literature is eminently critical — a perpetual inquiry on the nature of man. In particular, the masters of nineteenth century French criticism are incomparable initiators to an adequately comprehensive intellectual life. In them there remains no provincialism, either of time or space. They are fully aware of all the traditions — Greek, Roman, and medieval, as well as post-medieval. They have too

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often made the rounds of the few attitudes which can be and have been taken by man toward life, to mistake a regression for a progress. They are an authentic bridge to the thought of the race. Brownell discovered that bridge for America and used it constantly. He absorbed Sainte-Beuve as well as did Arnold.

If modern French criticism is a bridge to the world of thought, France itself is the bridge over which civilization passed from the Mediterranean to reach the northern lands, and from which the proper perspective of European history can be rediscovered. This Brownell came to realize when he went to France in 1880. No more penetrating study of the French people is to be found than his *French Traits*, but, what is more, his book was a challenge to America to become conscious of its whole European past.

He found in the French people a true community, unified by a common ethos, held up as an ideal by a power above and superior to them. He found that this power preserved them from individual eccentricity and developed in them a community spirit, a genuine fraternity, born of these common beliefs and aspirations to common standards outside of themselves, deriving not only from their Middle Age but from the four hundred years of their Roman formation. And here he struck the keyword to the understanding of the process of growth for the individual and nation, and for humanity at large. Here is the crux of all the questions about which we quarrel. Are there standards — æsthetic, social, moral, religious — outside of man that he must attain in order to fulfill more and more the laws of his being; that social groups must attain to perform the function which makes their existence legitimate; that artistic expressions must attain if they are to become fit vehicles of beauty and truth?

Now, as a matter of record, Occidental civilization has been developed through a very definite application of the philosophy of external standards up to which the individual should learn to measure in order to become civilized. Painfully the ancient world had groped its way toward such a philosophy and had attained it intuitively and rationally with Plato and Aristotle. More clearly and directly, Hebraic thought had developed the intuitions, or actually received a revelation of one God or transcendent Mind, as the ultimate source of its standards of righteousness. With the coming of Christ, this philosophy of standards or ends outside of man, which could be reached through man's efforts to use his energy in accordance with the Divine Will, became a clear-cut philosophy. It was partly formulated in Platonic terms, was later analyzed in Aristotelian terms, and was soon organized as a religion in the administrative framework of the Roman Empire. In the persons of the bishops of the Catholic Church, this religion was confidently awaiting the coming of the barbarians across the boundaries of the ancient world. The result was the advent of what should be called modern — that is, Greco-Roman-Christian civilization.

Since France is so truly the bridge of western Europe, this process can best be studied through French history. The land of France was actually the meeting point of three schools of thought: the Mediterranean philosophies, the religion which set up standards outside of man as the end to be attained by his energy, and the yet untamed anarchistic individualism of the northern barbarians. Kuno Francke has struck off a matchless description of the task then to be accomplished in his analysis of the character of these barbarians as they descended upon the Roman world:

> Their strongest incentive to action, at least on the part of the leaders, seems to have been a primitive love of power, an indomitable desire to live themselves out, an instinctive impulse to reach beyond themselves. The historical annals of the migration period are stained with greed, perfidy, and recklessness. They bring before our minds, as the typical figure of the time, the individual cut loose from social bonds, full of animal vigor and susceptibility, keen-eyed and sharp-witted but without any moral reserve, obeying the momentary impulse, having no higher ideal than himself, carrying the germ of ruin within him.

Yet organized Christianity actually succeeded in imposing external standards upon these untamed individualists, thus insuring the advent of modern civilization. Clovis met St. Remi at Rheims and St. Genevieve on the hill across the Seine at Lutetia. He could not conquer all the lusts inside of him, but, at least, he accepted the philosophy of standards outside of him; he bowed to the challenge of Remi to burn what he had adored, and he built an abbey on the hill at the bidding of Genevieve.

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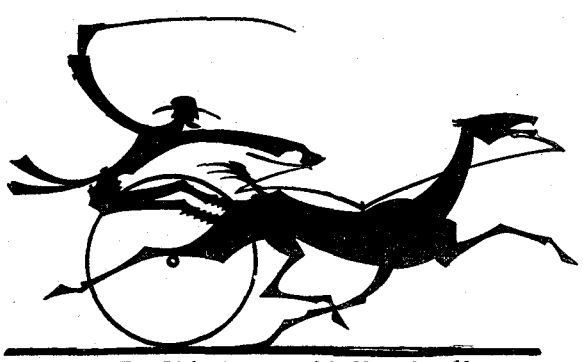
Brownell rediscovered the perspective of this passing from barbarism to civilization through the acceptance of standards — a transformation which to many of us still remains hidden behind the term Dark Ages and the disparaging use of the term medieval. And he found a keen delight in analyzing his discovery. He traced, with the most subtle insight, the action of its double inheritance, imperial and Catholic, upon the formation of French character. France has long been truly a democracy, in the sense that it has long had a common ethos, born of a common and well-correlated acceptance of standards. This acceptance over many centuries has made of it an organic society with a common subconsciousness, capable of expressing itself harmoniously. There are social divisions in France, but Christian fraternity and national solidarity have welded them into a unity in which each group — peasant, artisan, bourgeois, aristocrat — recognizes that it can only function individually in terms of the whole. From the early Middle Ages, France slowly grew into a nation; its Revolution, unlike the Russian, was but the culmination of its long and logical evolution.

Throughout the French nation as Brownell found it, he felt a buoyancy which manifested itself in politeness without servility, intelligence without pedantry, emotion without gush, seriousness lightened by wit. In short, he



Scissor cuts by Hunt Diederich, courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

found individual energies disciplined to social ends, tempered by taste and common sense, a feeling for *mesure* and suitableness, all bespeaking the acceptance of standards ever exercising their check on the individual and making of him a *civilisé*, instead of the barbarian he might have remained. The perennial excellence of French art he now perceived as the flower of this artistically coördinated French life, of which the balanced perspectives of Paris — grandiose and yet elegant in their miraculous fusion — are but the enchanting symbol. Nowhere have these facts about France been so keenly realized or more vividly set forth than in Brownell's *French Traits*.

II

Back in New York, he was struck, in contrast with conditions in France, by the lack of a common social instinct born of a common acceptance of standards outside the individual. In Paris he had discovered that each social type is like a motif in a symphony; in New York he found mutually repellant individuals, forever seeking the new, accepting nothing as settled, ever ready to entertain the most extravagant notions, ever encouraging eccentricity of thought. That Brownell had already found this contrast between France on the one hand, and Germany and England on the other, is significant. As he expressed it: "For a Protestant entering France either by Holland, England, or the Vosges, the contrast — in the matter of a common social instinct — is striking between Protestant countries and France." Nor is it surprising. The principle released at the Reformation was the individualistic opposition to religious standards. The rise of Protestantism meant the advent of a philosophy which condemned the imposition of standards upon the individual. The course of events made this evident at once. Up to that time the standards imposed by a common church had unified all western Europe as Christendom; the Reformation broke up Europe into many social groups which, though still seeking unity through religious beliefs, soon found themselves dividing up more and more as these beliefs were diversified by the centrifugal force of the principle of private judgment. In 1880 Brownell was merely noting the influences that were to gather force until, at last, they brought about the present widespread revolt against all standards.

No doubt this general revolt would have come much sooner if the centripetal forces of antiquity had not been set to work again by the Renaissance. Far from liberating mankind anew, as is sometimes still held, the Renaissance revived the art techniques of antiquity and even some of its philosophies of control.

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As a curious consequence of our post-medieval prejudices, we tend to think of the people of medieval "merry England" and of no less merry France as crushed into inanition by authority. Even religiously, the play of the spirit within Christendom was freer then than orthodoxy has known since. In artistic expression, with its lusty *gestes*, *courtois* extravagances, and bourgeois buffooneries, far from being crushed, the Middle Ages were exuberantly creative. Lancelot and Guinevere and the Venus-led army of the *Romance of the Rose* would have caused a scandal in Rabelais's Renaissance "Abbaye de Thélème." The Middle Ages were still having a glorious fling with the pageantry of *Mystères* and flamboyant Gothic when idealization in art was developing through the submission to classical rules. Only after Montaigne was the lid of classical standards clapped down on western Europe, not to speak of the revival of austere Stoicism, whose influence was to blend later with Puritanism and Jansenism.

But the principle of the Germanic religious revolt could not be stayed. By the end of the seventeenth century, out of the clash of warring religious groups, the English deists emerged and logically substituted "free thought" for "private judgment." The "enlightenment" was really the bonfire into which they threw the revered Bibles of their forbears and over which Voltaire was presently to gloat sardonically. This bonfire has been flaring up higher and higher ever since. Romanticism threw into it, at last, the standards of the Renaissance. The scientific age thought it found new reason for feeding it the last apologies for Christianity. Glibly we still blame the World War for the general flouting of standards which now threatens our whole Western civilization. But it is only because we have lost the perspective of history. The World War was, itself, the logical consequence of the increasingly conflicting nationalisms which developed without check once the unity of Christendom had been broken up and an irresponsible individualism had taken its place. To understand what happens in the present, we must always know what has *been* happening for a number of centuries.

It was this perspective which Brownell had recovered in France and it made him diagnose exactly what was happening in America. The question of standards was the question at issue — and a very pertinent one. His practical survey of European history had shown him that, after all, we have no historical proof that any other standards than those of the Christian religion have proved their worth in the past. They alone, with their direct appeal to the will, civilized the barbarians — and they alone were capable of this translation. Even the lofty ideals of Plato and Aristotle, not to mention the Stoics, had been unable to save the ancient world. In so far, therefore, as we have thrown our Christianity bit by bit into the discard, we are in an evidently precarious position; for in spite of inheritance, man is born a barbarian. He must be individually educated into a civilized man, and unless so educated, he will remain a barbarian and beget barbarians further and further removed from the traditions of civilized standards.

III

THE TIME had come, therefore, to seek a new basis for the philosophy of standards. If its religious foundation had crumbled, if its neo-classic supports had likewise been undermined, the whole question needed to be reëxamined from the ground up. Mr. Brownell did so in 1925, in his little book pertinently entitled *Standards*.

By this date, however, he was far from working alone. He was but adding his findings to those of the men with whom his name has so often been linked by the tom-tom beating and tomahawk wielding partisans of the "school of nature." While Brownell, on the basis of his *French Traits*, was meditating his way to a formula for the restoration of standards, Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More were putting on record the accumulated experience of the East and the West and showing that when this body of experience is examined in the hope of finding some external critical authority, it is idle to claim that we have

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no data on which to establish these standards.

These scholars and thinkers have demonstrated that truth is objective; it is outside of us, superior to us. Nature works according to laws, but as Emerson so well expressed it, there is "law for man" and "law for thing." Man has in him something which transcends matter, a power of selection and of direction which enables him to distinguish values, to strive to live according to these distinctions, and thus to organize his life and mold his environment into greater conformity with the laws outside of him — to what religion calls and proclaims authoritatively as the Will of God, to what Plato reasoned his way to and called the "Ideas." Human life is a great adventure in search of these truths, and regardless of whether we believe that the Mind of God has partially been made known to us in a "revelation" and that God is willing to help us bind our wills to His own by the help of His grace, our end remains the same: not to obey the "momentary impulse," not to have "no higher ideals than ourselves," but to discover the "law for man" as well as the "law for thing."

Thus religion, science, and humanism may stand reconciled. They are only different ways of reaching objective truth; their several findings must eventually be recognized as complementary, and the possession of these findings will make us — and only they *can* make us — truly free. For, in this search for standards, and this willingness to respect the experience of the race, there is no principle of enslavement, but, on the contrary, one of liberation. It is ignorant individualism, severing itself from "the forces of concert," which would keep us chained to the primitive and condemn us to impotence, through continued dwelling on the unreal, the fantastic, the distorted, the inconsequential.

Brownell's little book was very limited in comparison with these monumental inquiries into the most pressing problem of the times, but its conciseness made it all the more to the point. It focused on the essentials of the question. It is true that from century to century many conventions may need to be discarded. The point is precisely to learn how to distinguish between the merely conventional and the truly objective truth — the standard forever valuable. It is clear, for instance, that if we do not work out standards of international intercourse that will really outlaw war, we shall soon poison one another off the face of the earth. But even in establishing the level of our survival, we cannot do without standards; for after all, we must have some continuity of useful behavior to save us from chaotic lives, from sheer irresponsible lunacy. The only alternative is evidently a rationalized life, a submission of experimental behavior to the test of reason.

If we are no longer willing to look to a revelation from on high for our ethical standards, we surely cannot afford to sink even below the level of the beast. Baudelaire told us rightly that man's superiority to the animal was evidenced by his capacity for sin. The beast is incapable of sadism. It blindly fulfills the end of its nature. But man can thwart the action of his rational nature and even pervert the instincts of his lower. If we do not have organized virtue, we shall have organized vice. Standards we shall have whether we will it or not; it is merely a question of what is to be their quality — whether they shall make us masters of life or whether they shall master us unto decadence and death. So, in spite of the difficulty of establishing them, we cannot shirk the task.

IV

HOW, THEN, can they be established? Evidently what is wanted is a sound method of criticism. Mr. Brownell had already given his answer in his book, *Criticism* (1914). After the publication of *French Traits*, his books all showed the ripening aspects of his thought on the processes of civilized growth — processes of which he had become conscious by contrasting old France with his new America. In *French Art* (1892), in *Victorian Prose Masters* (1901), and in *American Prose Masters* (1909), we may already see his principles at work. So, like his *Standards*, his *Criticism* could be a small volume and still go to the root of the question.

A "criticism" aiming to establish standards above the flux of production is to be sharply differentiated from mere "reviewing," which contents itself with recording currents of this flux. Criticism should pass judgment. But on what? On the value of what the artist wishes to express and on his success in expressing it. Beyond this the critic need not go. For instance, he has no right to chide the artist on his choice of technic. But he must go thus far: he may question the adequacy of the technic, the success of the artist's attempt to express what he desired; especially must he pass judgment on the value of the artist's message, in the light of values already attained in the same domain.

The critic, therefore, must know the traditions, general and social history, the æsthetics of the different arts, the history of ideas, and he must have a criterion. What shall this criterion be? Not his impressions or his taste, for they may be accidental or ill-founded. The criterion of the critic must be superior to these, since it should be able to determine their soundness. It can only be conformity to reason. Criticism must be the application of the test of reason. Reason alone can distinguish and justify his distinctions between tastes and traditions, genuine and psuedo realism, the fantastic and the ideal. It accepts the possibility of intuitions superior to itself, but it claims the right to analyze them in order to distinguish whether they are likely to prove genuine glimpses of eternal truth or mere vagaries of an undisciplined imagination.

It is through a sane criticism, then, made authoritative by the careful use of reason, that we can reëstablish the standards which will rescue us from the neo-barbarism to which we are in danger of reverting. After a silence of seven years, Brownell added to his prescriptions for this return to sanity another little volume which he entitled *The Genius of Style* (1924).

As opposed to barbaric lack of coördination, individuals and social groups, as well as artistic expressions, must attain "style." The prevalent misconception about Buffon's definition of style — "Style is the man" — should be corrected. Style, in the true sense, is not the man; on the contrary, the primitive man has to rise by effort, to the level of the human, the level of order which constitutes style. On another occasion Buffon defined style more accurately as "order and movement in the expression of thought." Style, then, far from being the spontaneous expression of individuality, is the element of coördinating intelligence and will which gives form to the content. Style means organization, the subordination of the details to the whole, giving to the composition harmonious unity. Talent and even genius cannot give it. It supposes apprenticeship at the schools of the masters.

It is true that this abstract quality of style will be colored by individual differences. These, however, are not style but "manner" — and the confusion of the two is one of the characteristics of our neo-barbarism. This confusion has led to a rupture of equilibrium between the universal element of order and movement, which constitutes style, and the individual element of personal expression. Under the new régime uncontrolled personality is allowed to express itself freely, without the effort to attain order and proportion, either in thought or expression. Brutal paradoxes are uttered in the tone of platitudes; enormities are given as commonplaces; mystifications, artificial intensities, coarse materialism, the multiple inferiorities of inorganic spontaneousness, follow one

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another and, soon getting stale, lead to even more incoherent inanities. Our neo-barbarians forget that self-expression, to have objective value, supposes a self that has something worth expressing, and works to express it adequately.

Here, again, is no negative principle to stifle genius or talent, but, on the contrary, a call to make the best of genius by utilizing it on the humanistic level. Brownell's claim, as advanced by Stuart P. Sherman, to be a mediator between "the school of nature" and "the school of culture" consisted precisely in this: that throughout his work, he gave the sound formula for progress in the arts. Acquaintance with the traditions is indispensable to save the artist from repetition or futility, but tradition is not to be utilized in a purely mechanical way. The artist must not be content to live on its revenues. He must borrow from it, as from capital, but add to it also the intuitions of his own genius, in touch with both the past and the present, and invest the whole, judiciously, according to the conditions and demands of the new age. Thus will he make the old yield an abundant and precious new. Thus did Phidias and Donatello and Rodin do in turn. Thus would Brownell solve the perennial question of "the ancients and the moderns." It is clear that the young writers need not fear him. It is also clear that they need to give his meditations the attention they deserve.

▽

He died when he was about to witness the increasing acceptance of his ideas. It is the natural fate of those who have visioned a new truth, or an old truth in a more vivid way, that they must wait long years before they are fully recognized. It is also their natural reward that their work appears perennially fresher as the years pass. But lack of general recognition, and even crass misintelligence, failed to disturb Mr. Brownell. It was a rare experience to be in touch with him in his last years and thus to gain an intimate glimpse of his superb serenity as the shadows closed about him. He took pains to point out that his style was, no doubt, too incorrigibly abstract — omitting, of course, to say that this abstractness was due to his never-satisfied, scrupulous attempt to express the most subtle shades of his meaning. He disowned all pretentions to leadership; he showed, again and again, a startling modesty as to the value of his own work.

What was even more striking, there ran through his correspondence a note of faith in the future, a veritable youthful outlook, as he felt his own work come to a close but saw the possibilities ahead of the younger men. He followed with concern, but indulgent sympathy, Stuart P. Sherman's exchange of academic seclusion for the arena of journalism, and though he himself looked askance at a good deal of what he recognized as the abundant talent of the writers of the day, because it was "in revolt rather than in evolution," he welcomed the younger critic's tendency to "write about what was alive." It is not surprising, therefore, that he dedicated the book which occupied his closing days, his *Democratic Distinction in America*, to the memory of Stuart P. Sherman, and that this proved to be a long act of faith in the cultural future of American democracy. He meant it, as

it actually proved, to be his testament.

Some may find it overconfident. He may even seem to have grown too indulgent as he analyzes in turn the factors of progress toward the development of a genuine American culture, and concludes "that though our elementary literary average, owing to our variegated population, may be elsewhere exceeded, and our cultural achievement elsewhere excelled, yet our general culture is probably more general than elsewhere — general enough at all events to hold out the promise both of becoming more so and at the same time of rising to a higher level." At least he found corroboration of his own conclusions in those of M. André Chevrillon, of the French Academy, the one French critic who early gave full recognition to his merit, and who, after a thirty-year interval, recently returned to the United States to find "a tendency to the organic, the harmonious, and, as an immediate consequence, to style, as evidenced for instance in American architecture." It may be noted that the eminent French critic is using Mr. Brownell's very terms of the analysis of progress and expressing with them the realization of the hopes for which he had labored.

Even those who may not feel so optimistic, if only because Towers of Babel do not necessarily mean ethical harmony, may well rejoice that our dean of American critics, as he struggled against approaching death to write the last of his modest little books, was able to feel that "the forces of concert" he had done so much to strengthen by his searching, if at times, too abstract analyses, were thus winning over the forces of neo-barbarism in his beloved America; and that there had been, at least, much progress since the days when he had returned to New York with the purpose of helping to work out on this continent the vision he had caught, in France, of a people molded to a unity of aspiration toward the beautiful and the true by long developed standards, whose transcendental value they recognized.

For a wider, if not a keener analysis of the problem of standards, and for the records of human experience that bear on the problem, based on a more profound scholarship, our younger writers must continue to look to Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More. But William C. Brownell will, none the less, have a place of his own in the history of American letters from Emerson to our day. As Stuart P. Sherman so clearly brought out — after Emerson, American seekers for light had to turn to Arnold, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Ruskin, and Pater, until the appearance of Mr. Brownell's books. He filled the whole span from provincial America to these days when all the nations of the earth are looking in her direction, because her great principle of faith in every man's capacity of development has already given her unprecedented power. He caught the faith from Emerson, strengthened it by his contact with France, and quietly and bravely, throughout his long life, worked to help make it a reality. Nor was this his only contribution. He did not merely labor for American culture, but he actually realized, in his own person, all its best possibilities. He not only taught but gave the example of distinction. America may have her neo-barbarians. At least, she can have her Brownells.

Next month M. Mercier's assumptions of French superiority will be answered by Thomas Craven in

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At Schoharie Crossing

Continued from page 338

ripples in front of it and shoved them aside. A woman, not more than twenty, was steering it. She had capable, strong hands on the tiller, and she stood straight with her head back and her eyes steady on the tow-rope. She wore no hat, and her hair, which fell loose down her back, shone with a white light like barley straw. As the boat neared the lock, the men by the shanty made out that her eyes were blue and that her face was as handsome as the rest of her. While they watched, she unhooked a heavy dinner bell from the tiller and swung it back and forth above her head, and through the noise they saw that she was tall.

Compared to her, the man driving looked squat. When he came to the end of the freight line, he pulled the horses up with a word and the young woman brought the old boat up beside O'Mory's. Then she tossed a rope clean over the *Dublin Queen*, and the driver caught it and snubbed it to a post, so that the rope pulled right across the *Queen's* bows.

When he had spoken for a minute to the young woman, he walked up to the lock-tender's hut. "Say," he asked in a sleepy sort of voice, "what's all the line for?"

"Look there, son," said Caleb, pointing his thumb at the water, "and ask me another one."

The young man did. "What of it?" he said.

He was short and very heavy, with a red, square face and light hair like the woman's, and his wrists were overboned like a farmer's. He had a kind of dullness about him, which made one think he was slow to make up his mind, but a deal slower to unmake it. And right away all the men could see that he meant to get across the Schoharie, high water or no high water. Most of the boaters had come up when they saw O'Mory and Peters facing off, and now a few sporty gentlemen stepped off the packets to see what was going on. It made them all laugh to hear the young man say, "What of it?" — and they laughed louder when he put his hands in the pockets of his jeans and dug the toe of his shoe into the sand. He got a little redder in the face, but he said, "I can get across all right."

He lowered his head and shook it from side to side at Caleb. "I got to get out to Ohio," he said. "I got a brother there setting out a farm, and me and my wife is taking out the tools and stock. We got to get there by June."

Joe tapped him on the knee with the end of his peg leg. "You don't know how that current can drag onto a boat."

"I got a good team," said the young man. They were a big pair, beyond a doubt — not the ordinary boat horses. Beside O'Mory's mules they looked like a two-ton team.

"Maybe you have," said Joe; "but the last four boats that tried crossing on high water went over the dam. One took three mules with it, and the rope broke on the others."

"I got a new rope, and my team ain't mules."

"You're a stranger on this canal," said Gratwick, "or you'd know it couldn't be did."

"It's a good team I got," said the young man. "They know how to pull."

"Listen to reason," said O'Mory, as if that were a favorite habit of his.

"We warned him," said Caleb. "It ain't no fault of ours if he busts his boat."

Peters had been pushed into the background by the young man's foolishness. It was a position for which he had no relish. He spat in front of the young man's toe. "Look here, young squirt," he growled, "you needn't set up for God A'mighty over us. I was just telling him," jerking his head at O'Mory, "that there wasn't any freighter going to cross ahead of mine."

"He did so," said O'Mory, cocking his head at the bystanders. "Phwat do you know about that?"

"You'll get *yours*," said Peters.

Then he turned to the young man. "Since she come on the Erie, the *Pretty Fashion* ain't never been second on any lock she come to."

"Sure, she hasn't met the *Dublin Queen* yet," cried O'Mory.

The crowd surged to let the young woman into the circle. She had a decisive chin, and her blue eyes gleamed. "What's the fuss?"

Her husband turned to her doubtfully. "They say the water's too high."

She gazed at the dam, shading her eyes against the sun. "We'll try it," she decided.

Her husband pointed to Peters. "This man says he won't let us try ahead of him, and I guess he's afraid to try now."

"Thrue for you, lad," cried O'Mory.

"It don't make no difference," said Peters hoarsely. "There ain't any boats crossing ahead of the *Pretty Fashion*."

"We can't waste no time," said the woman. "Lick him, Dan."

IV

HER HUSBAND stared at Peters as if he were trying to make up his mind. "I don't know as I *can* lick him," he said. "I'm slow."

"He ain't no whiplash himself, to look at him," said O'Mory in encouragement. Next to having a good brawl, the crew of the *Dublin Queen* enjoyed watching a good fight.

"Go ahead, Dan," said the woman. "You can do it. Make him stand up to you."

Her husband lifted his gaze from the ground and stared again at Peters, as a man might in judging a horse. And then he looked on up the canal where the sun was beginning to sink to the rim of the valley.

A silence hovered on the crowd; even the sky seemed to hold its breath. Only the roar of the water in its ungovernable rush thudded upon the ear, and faint supper-smells bloomed in the stillness. A few waiters had come out among the ladies on the packet boats. By the tow-path the roan team drowsed with collars loose on their shoulders. The clear sunlight threw the shadows of the people far behind them on the grass.

The young man, with his wife at his side, stared westward; and caught by the intentness of his gaze, the quiet crowd turned their eyes up the valley. But they saw only the beginning of a sunset. When they turned back to the young man, he was unbuttoning his shirt.

"Hooroar!" yelled O'Mory. "It's on!"

Peters laughed suddenly out of his black beard, and the crowd took up the Irishman's shout.

"Aw hell," said a boat captain nervously, "it ain't no fight — he's just a kid."

"Lay you a dollar on the younker," cried Joe, driving his peg into the sand and reaching for his wallet.

"All right."

"This ain't no place for a fight," said Gratwick. "You'd better move up to the edge of the lock. It's level there. And all the rest of us can see you."

Peters laughed shortly, for he was confident of having an easy time. "That's right," he said. "You watch me."

The young man hesitated a moment, and then said that he was agreeable.

Caleb took it upon himself to see fair play. He had watched a fight once among the city mobs on Long Island, so he got up beside the lock with them and announced in style: "Herman Peters, bully of Utica, and not licked yet, gentlemen!"

Peters grinned and took off his waistcoat. The level light threw the figures into silhouette, so that color became a

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matter of conjecture, except where the sun shone through Caleb's beard, making a yellow mist of the little hairs and his whole head beautiful. He spat into the lock again and, clearing his throat, pointed to the young man, who bent before his wife as she pulled his undershirt over his head. "Peters versye Dan," cried Caleb, "versye Dan . . ."

"Wager," said the young woman.

"Dan Wager . . . a young man going west!"

The crowd cheered as they swarmed to the foot of the embankment. The two teamsters and the missionary called off their conference; and while the men crowded in at the foot of the lock, the missionary debated in himself whether he should try to stop the fight. The young woman stood on a lock beam, her husband's shirt upon her arm; and the missionary stepped toward the crowd. But as the two men faced each other against the sun, the bully in his shirt, the other stripped to the waist with the light gleaming on his skin, the missionary found that he had not the heart to speak, and he remembered that it was not Sunday.

The ladies clustered the packet boat decks under their parasols, apparently unaware of what was toward; and the waiters crowded upon the bows. The graybeard who had been fishing went below deck, and when he reappeared, he had a spyglass at his eye.

Caleb stood between the two combatants. They were both shorter than he, and the young man looked almost tubby. He had a great girth, like a wrestler's, and his legs had been made stiff by lifting weights; but when he lowered his head and moved it a little from side to side, you could see the power of an ox behind his shoulders. Both he and Peters stood with their hands at their sides; but Peters was erect and confident, and his grin showed through his beard.

"The lad hasn't a chance," said Gratwick.

Stillness fell again upon the crowd, so that there was no noise but the falling water, until old Caleb stepped back, lifting his voice, to say, "I reckon you might as well commence."

The bully rushed with a shout, head drawn in, his fists driving straight from his shoulders. And above the noise of the water, as the young man tried ponderously to dodge, those in the foreground heard two solid thuds. A curse slipped out of O'Mory's mouth and the *Dublin Queen* groaned aloud, while Joe stamped his peg deeper into the sand and tried to look away; for all of them had taken odds on the young man — on the long chance, being Irishmen.

The bully rushed again, and the young man was too slow to get out of the way, but he turned his body so that the blows lost a little of their force in glancing. Even so, his knees gave, and the men of the *Pretty Fashion* uttered a shout, which the crowd took up as they surged one step forward. The sun made things black and white, so that black spots smudged the white belly of the young man; and the Irishmen yelled "Low!"

"Niver mind," O'Mory said to his crew, "we'll remoind the blackguard in a while."

Far down beyond the fight, the missionary cried out within himself as the bully rushed savagely again and yet again with the same thud-thud, which the young man was too slow to dodge and too clumsy to return.

After the sixth rush the young man still faced Peters, with his feet braced and his head sunk forward; but instead of moving it from side to side, he stared straight into the bully's eyes, and his line of vision carried to the far corner of the level space where the balance beam of the upper gate cut off a six-foot triangle. While Peters caught his wind, the young man raised his hands — it seemed for the first time. The woman cried out suddenly and waved the shirt; and the crew of the *Dublin Queen* set up a shout, for they saw what he intended.

The young man bored in and his back bent behind his hands; and though he landed only once, the men below heard a heavy smash and a sob of wind from the bully's mouth; and they saw the sun tangled in Caleb's beard as the old man scurried out of the way.

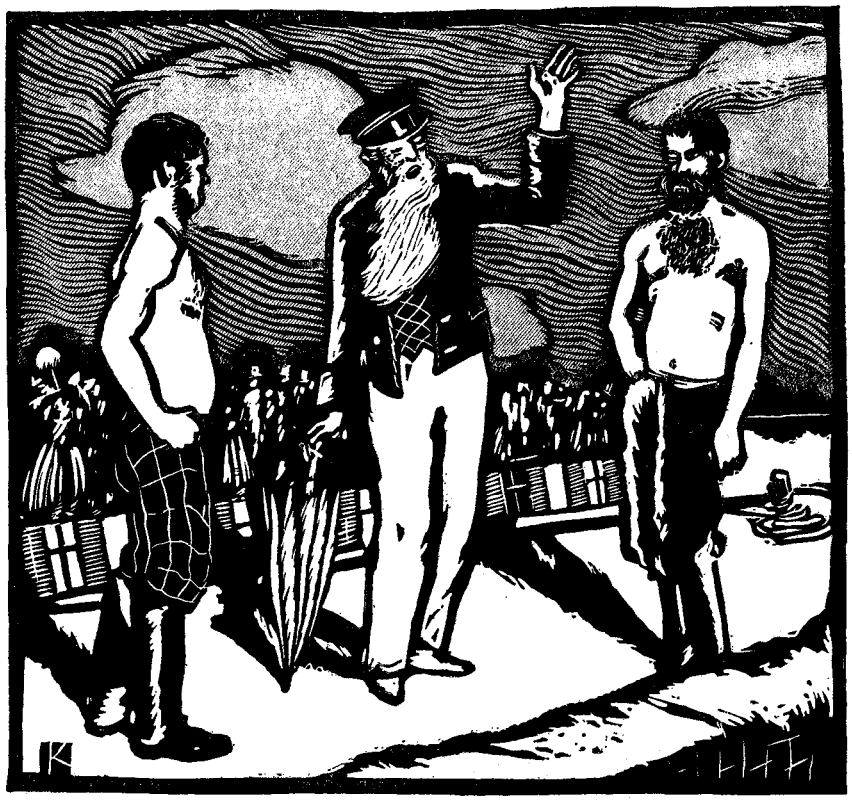
When the sun spots went out of their eyes, the crowd beheld the fighters in the triangle, on two sides the water, on one side the tilted gate-beam. The young man stood with his head down, the light glistening on his shoulders where the sweat ran down. Peters was covering up; and a black smear that must have been blood crawled out from under his beard and down his throat to the collar of his shirt.

"Lick him!" screamed the young woman.

The Irishmen shouted. The crowd swayed as some men tried to hedge their bets. There was no room for rushing there. The fight hung now on weight and the sheer strength of shoulders, backs, and arms. A family of French immigrants began to sing the "Marseillaise," and the young man moved in on Peters. Neither of them dared give ground; for if the young man was forced back from the opening, he lost his advantage; and if Peters stepped back more than once, the water would have him. . . .

The sun seemed to stand still behind them; and old Caleb lay on his belly, his beard in the dirt, so that those below might see.

The two stood foot to foot and they drove their fists into each other in great slow blows, behind which their backs



"I reckon you might as well commence."

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bent and came straight and bent again. At the sound of each blow, the crowd heard the grunt of the man who had been hit and the sigh of the man who had struck; and the roar of the water became something small and far away. The shadows of the two men stretched out and over the crowd and fought in the air where only Caleb could see them. . . .

Little by little the crowd edged up on the lock. The Irishmen in front lay down, and the men behind them kneeled, to let the others watch. The ladies folded their parasols and looked on from the packet boats, because the crews had gone ashore and there was no one to notice them. The missionary found that the advancing crowd spoiled his view, so he started to climb up to the roof of Caleb's shanty, wondering if he would get up in time to see the end. But the two men still stood together, and their elbows came back against the sun and their hands drove in. They both struck for the body, and they both landed, for they were too close to miss.

The crowd thought no more of betting. This fight had no like in their memories: but a few of the gentlemen began to understand how the Erie came to be built by the strength in the arms of men. The crews of the *Dublin Queen* and the *Pretty Fashion* forgot their quarrel and lay side by side like brothers, and the gentlemen took off their tiles so that the teamsters behind could see.

Peters shifted his aim to the other's face; and blood made streaks on the young man's jaw and went down over his chest, parting above the little patch of hair, and ran down upon his belly in two streams; but he shook the sun from his sight and sent his fists for the body. Once he wiped the sweat from his eyes with a snatch of his hand; and in the same instant the bully tore open the collar of his shirt. His face streamed and his shirt looked wet. The onlookers saw that he was afraid, and a little driver boy howled between the legs of his captain. . . .

It was a long time for the crowd before the young man stepped back, putting his hand to his mouth to stop the tremble, and tried to speak. But he could not move his broken lips. So the young woman cried, "Had enough?"

Peters put down his head and rushed. The *Pretty Fashion* muttered that it was the end, now their captain had room; and the *Dublin Queen* prayed that it was not. The young man drew himself up and raised his right fist above his shoulder and smashed it down on top of the black hair — a blow to fell an ox. The bully fell forward on top of his rush; his back wiggled a little before it went still; and his teeth caught shut on the new grass between the young man's feet.

V

THE CROWD caught their breath with a sound like wind upon the snow; and as the young man stepped back, the missionary on Caleb's roof cried, "Praise God!" No one spoke, until a murmur grew among those who had not seen the blow, and it swelled into a shout. . . . The ladies put up their parasols. The cooks ran back to their burned food. In little groups the boaters drifted back to their boats to get supper.

The young woman wiped the blood off her husband's face with the end of her skirt, and put the undershirt and shirt back over his head and helped him to button them. "We've got to hurry and get across before it gets dark," she said.

"Don't be a fool," O'Mory shouted. "Ye can't steer a boat as ye are now. Ye've had fun enough."

"My wife can steer," said the young man.

"But ye can't drive like ye are at all," protested O'Mory, shaking his hand and seeing the broken knuckles.

"I don't need to. I got a good team."

"Wait till the morning," said one of the *Pretty Fashion* crew, grinning, for he liked a good fight. "There ain't any boat here'll go over first. We'll tend to that. Even the *Dublin Queen* won't argue that."

"No," said O'Mory. "Divel a bit. — Not that *I* couldn't lick the whole mess of ye," he added.

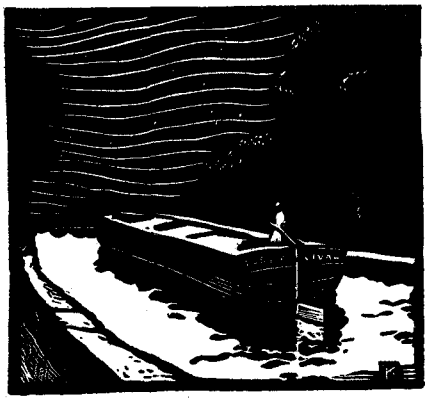
"We've got to get out there by June," said the young woman.

"Yes," said her husband. "We got to get out there by June."

"Oh hell," said Caleb, but he went over to the sluice levers.

The young woman went aboard and her husband straightened out the eveners behind the team. The crews of the *Dublin Queen* and the *Pretty Fashion* helped to get the boat into the lock. With the team on the towbridge, the young man had them double the rope and shorten it; and then standing on the outside of the bridge, by the off horse's head, he spoke to the pair.

They settled down and went ahead with an easy, forward, upward pull into



their collars, and the boat came out smoothly into the current. As the side sweep hit the boat, they drove their shoes into the planks. Their haunches puckered as they straightened their legs against the strain, and with great deliberation they set their hoofs carefully and heaved. The woman turned the bow out away from them to keep the stern in to the bridge. There was no lost motion. The young man said never a word. But when the boat crossed an eddy, the men could hear the towline hum.

In a little while, as though they had been pulling on a plow, they had the boat in the easy water beyond. They had seemed to pull so easily that even then some men refused to believe they were across. But when the young man told them to stop, they dropped their heads and shook themselves; and the boaters saw that they trembled all over and were black with sweat.

"They know how to pull," the young man said. "They know how to pull."

The sun set as O'Mory helped him run the rope out to its full length. The woman smiled, all at once, as she thanked him; and O'Mory blushed redder than his hair.

"It was a fine foight, to be sure, if it was a thrifle slow." He lit a lantern for her, which she hung over the stern.

"Thanks," said the young man, and he spoke to his team.

"So long!" cried Caleb.

"Luck!" shouted the others. They returned to their boats, the crew of the *Pretty Fashion* picking up Peters as they went. He was still out and they let him down with a bump on the deck. Old Joe stumped away on his peg leg to try to collect his bet. O'Mory and Caleb and a gentleman from one of the packet boats remained on the lock and watched the boat glide into the dusk.

"By God!" said Caleb, beginning to untangle his beard. "By God! I bet they'll get there."

"By God, I bet he will," said O'Mory.

"Yes," said the gentleman.

"Look!" cried O'Mory, pointing his arm. "There's the name on the boat!" The lantern light fell over the stern and caught a thin tracery of gilt.

"Ye're a scholard, Caleb. Can ye read it?"

Caleb tried and shook his head. "Not that far off," he said, glad of the distance.

The gentleman took a small telescope from the pocket of his coaching-coat and focused it on the stern of the boat. "I can just make out the letters," he said, and he spelled them out — "S-U-R-E A-R-R-I-V-A-L."

"What's that?" asked Caleb.

"*Sure Arrival*," said the gentleman.

"Thank ye, sir," said O'Mory.

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TRAVEL

HORSEBACK in the Canadian Rockies

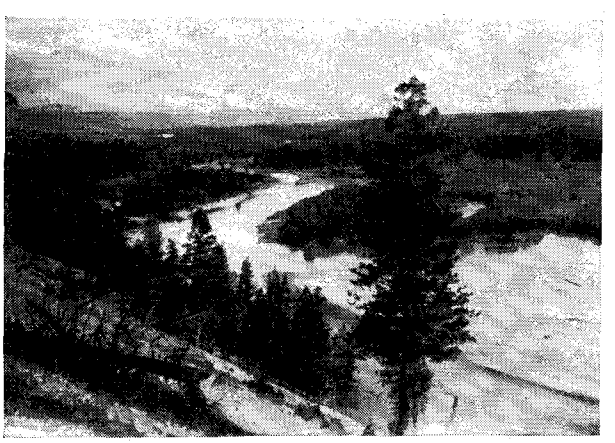
by **FRANK DESMOND**

EVERY SUMMER for many years I have made it a cardinal rule to break away from the pressure of business affairs for at least a month's vacation in some wild region far from the dull monotony of cities. I have camped in the Maine woods, canoed on the Wisconsin lakes, bicycled through France, hiked in the Alps; but the best vacation I ever had was spent in the saddle on the high plateaus and dizzy slopes of the Canadian Rockies.

The retreat I had selected was in the heart of the wild country in southeast British Columbia. Two main routes make it easily accessible. You may travel over one of our Western railroad systems to Spokane and from there take the Spokane International northward, or you may go direct by one of the great Canadian railways. I chose the latter route because it seemed to promise greater novelty. Through the rolling hills of Wisconsin and the boundless plains of waving wheat in Minnesota and North Dakota we entered Canada, crossing the parched prairies of Saskatchewan and Alberta, through towns with outlandish names like Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat — and thence to the mountains.

The third morning out from Chicago, I happened to awake just at dawn and, glancing out of the window, caught a vision of transcendent loveliness. We were still skimming the prairie, from which, in the first heat of day, a faint haze of vapor was rising. A bank of fleecy clouds hung on the horizon, and out of them rose, mass on mass, the magic mountains, their peaks luminous and crimson in the first rays of the rising sun. We rode for hours within sight of them, never seeming to gain on the mirage, until at last it closed in upon us and we rushed into a canyon where massive ledges hung menancingly above us and a mountain stream churned angrily in the chasm far below.

We left the train at the straggling frontier town of Cranbrook, British Columbia and motored ninety miles north to the ranch we had rented for the summer. The house, a sturdy hut of rough-hewn logs, stood at the foot of a mountain and faced across a green meadow to another, whose snow-capped summit was partly hidden by wisps of feathery clouds. It was an ideal location. In that part of the country there is very little rain; the days were always clear and the air brisk and cool — this in spite of the fact that the thermometer sometimes registered as high as 125 degrees in the early afternoon. But as the sun went down, the tempera-



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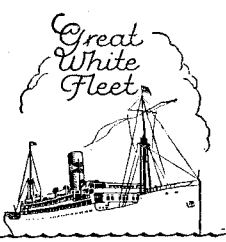

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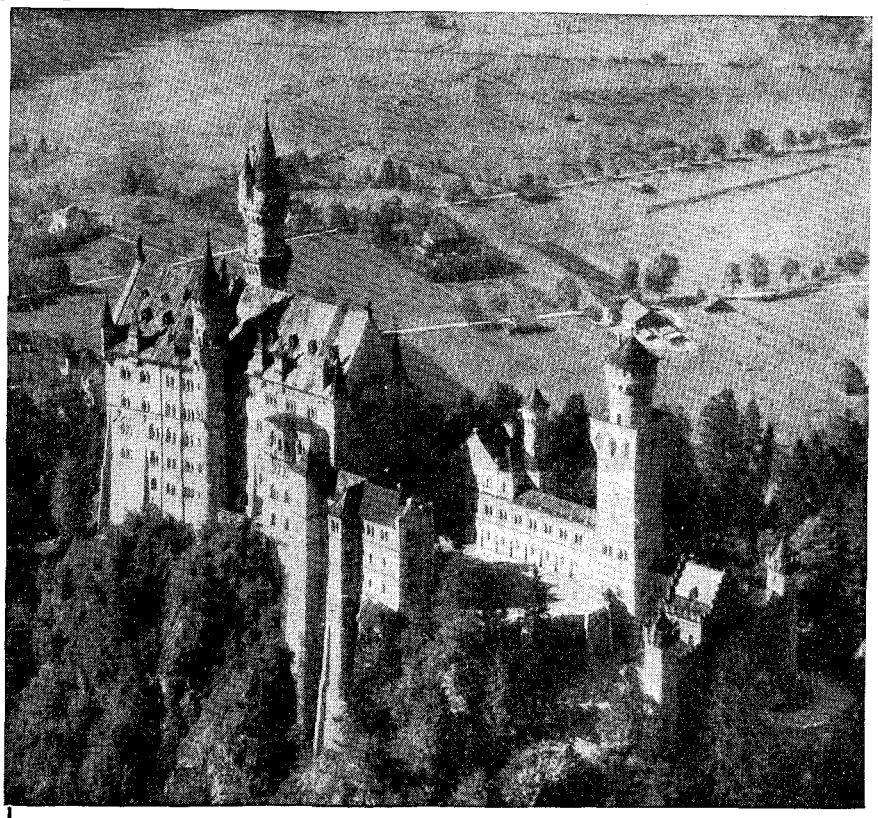

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ture always dropped and every night we built a roaring fire of pine logs. Throughout July and August every night was winter, and we never slept under less than two blankets.

The ranch was well stocked with horses — fiery little ponies, bred and broken by the Indians — and every morning we would mount and set off on some trip of exploration. Up steep trails where slithering bits of flint and slate made going treacherous, these animals proved their mettle. On dizzy precipices where a single misstep would have plunged us headlong into eternity, they were as sure-footed as mountain goats. We were hard riders and lived in the saddle, but our horses were evidently used to hard riding, and never seemed to tire of the sport. I was told that the Indians would sell the best horse they owned for twenty dollars.

Of rough riding this country provided ample opportunity, but it wasn't all rocky defiles by any means. There are great stretches of level plateaus and high table-land as smooth as a race course, and we often used them for that purpose. When the day grew warm, we would find some cool canyon and eat a picnic lunch beside the foaming mountain stream always to be met with in these recesses.

The Canadian Rockies are honeycombed with lakes which are fed by underground springs. We could never ride far without finding one, and we made it a habit never to pass one by without plunging in for a swim. This always put the finishing touch on a fine day's exercise. To me a swim is always welcome under any circumstances, and it was particularly so after the heat and dust of a long ride on horseback.

LATE one evening, shortly after our arrival, I sat alone in the cabin reading by the fire long after everyone else had gone to bed. Suddenly a blood-curdling shriek slit the stillness like a knife. It was the most unearthly sound I had ever heard, like the agony of a woman in mortal terror. It seemed to come from a spot just outside my window and was followed immediately by another cry just as terrifying. Several rifles hung on pegs in the wall beside me and, snatching down one of them, I slid the bolt in the door and peered cautiously out. For a split second I caught the outline of some animal and the glint of two green eyes, and automatically I pulled the trigger. I heard him drop and ran with a flashlight to see what it was. It turned out to be a large coyote!

After that we heard them often but never saw any, for they never came about until after night had fallen. Their howl is the eeriest thing imaginable, and when they began in earnest, the mountains would echo and reëcho with such pandemonium that one would have thought a

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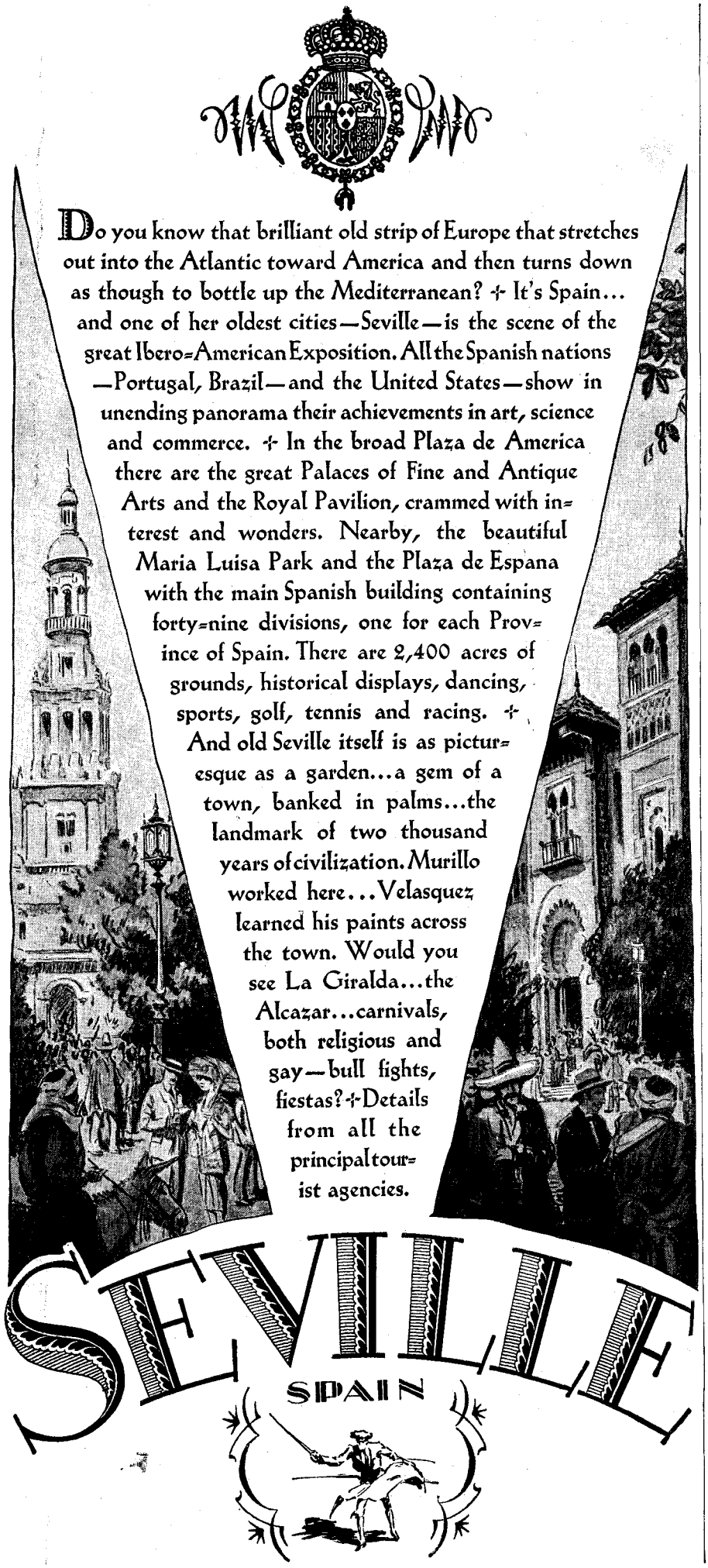

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Travel

thousand devils had broken loose in the valley. I imagined that there must have been dozens of them to make so much noise, but was told that there were probably not more than two or three.

NEAR our ranch was a government reservation for the Indians, and one day we rode over to pay them a visit. They belong to the Kootenay tribe and had once been very numerous, but are rapidly facing extinction. Their mortal enemy is not the white man but the white man's mode of living. They have abandoned their tepees and the rigors of their outdoor life and have cooped themselves in houses. Tuberculosis is killing them off.

Their village — a few dozen unpainted, wooden shacks — lay huddled at the bottom of a great chalk pit. In winter this location no doubt afforded them some protection from bitter winds, but on this scorching July day the white cliffs concentrated the heat and made of the place a veritable inferno. The doors of all the houses were shut fast and the windows closely shuttered. A few lean hogs were sunning themselves in the thick dust of the road, but there was no sign of any other living creature.

In the midst of all this depressing squalor and filth stood a handsome church in brick and stone. Inside we found a priest — a French Canadian apparently — who told us that the Indians were all out on the range and would not return until dark. Yes, they were good Catholics — had been since the first missionaries opened up the country. Yes, the tribe had built the church out of its own savings. If we wanted to see the Indians, they went into Cranbrook every Saturday afternoon and we could see them there.

So the next Saturday, full of curiosity, we motored to Cranbrook to view these noble savages who, out of their poverty, had raised such a handsome monument to the white man's God. From the rim of a plateau which commanded the countryside for miles around we saw them coming — a cloud of dust sweeping up the valley — and we hardly had time to reach Cranbrook before the whole procession clattered and clanked down the main street. As they came, our last illusions departed. Six dilapidated Fords drew up to the curb and the whole tribe piled out like rabbits from a magician's hat — stolid braves in overalls, fat squaws looking like gypsies in their gaudy dresses, lean, dirty children in rags and tatters. The only real Indians in the lot were the papooses strapped to boards on their mothers' backs. I wondered what Fenimore Cooper would have thought if he could have seen these last of the Kootenays come to town for their holiday. The men stalked into a pool room, while the women and children filed into the movie house next door.

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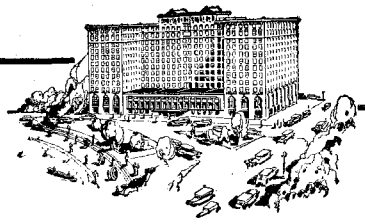

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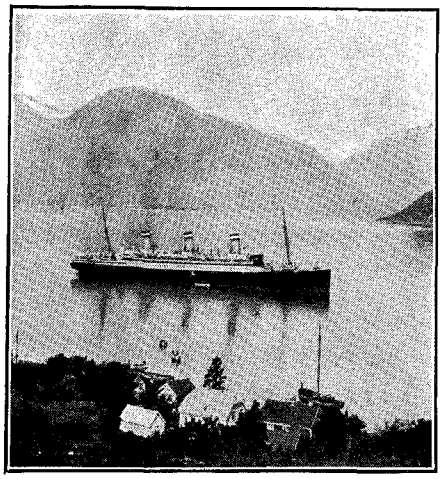

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Pope Frowns on Women's Sports

The following statement is quoted from the semi-official organ of the Vatican in Rome, as an indirect answer to the article in the May Forum in which Linda Gage Roth, M.D. advocated sports for women.

"Gymnastic and athletic competitions for girls offend the Christian sentiments and the customs of our Italian civilization and of our people, and no historical analogies and no appeal to the traditions of other countries can justify them. The Roman Catholic Church has invariably and everywhere manifested its open and irrevocable opposition to such sports and it is backed by all people who entertain sentiments of gentility and Christian modesty."

— *Osservatore Romano*

We Must Produce!

To the Editor:

What is propaganda? Professor Munro has told us somewhere that whenever one believes in the purpose of one of these "drives," he calls it a campaign of education; when he disagrees, he calls it propaganda. Obviously there are as many kinds of propaganda as there are institutions and agencies seeking to enlist the support of the public.

Every college teacher will, like myself, give his most cordial approval to Mr. Martin's expression of the lofty aims of those whose privilege it is to assist in the educational process. But let us all remember that education is not an end in itself; that the expenditure of vast sums of public money in schools and colleges is not to be justified if these institutions are only self-perpetuating organizations wherein one may pursue research and enjoy the academic calm (whatever that is!) In order to justify our existence, we, too, must produce.

I believe that the technique that Mr. Bernays and his associates have discovered and used effectively, enables us to produce more. They have given wide currency to many ideas which originated in college laboratories and to some which originated in the study. Even if these ideas do have to be "jazzed up" to make them popularly palatable, I for one am very gratified to know that methods are available by which it is possible for men in academic circles to exert an influence far beyond the bounds of the campus. The very existence of these methods is at the same time an opportunity and a challenge for service, to college men.

PROFESSOR W. BROOKE GRAVES
Temple University, Philadelphia

(EDITOR'S NOTE: — *An apt commentary on the point of view expressed in this letter is James Truslow Adams' article in this number.*)

Soul Insurance

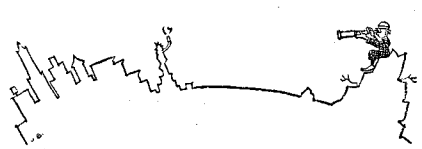
To the Editor:

The Christian God is an Oriental myth unsuccessfully grafted on to an Occidental civilization. Religion, in its origins, was the immolation of victims on the altar of fear — in other words, a gross manifestation of the worst aspects of the natural ego. In its modern form it is nothing but the weekly payment on a spiritual fire insurance policy.

If man ever hopes to attain what Wells has so ably called "the aristocratic ideal," religion — which remains merely a form of our original fear complex — is the first obstacle to be surmounted.

The question should therefore be not do we need a new God, but do we need a God at all? Attainment can only be born of courage.

A. HAMILTON GIBBS
Middleboro, Mass.



The Dodo City

To the Editor:

Dr. Durant's "Our Changing Morals" (April FORUM) tells us again that there has been a shift from a rural to an urban industrialism — that's all. This is hardly news. It was well known seventy-five years ago, with effects duly noted. Of course it is too much to expect that the logothetes who write the sociological stuff

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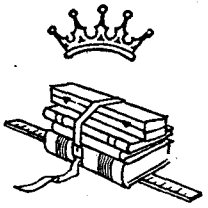
of to-day could know that the modern city and its centralized industrialism is already obsolete, that decentralization is on, that the present growth of cities is merely the momentum from a dying past — the convulsive jerk of a chicken with its head already wrung off.

Nevertheless that is just exactly what a real analysis of present economic, technical, and population trends will show. I know, because I have made the analysis. The urbacity of the modern review is one of the interesting manifestations of the "dodo city."

HARPER LEECH

Chicago



Poetic Yardsticks

To the Editor:

When Mr. Babbitt directs his homiletic toward the poetic field, his scheme of "protective coloring" (to make the world safe for professors) stands out with startling clearness. Before that, it was so large we couldn't see it. Technique, authorities, standards: are these not the substance of didactics? Mr. Babbitt quite evidently fails in evaluating Whitman, because the professorial yardstick, it is possible, is the only criterion he recognizes. Whitman's glorious accomplishment — breaking the molds of pedants — is his outstanding contribution to poetics, and for this Mr. Babbitt damns him.

WHITLEY GRAY

San Diego, Calif.

What is a Snob?

Forum Definitions

Miss Florence E. Greenwood, of Minneapolis, diagnoses the snob's complaint as a lack of orientation. "He is 'undwarfed by surrounding superiority because unaware of it.' Thinking himself more important in the scheme of things than he really is, he lacks the ability to discern worth in others. He is impressed only with artificialities and, concluding that other people are as devoid of a sense of values as he is, he endeavors to assume greatness by display and ostentation."

Drawing from all the definitions which were submitted, the following composite definition might be said to represent the consensus of opinion of Forum readers: A snob is one who offensively displays a consciousness of superiority, either real or imagined; who slights those whom he considers his inferiors and behaves in a

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servile manner toward those whom he envies.

Thackeray, who devoted considerable attention to the snob, defines him as "He who meanly admires mean things."

There were many excellent definitions submitted this month. The following were chosen as the best.

1. A snob is one who offensively parades his feeling of superiority originating in some real or fancied virtue or success. (*Mrs. Anna M. Foster, Long Beach, Calif.*)

2. A snob may be an individual who considers himself superior to others because of some advantage such as talent, position, or wealth, and lets everyone know it by word and action; or he may be one who tries to conceal a consciousness of inferiority under a haughty, patronizing manner. (*Katherine Rogers, Santa Monica, Calif.*)

3. A snob is an individual who makes others conscious of his belief in his own superiority and who is continually endeavoring to impress upon others their own insignificance. (*Catherine Williams, Bowling Green, Ohio*)

4. A snob is one who openly acknowledges only those persons, things, and qualities which will aid him in attaining his ambitions and desires, and who disavows all connections which might not further them. (*Mrs. Charles Watt, Flushing, N. Y.*)

Next: — *What is* PATRIOTISM? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by June 25. Prizes of $5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in The Forum (value not exceeding $5.00), for each winning definition.*

Should Radicals Be Suppressed?

Comments from readers on the debate between Arthur Garfield Hays and Archibald E. Stevenson in the May Forum.

The majority of FORUM readers appear to be of the opinion that freedom of speech should be tolerated as long as it does not reach the point of inciting to violence, but that it should be controlled by governmental action when it oversteps that boundary.

Senator William E. Borah adopts this attitude, although he points out that there is danger of carrying it too far. "It has seemed to me," he writes, "that the first amendment of the Constitution of the United States has of late years been often violated both in spirit and in letter. No one should be permitted, under the guise of free speech and of free press, to advocate violence, to incite men to the commission of crime or the employment

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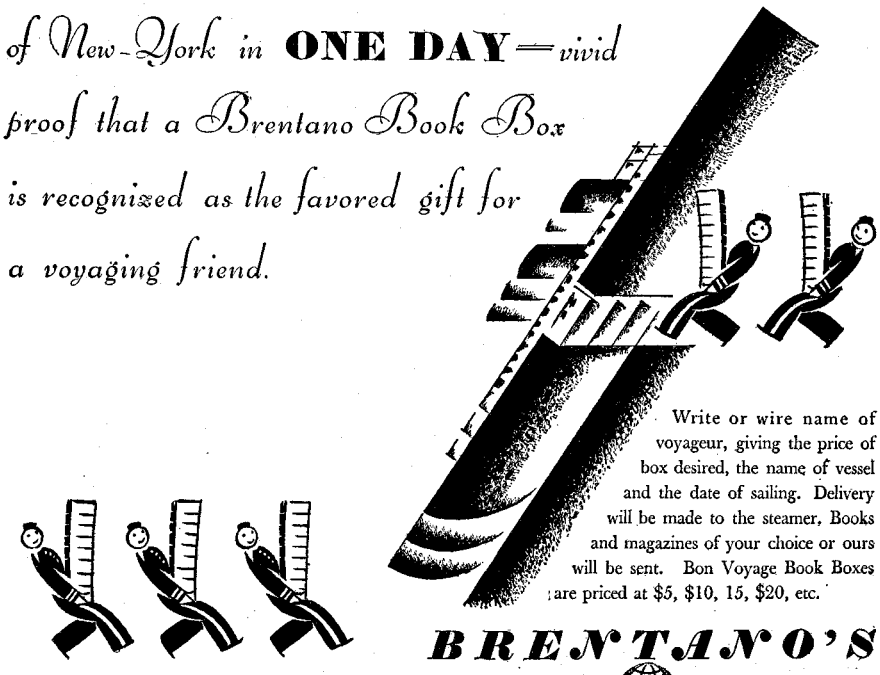

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"But in many instances we have come very near saying that you shall not express your views because we think your views are unsound or dangerous. That is the rule of a despot — it doesn't make any difference whether that despot is an individual or a multitude."

For Complete Freedom of Speech

The Reverend John Haynes Holmes urges complete freedom of speech, for he believes that "any attempt by the government to suppress radical propagandists is as unwise as it is unjust. Propaganda, even of the most dangerous character, is never less dangerous than when it is freely ventilated in the open air, and never more dangerous than when it is driven underground. For suppression never destroys — it simply concentrates the elements of peril into explosive and therefore destructive forms. Apart from all questions of expediency, the policy of suppression is a betrayal of democratic ideals and a confession of fundamental distrust of these ideals. My faith is that of Wendell Phillips — 'If the universe cannot stand free discussion, let it crack!'"

It is impossible to quote from all the letters which were sent in, but a list of those who replied and the sides which they took may serve as a straw vote to indicate the general trend of public opinion on this question.

Suppression Upheld

Those who leaned toward censorship were: Dr. Arthur J. Barton, Atlanta, Ga.; Dr. Orville Harry Brown, Phoenix, Ariz.; Charles Butters, Berkeley, Calif.; J. B. Cranfill, Dallas, Tex.; Dr. Max Goltman, Memphis, Tenn.; Orville B. Gorin, Decatur, Ill.; Charles F. Hatfield, St. Louis, Mo.; Clarence Hawkes, Hadley, Mass.; Harry Hayward, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. John A. Henderson, St. Louis, Mo.; Harrison E. Howe, Washington, D. C.; Frederic B. Jaekel, Doylestown, Pa.; Dr. Frank C. Jordan, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Harry E. Kelly, Chicago, Ill.; Dean Christian Larsen, South Dakota State College, Brookings, S. D.; J. F. Loughborough, Little Rock, Ark.; Arthur L. Manchester, Asheville, N. C.; Dr. Francis T. Miller, New York City; Dr. W. M. Milroy, Bellefontaine, Ohio; Charles E. Morris, Canton, Ohio; Dr. Robert E. Noble, Anniston, Ala.; Dr. James H.

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Our Rostrum

Potts, Algonac, Mich.; Eugene M. Rhodes, Three Rivers, N. M.; Miss Marion C. Smith, New York City; Dr. Alviso B. Stevens, Escondido, Calif.; Henry L. Stoddard, New York City; Dr. John H. Swan, University, Miss.; Frank Andrews, Houston, Tex.

Suppression Opposed

The following indicated that they opposed the limitation of freedom of speech in any manner: Frederick Almy, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Miriam E. Carey, St. Paul, Minn.; Charles S. Detweiler, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Ballard Dunn, Omaha, Neb.; William L. Emmet, Schenectady, N. Y.; Prof. Harrison Garman, Lexington, Ky.; Strickland Gillilan, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Harold W. Guest, Baldwin, Kan.; Dr. Adolph Gundersen, La Crosse, Wis.; Dr. Marmaduke Hare, Davenport, Iowa; Dr. Doremus A. Hayes, Evanston, Ill.; Dr. Frederick P. Keppel, Montrose, N. Y.; Dr. John L. Lobingier, Boston, Mass.; Dr. I. G. Matthews, Chester, Pa.; W. L. McAtee, Cherrydale, Va.; Dr. Robert H. Morris, Haddonfield, N. J.; Dr. Robert K. Nabours, Manhattan, Kan.; Henry K. Norton, New York City; Dr. Paul M. Paine, Syracuse, N. Y.; Rev. Edward L. Parsons, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. J. W. T. Pottle, New York City; Dr. Edward S. Robinson, New Haven, Conn.; David R. Barbee, Asheville, N. C.

For Limited Regulation

Those who took a stand midway between the two extremes were: John Bakewell, San Francisco, Calif.; Rev. E. Ashley, Aberdeen, S. D.; William M. Blatt, Boston, Mass.; Dr. Edwin S. Bowen, Ashland, Va.; Dr. Frank T. Carlton, Cleveland, Ohio; Edward C. Carrington, New York City; Will L. Clark, Glendale, Calif.; J. R. Cooper, Fayetteville, Ark.; William H. Cowles, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Albert F. Demers, Troy, N. Y.; Russell Duane, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. Augustus A. Eshner, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. John E. Godbey, Kirkwood, Mo.; Dr. C. H. Gordon, Knoxville, Tenn.; H. V. Holloway, Dover, Del.; Prof. Alvin Kezer, Fort Collins, Col.; Philip Kinsley, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. Sceva B. Laughlin, Salem, Ore.; Edwin G. Lawrence, Concord, N. H.; Dr. L. B. McMullen, Billings, Mont.; Dr. William J. Martin, Davidson, N. C.; Dr. Cleland McAfee, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. Andrew C. McLaughlin, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Maude M. Miller, Columbus, Ohio; Truman J. Moon, Middletown, N. Y.; R. T. Moore, Shreveport, La.; Henry A. Morgan, Phoenix, Arix.; Charles F. Scott, Iola, Kan.; Dr. Margaret Sherwood, Wellesley, Mass.; John H. Storer, Boston, Mass.; Dr. William C. Bagley, New York City; Charles B. Driscoll, New York City.

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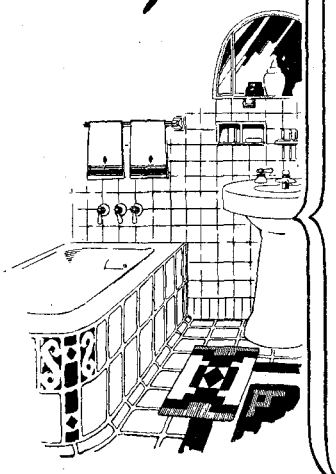

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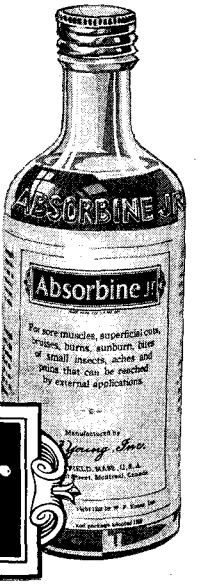

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HERE is the actual program of a young man, 28, married, with two children.

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The annual premiums amount to about $600, leaving a balance of $4,400 for the support of his family, an easy proposition for ambitious young parents looking to the future.

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An estate of $30,000, $5,000 to be paid in cash at his death, the rest held in a trust to pay $100 a month to his widow during her lifetime.

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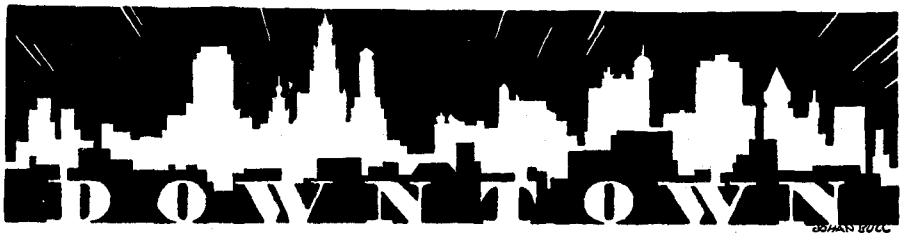

Why BONDS Look Attractive

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

"FOR PRUDENT investment now is the time to buy bonds," said Secretary of the Treasury Mellon in an interview last March, and in view of the uncertain trend of the stock market since that statement was issued, the wisdom of the remark is becoming more apparent daily. In some quarters this statement was regarded as a left-handed way of stating that stock prices in general were too high; in others no attempt was made to read between the lines, since the wisdom of shifting from stocks to bonds, after several years of violently advancing stock prices, was clearly evident. Mr. Mellon declined to amplify his remarks beyond stating that relatively low prices and high yields for sound bond issues, together with the fact that it is easier to select a sound bond than a sound stock, were sufficient explanation of the superiority of bonds for investment.

Commenting on the credit situation in its relation to the security markets, one of the largest banks in the country recently made the observation that a very significant feature is the fact that the majority of speculators in Wall Street are people whose knowledge and experience in finance date no further back than the last few years. "Their willingness to accept many securities at prices which offer a ridiculously low yield indicates that speculation to them is a game in which the rate for call money is the determining factor," declared this authority. Since this statement was issued call money rates on the New York Stock Exchange have risen as high as 20 per cent and rates of 8 per cent or better have been more common than rates below this level. There have also been several exciting days on the stock exchange which appeared to corroborate this bank's forecast that money rates are likely to prove the determining factor.

STOCK PRICES TOO HIGH

HOW ELSE, other than on the ground of inexperience on the part of eager buyers, can we explain the prices quoted for some common stocks in the past year? Not infrequently stocks have sold as high as 25 to 30 times their current estimated earning power, let alone their yield from actual dividends. This means that the buyer is investing in a security that is earning between 3.3 and 4 per cent on the purchase price. Furthermore, most well managed concerns set aside a portion of their earnings as a matter of prudent business policy, instead of paying them all out to stockholders, so the actual dividend yields are even smaller than these low ratios.

The superficial justification for such purchases is that the constantly expanding earning power of well managed corporations will eventually justify these prices; but often an examination of the annual rate of increase in earning power over a period of recent years will suggest that three to five years must elapse before dividends can be scaled up to a point where the yield is comparable to that of good bonds in to-day's market. This reasoning takes for granted also that earning power will constantly expand in the future as it has in the past. It makes no allowance for the traditional tendency of business in this country to move in cycles, and does not take into consideration the possibility that competition may alter the situation in a few years to come, that new inventions may render some plants obsolete, and that scientific progress, political developments, or even wars may introduce elements of a disturbing nature.

Not so many years ago industrial or railroad or other common stocks generally sold at prices which netted a yield on their dividends somewhat above that of good bond investments. A 6 or 7 per cent yield on common stocks was quite the usual thing, while good bonds were selling on a 5 per cent basis. The higher yield of the stocks was explained on the ground that the common stockholder assumed all the risks of the business, while the bondholder's income was guaranteed and his principal was secured by a pledge of the issuing corporation's assets.

Events of the past five years have rather sharply altered this viewpoint.

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"This Professional man's $1000 grew...safely...to over $40,000"

Fred I. Pugsley, Cashier of the Westchester County National Bank, Peekskill, N. Y., tells the story of two professional men—and the dramatic contrast in their present fortunes.

"One of them took my advice."

"SOME years ago," said Mr. Pugsley, "a young professional man came to me for advice—he was a depositor in our bank—on how to build a competence for himself.

"He was able in his profession, and earned a respectable income. I recommended a good $1000 bond, safeguarded by sound management and history of earnings. He bought it—and promptly borrowed $1000 to buy another bond with.

"For 15 years, he always owed us money. But in those 15 years this professional man's $1000 grew with constant saving and investing—safely—to over $40,000.

"He presents," continued Mr. Pugsley, "a remarkable contrast with another young man—in the same profession, and about his equal in ability—who wouldn't wait, who wanted to make a 'killing.' Buying bonds—for him—was too slow a way to make a fortune. So he plunged here, took a 'flyer' there—and he's still carrying the worry.

"With every new venture into speculation, he starts from scratch. The result always ends disadvantageously. The last time we met, he told me, 'Mr. Pugsley, I wish I had taken your advice a dozen years ago.'"

LIKE ALL BANKERS worthy of the high position their communities accord them, Mr. Pugsley considers that to preach safety in investment is one of the moral obligations of his profession. In every community, leading bankers urge upon their customers to put safety before any other consideration.

Good yield, of course, is important, though never should it be permitted to outweigh the advantages that go with a complete safeguarding of both principal and interest.

The banker knows, too, how important diversification is. Yet this he recognizes as essentially a problem of adaptation of specific types of securities to individual needs. Here the professional knowledge and experience of the banker are of inestimable value to the investor.

Indeed, the selection of the right type of bonds is, for the average investor, too complicated a problem to be decided by himself. It is best to consult a banker, or a high grade investment house, before he buys.

Over 900 bankers, in communities that range from large metropolitan cities to small trading centers, choose bonds from among Straus offerings for their own reserves and to recommend to customers for investment.

As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How To Invest Money." Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for booklet F-1003.

Fred I. Pugsley, influential banker of Peekskill, N. Y., is President of the Westchester County Bankers' Association, and Cashier of the Westchester County National Bank of Peekskill.

The Westchester County National Bank, Peekskill, N. Y., founded in 1833, is the oldest bank in Westchester County and is recognized as one of the strongest financial institutions in the country.

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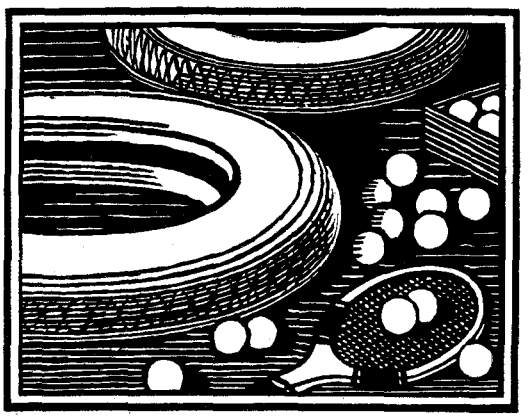
No. 6 of a series of Advertisements of American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated



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LAST year a large rubber company used electricity supplied by a company of the American Water Works and Electric Group in making a million and a half automobile tires and almost two million tennis balls.

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The factor of risk in the common stock investment has been quite commonly discounted, and in its place the current buyer of common stocks claims only the reward. All stress is now laid on the point that the common stockholder alone reaps the reward if the business grows in value and in earning power. These buyers will not admit the contingency of diminishing earning power, even temporarily. The price they pay for stocks clearly says so. Now there are cases to-day where this line of reasoning may be very well justified, but the keenest minds in the banking and business world are engaged in ferreting out those cases. To the average small investor the opportunity to anticipate these tendencies is denied. The opportunities are distinctly limited as compared with a few years ago, and his chance of success is but a fraction of what it was prior to the beginning of the so-called Coolidge boom.

STOCK YIELDS ANALYZED

ONE ABLE statistician, Dwight C. Rose, recently took the trouble to analyze the prices and dividend returns of industrial stocks over a period of the past twenty-five years. Mr. Rose found that during this time the average earnings basis on which the Dow, Jones & Co. list of twenty industrial stocks sold, was 11.9 per cent; the average annual amount paid out in dividends was 5.4 per cent. At the time this study was completed, last winter, Mr. Rose found that the average stock in this group was selling on an average earnings basis of only 5.4 per cent. The dividend yield was not given, but must have been under this figure and probably was not over 4 per cent, if that.

In a paper read before the joint meeting of the American Statistical Association and the American Economic Association, Mr. Rose came to these conclusions: First, that the current confidence in long term results from common stocks may be shaken. If this should occur, and the former average ratio of 11.9 per cent of earnings to market price should be reached, "the purchaser of common stocks at current levels stands to lose anywhere up to 50 per cent of his purchase price." The other alternative is that the seasoned common stock may have become permanently intrenched in an accepted investment position, a place heretofore held by the bond alone, where the factor of future growth will always be discounted in an inflated market price. If this should eventuate, the average annual return would be only half that realized during the last quarter of a century. The most favorable alternative, according to this analysis, does not, therefore, offer the prospect for appreciation in common

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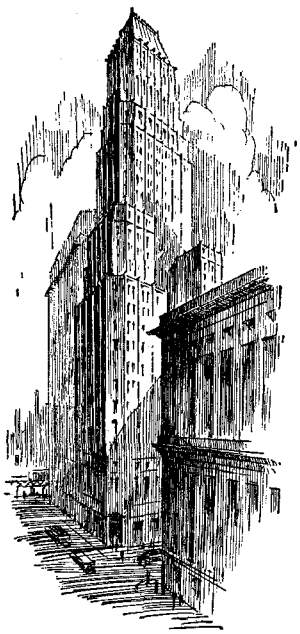
MAY FIRST, ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED TWENTY-NINE



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The older concepts of the proper function of a bank are being tested, but this fundamental remains—that a banking institution must possess and exercise a capacity for rendering personal attention to all the details of the business entrusted to it. This applies alike to both commercial transactions and trusteeship.

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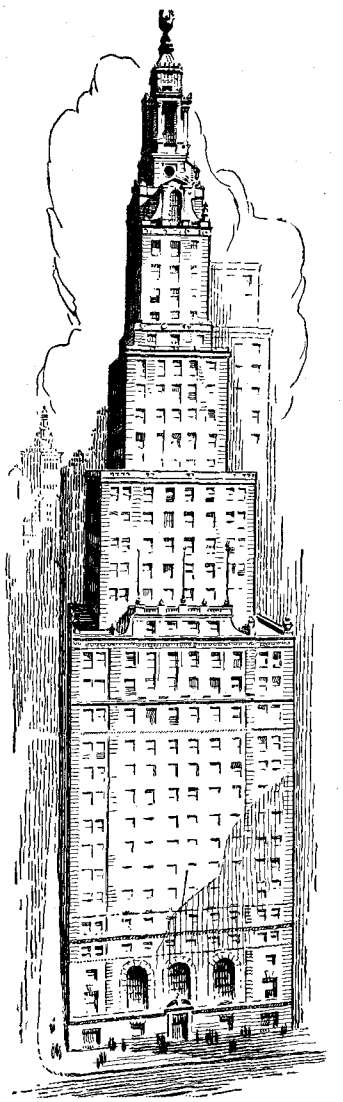

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stocks in the future that has already been witnessed in the past five years.

We hear a great deal about the glowing prospects for new stock issues that are being brought out from time to time. It is as well for investors at this stage to give heed to the matter of seasoning in common stock investments. It took more than a decade of seasoning to raise United States Steel common from the ranks of speculative issues to a footing on a par with good common stock investments; and it may require considerable time to season the flock of new issues that have been brought out in recent years. A well known bond house (Halsey, Stuart & Co.) recently compiled a statistical history of all common stock issues brought out in the final quarter of 1919, the last period in which conditions in this respect resembled those of the past year. This study revealed that only 14 out of those 35 new issues of $500,000 or over have any value to-day, and that the total funds invested at that time in common stocks have a present value of but 56.6 per cent of the original cost, while the average yield through dividends has been but 2.16 per cent.

WHAT BONDS OFFER

WHAT, THEN, have bonds to offer? In the first place they offer security of principal. They must be paid off at 100 cents on the dollar at maturity. They are subject to rise and fall in price in the open market, but well secured bonds fluctuate much less than stocks, and the risk of loss in a diversified bond list can be reduced to a minimum. In the next place bonds offer an assured income. A common stock may suspend dividends when business is poor, at the discretion of the directors; bond interest must be paid on the dot when due. The purchasing power of the income from bonds may vary as commodity prices rise or fall, but undue importance has been attached to this consideration in recent years. After all other big wars of the past century commodity prices as a whole have trended downward for twenty or thirty years, and it is not improbable that for two or three decades after the World War this may prove to be the case. If it does, the purchasing power of income from bonds should increase.

For more than a year bond prices, as measured by average prices of a group of representative issues, have declined, which gives rise to Mr. Mellon's remark that bond prices are now relatively low. One reason for this decline has been that many investors have been selling bonds and investing in stocks with the idea of obtaining "action." In this respect the stock market has not disappointed them and they have obtained action. Another reason is that many banks have been

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"How long will my money be tied up if I buy Cities Service?"—*asked the reader*

BOTH MARKETABLE

A. Z.—I have $2,000 to invest in Cities Service, but I do not know whether to buy preferred or common. Which is the safer and how long is the money tied up before you could draw your capital again?

Ans.—Your money is not tied up when it is in marketable securities. Both the common and preferred stocks of Cities Service have an open market in which you can buy or sell whenever you choose. The preferred stock has preference as to $6 annual dividends. The common stock is entitled to all dividends to be distributed after preferred dividend requirements are provided for out of earnings. The common receives $1.20 a year in cash and 6% in stock, both payable monthly. Whichever you buy, you are at liberty to sell even two minutes after buying.

This clipping is from one of America's great dailies, and is one of many in our files. Name of newspaper from which it was taken can be furnished on request.

"You are at liberty to sell two minutes after buying," *replied the editor*

FINANCIAL editors, like the one quoted above, are by no means the only experts who have set their seal of approval on Cities Service securities. Among the 450,000 investors in this organization are many banks, insurance companies, trust companies and other institutions widely experienced in the selection of sound investments.

The reason for this is that Cities Service securities meet the three tests of a good investment: Safety of principal, satisfactory income and ready marketability.

Of these, the last is by no means the least. Constantly fluctuating personal and business conditions make the marketability of one's investment holdings of prime consideration.

When you own Cities Service stocks you have a security you can easily and promptly turn into cash at any time.

Widespread ownership tends to stabilize the market for these securities and demonstrates the confidence with which the investing public regards the Cities Service organization.

Since the incorporation of Cities Service Company, nineteen years ago, net to common stock and reserves has averaged 25.22% on the average amount of common stock outstanding.

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reducing their holdings of bonds, which are traditionally termed their secondary reserve. The lure of high interest returns in the call money market has partly influenced this policy. Another factor has been the increased demand for credit for business purposes, and a desire on the part of the banks to obtain cash with which to meet the requirements of their commercial borrowers. Another factor has been the gradual rise in interest rates, which has tended to pull bond prices down and push bond yields up.

The future holds forth for the investor a rather different set of prospects. Many investors will undoubtedly reverse their policies and shift back into bonds. Profits realized in stocks will be salted away in bonds. Those who have no profits to salt away will turn to the bond market as a haven of safety for their remaining funds. If liquidation develops in the stock market, lower interest rates are likely to obtain, banks are likely to invest idle funds in bonds, and the tendency in the bond market should be for firmness, with lower interest returns on bonds.

LEADERS ADVISE BONDS

MANY competent authorities besides Secretary Mellon can be cited who adhere to the opinion that existing conditions are decidedly favorable for the investment of funds in bonds rather than stocks. C. F. Childs, of C. F. Childs & Co., one of the oldest firms specializing in Government bonds in this country, declared recently, "As high money rates dampen the ardor of the individual for speculative profits the tendency will be to invest in high grade bonds. Banks will reëstablish their depleted line of secondary reserves and conditions will again become normal. Meanwhile prices may continue erratic, but current levels for stocks as against existing low levels for bonds cannot continue indefinitely."

Stone, Webster, and Blodget have recently gone on record as favoring specifically investments in foreign dollar bonds. At present, according to this investment house, comparative bond issues of identical countries are selling many points lower in our markets than in London and Continental markets.

Roger W. Babson, nationally known as an expert on financial affairs, says, "Any man who studies fundamental conditions must recognize that this is an excellent time to buy good bonds. In comparison with most stocks they are grossly undervalued. And yet many investors have such a bad case of speculative fever that they are passing up this golden opportunity. They would rather dump over their good, sound, underpriced bonds and buy shaky, overpriced stocks. They appear to have lost their investment

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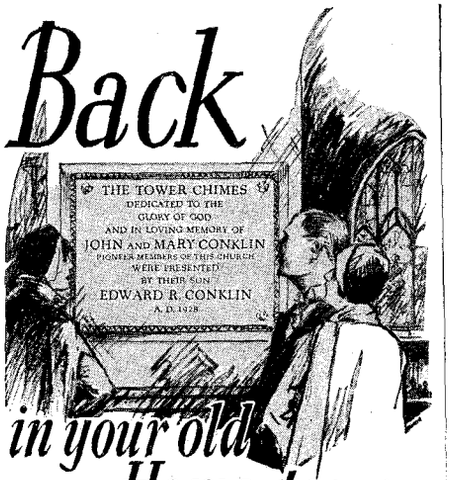
Back in your old Home town



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With a tablet of bronze to set forth the hallowed purpose of the Chimes you, like many other successful men, will have provided *—a living tribute to a departed one;—a priceless church and community asset;—an eloquent symbol of your progress; a lasting token of your philanthropy.*

Deagan Tower Chimes [played direct from organ console] are priced at $4375 and up.

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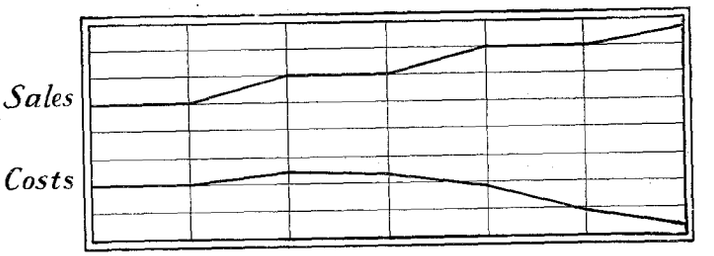

Cut costs and increase sales

Is there anything more the business man can hope for? What more is there to profit-making than widening the margin between income and outgo? All business plans are variations of effort to pull further apart these two curves — making sales go up faster than costs rise, and making the cost curve drop if you can.

Where? and how? to do it

Where can it be done? In metropolitan New York, the largest single concentrated market in the world, with high living standards and a remarkable readiness to buy —a market of special value in itself and with a wonderful plus in its influence on the purchasing of the rest of the United States.

How can it be done? Cut sales costs in New York by forgetting the idea of branch stocks and, instead, letting Bush Distribution Service take all the responsibility for receiving, warehousing and delivering your goods. Bush Distribution Service has the physical equipment, the personnel, the know-how, the experience to handle your goods at lower costs than you could do it yourself. Bush Distribution Service is saving money for scores of manufacturers and sales concerns in the New York zone.

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perspective entirely. While certain good stocks, with good long pull prospects based on specific factors, will doubtless sell higher over the next ten years, the great majority of speculative stocks which are now selling at fictitious prices will be scaled down. Then interest rates will fall, bonds will become popular once more and will sell at their rightful prices."

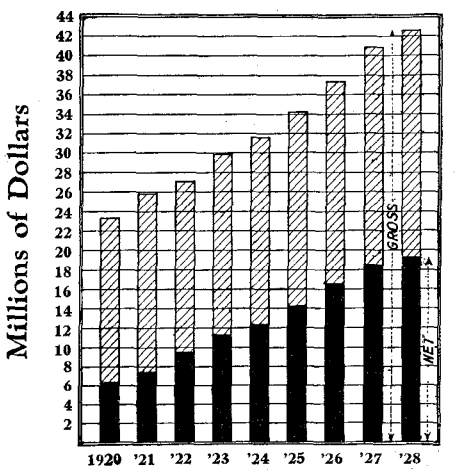
Yields of 5½ to 7 per cent or more can be obtained from desirable foreign bonds as this is written. The principal nations of the world are steadily regaining their credit standing of the pre-war days and practically all of the important nations are now established on a gold basis. Some of the choicest short term municipal issues can be purchased at prices that will net 4½ per cent or better, a relatively high yield that is chiefly accounted for by the tendency of savings banks and institutional investors to purchase other securities in this period of high money rates. Public utility bonds are available at prices to net 5 to 6 per cent or more.

Comparison of these yields with those offered by the stocks of the strongest industrial companies will suggest the increase of income to be gained by investing in bonds at this time; but the most important advantage is the element of safety for the principal.

Associated System

Founded in 1852

Annual Gross and Net Income



Steady Growth in Earnings

The steady growth in earnings from year to year is a result of the usefulness and value of the service rendered. Through service in a widespread area comprising 16 states, earnings are but slightly affected by local business disturbances.

Associated investors appreciate the stability of earnings of the company. There are now over 70,000 Associated security holders.

Associated Gas and Electric Company

Incorporated in 1906

Write for our 16-page booklet "P" on the Class A Stock

61 Broadway New York

Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems.

AN INDUSTRY THAT NEVER SHUTS DOWN. A descriptive booklet of the properties owned and operated by the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated, 50 Broad Street, New York City. Copies will be mailed upon request.

WHAT IS CLASS A STOCK? A new twelve-page booklet on the Class A Stock describing its priority features and giving an outline of the Associated Gas & Electric System, its established territories, diversity of industries served and consistent gain in revenue. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

WISE PUBLIC BENEFACTIONS. A booklet prepared for public-spirited persons planning such benefactions and making clear the advantages of a standardized form for charitable trusts. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York.

CONVERTIBLE SECURITIES. A booklet describing the attractions of securities having conversion features which allow the investor to retain the safety of senior securities of a company and at the same time share in its prosperity. An extensive list of convertible bonds and stocks is included. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

MONTHLY MARKET LETTER. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

375,000 PEOPLE OWN SECURITIES IN THIS $800,000,000 ORGANIZATION. This booklet gives illustrations and descriptions of many of the more than 100 companies which go to make up a well-known international business organization. It takes the reader behind the scenes of power plants, oil refineries and other properties of one of the country's greatest industrial enterprises. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

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Investment Literature

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York.

LOOSE LEAF SECURITY RECORD. A convenient book for recording bond holdings — amounts, interest dates, maturities, prices, taxable status, etc. Copy upon request. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

REASONS WHY. A booklet explaining why first mortgage real estate bonds secured by *insured and guaranteed first mortgages* should comprise a large proportion of any investment list. National Union Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Mackubin Goodrich & Co., Fiscal Agents, Baltimore, Maryland.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE? This booklet presents a graphic answer to this question and offers two interesting plans for systematic savings, including charts and tables, showing accumulated interest on principal by years. Old Colony Corporation, 17 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

Financial Department
FORUM MAGAZINE
441 Lexington Avenue NEW YORK

3 BONDS

which are CONVERTIBLE *into Common Stocks of* CHAIN STORE COMPANIES

THESE bonds afford the investor the security of senior obligations, yield an attractive return, and possess potentialities for enhancement in value by conversion into the common stocks of profitably expanding chain store companies.

Complete descriptions of these securities will be furnished upon request. Ask for List No. 186.

George H. Burr & Co.

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TOASTS

IN HIS present somewhat temporary home in London, JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS is writing constantly to enlarge what is already a one-foot bookshelf of his works. *The Founding of New England*, which has first place on this shelf, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1922, and the five following volumes, dealing either with phases of development in New England or with principles of statesmanship, have all been listed annually by the League of Nations committee as among the forty most important books published in the United States in their respective years. During the war Mr. Adams served both in America and in France as a captain in the Military Intelligence Division. Although critics usually refer to him as "Professor" Adams, he stoutly denies this title, stating that he is only a free lance writer. He spends half his time in England and half in America, and finds that "The only trouble with such an arrangement is that it does not distribute the port and burgundy very evenly over the periods in my life."

J. T. ADAMS

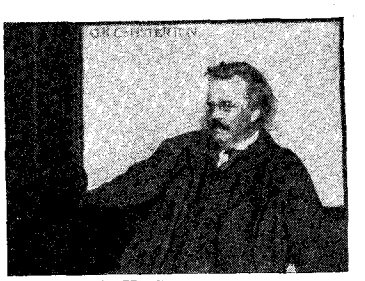
WHEN the novel *Rome Haul* appeared this winter, the ranks of the very young writers were increased by a recent Harvard graduate. This author, WALTER D. EDMONDS, Editor of *The Harvard Advocate* in 1926, modestly states that he can scarcely consider personal the elemental forces that make up life since only once has he really become mixed up in them. That was when, at the age of seven, he tied the tails of two cows together to prove to a doubting contemporary that a square knot can't slip. Mr. Edmonds prefers the country to city life. His two chief activities — aside from writing — are gardening and fishing, and he boasts that no one in the seven counties round about him can grow such delphinium as he and that as a fly fisherman he knows a great many secrets divulged only to trustworthy friends. There is one other subject in which this author is vitally interested at present and that is the study of horses. Already he has learned enough about them never to believe what a dealer tells him. He says that when he has entirely mastered the subject he will give them up entirely — because he will be in another world!

BECAUSE the discussion, in this issue, of marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant is so greatly autobiographical, the anonymity of the author must be preserved. A former instructor in educational psychology and lecturer on educational and sociological subjects before her marriage, this woman gained an increased interest in these subjects after the birth of her own children. Every minute that she has been able to snatch in the midst of a busy life as housekeeper and mother she has used to write down what the experiences of marriage have meant to her. Several well known periodicals are familiar with her work as an author.

AS A research chemist — particularly in biological and physiological chemistry — T. SWANN HARDING has long been associated with scientific studies in this country. He has written for publication for twenty years, and we are inclined to believe that he must hold the record for last year's production since during that time he published over one hundred and ten articles. He writes, "I read a book a day, cover one hundred scientific and general periodicals regularly, am a complete and arrant skeptic in faith, and find among my admirations such men as Everett Dean Martin, Bertrand Russell, Art Young, Lewis Mumford, and Norman Thomas."

SINCE 1913 RALPH M. PEARSON has been a student of all aspects of modern design and is a pioneer in making such knowledge available. His critical discussions of art in its various phases, both classical and modern, appear occasionally in THE FORUM.

AFTER studying at Cambridge and the Sorbonne, VASUDEO B. METTA returned to his native India and practiced law in the State of Baroda. Finding this uncongenial, and preferring writing, he became art critic of *The Bombay Chronicle*. Still feeling cramped for mental space, he came to New York. He has now returned to England, where he makes his permanent home.



G. K. CHESTERTON

BORN in London in 1874, GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON was educated at St. Paul's School and the Slade School of Art. His literary career began as a reviewer of books on art, but it was not long before the literature swallowed the art. When, in 1926, THE FORUM presented certain "Confessions of Faith," Mr. Chesterton opened the series with a paper on "Why I Am A Catholic," and he has been a frequent contributor ever since, discussing religion or literature with equal catholicity.

A YEAR in Europe, principally in Russia, through the aid of a Guggenheim fellowship, has given HALLIE FLANAGAN the background not only for her recent book, *Shifting Scenes of the Modern European Theatre*, but also for her story in this issue. A former member of Professor Baker's famous drama course at Harvard — "the 47 Workshop" — Miss Flanagan is now director of the Experimental Theatre at Vassar College.

A RECENT issue of *The New York Times Book Review*, in commenting on SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA'S latest book, said "If there is anyone who should know what disarmament is or ought to be, and why not, it is this author. Professor Madariaga was for five years chief of the disarmament section of the Secretariat of the League of Nations, and able to see at close range the long procession of plans and policies, intrigues and dissents, arid complacencies and visionary loyalties that have left disarmament still in the realm of dreams."

THE director of the Harvard Observatory, HARLOW SHAPLEY, began to study the orbits of double stars while a graduate student at Princeton. Later he worked with the great reflecting telescopes at Mount Wilson in measuring the size of the universe. Professor Shapley's discovery of the center of the universe is generally accepted as one of the most momentous developments in astronomy since Copernicus. The Harvard Observatory maintains stations in several parts of the world, including South Africa and South America. Its greatest treasure is a collection of over three hundred thousand photographic negatives of the stars. It is constantly being added to by Professor Shapley and his assistants.

ALTHOUGH he was born in France, LOUIS J. A. MERCIER at an early age came over to the United States, where he found his way into such varied institutions as Loyola University, The University of Wisconsin, West Point, Columbia, The Harvard Graduate School of Education, Radcliffe College, and Harvard College, where he is now Associate Professor of French. His chief desire is to promote a closer connection between American and French thought, and to that end he has contributed extensively to magazines in both countries. He has just published *Le Mouvement Humaniste aux États-Unis.*

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